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May · 1928

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

A great Love Story of the Sky

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Sits on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey;
After she's through
She will Double Mint chew—
It keeps indigestion away!
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.
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For l-a-s-t-i-n-g refreshment at small cost, nothing equals WRIGLEY'S.
And for a Peppermint treat that is REAL PEPPERMINT, durable and deliciously toothsome—get WRIGLEY'S Double Mint.
Try this new and better Peppermint flavor and see how good *good gum* can be!
1-23
...After Every Meal...

Is *it that same old* HEADACHE?

IF you never have a headache congratulate yourself and turn this page. But if you are one of the thousands who do suffer from this common ailment read here how to find prompt relief by getting at the real cause of the trouble.

* * *

Dull headaches—splitting headaches—sick headaches. Few women, or men, escape occasional headaches—many suffer from them almost daily.

Headaches mean wasted hours, unhappy hours—fretful days with the children—engagements cancelled at the last minute—evenings of misery among friends when you want to look and feel your best.

* * *

All too often people who suffer from headaches take preparations that simply deaden the pain—that give but temporary relief. They don't get at the source of the trouble.

The real cause of a great many headaches is congestion in the stomach or in the intestines. This congestion produces excessive blood pressure—and the usual result is dizziness and headache pains.

To relieve a headache, clear away congestion. The approved way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline. Sal Hepatica corrects congestion in the stomach or intestines promptly—*usually within a half hour.*

Sal Hepatica is the Practical Equivalent of European Health Waters

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Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling, bubbling drink—pleasant to the palate, refreshing in its effect. It acts promptly—and gently. The best time to take Sal Hepatica is upon arising or a half hour before any meal.

Don't let headaches rob you of energy and happiness. Whenever you feel a headache coming on—whenever you are tired and listless—whenever elimination is sluggish—take Sal Hepatica.

Send for the free booklet explaining more fully how Sal Hepatica relieves headaches and corrects many other common ills.

Refreshing and pleasant to take, Sal Hepatica brings prompt relief from headaches

Sal Hepatica is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Keep a bottle on hand and use it whenever you need it. Sold in three sizes in drug stores everywhere — 30c, 60c, $1.20

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—takes corners in a hurry

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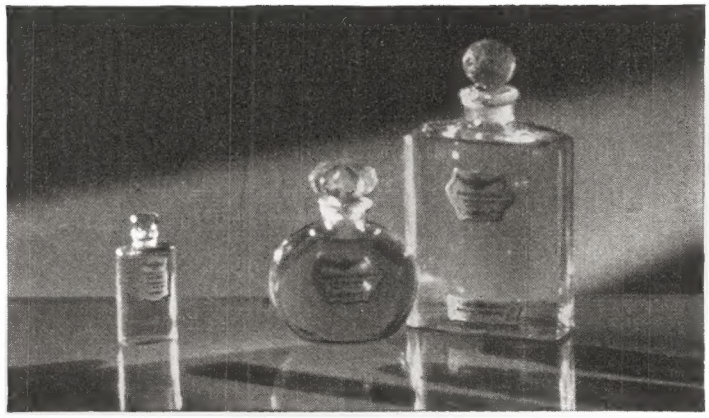

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The Red Book Magazine

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Special Notice to Writers and Artists:
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RUPERT HUGHES

has written a splendid novel of women and war, celebrating the great part women played in the victory. It starts next month.

Also

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estimator of the great, will discuss *Charles Lindbergh and Henry Ford.*

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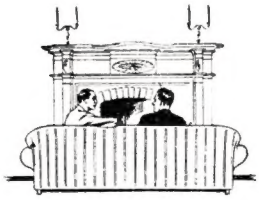
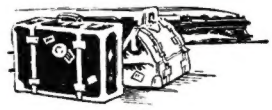
To men who want *more* than "just a living"...



A FEW months ago, J. Don Alexander was in New York, holding a convention of his salesmen. He visited us at the Institute and we went up to the top floor and sat on Hamilton's sofa, and stretched our legs in front of the fireplace that used to be in Hamilton's home, and had an old-fashioned talk. He told us again the story of his enrolment in the Institute.

HE was living in Spokane at the time, the owner of a little electrical business—a good enough little business, but with no promise that it would ever provide anything more than just a decent living. Mr. Alexander wanted *more* than a living. He wanted comfort for his family, and education for the children and a chance to travel, and financial security.

HE turned to the Alexander Hamilton Institute with a good deal of hesitation and doubt. He expected to receive some formal textbooks and lectures, which would be hard reading and not very applicable to his personal situation. What he discovered was that he had not merely enrolled for "a course." He had allied himself with a powerful group of friends who began immediately to work with him for his business success.



THE Institute training is a good deal like a wonderful two years' trip at full pay. It carries you into the office of a great sales manager; you watch him work. He tells you the methods by which he gets results, and gives you full permission to use these methods as your own. You visit a great accountant and he tells you the important things that have taken him so long to learn.

YOU sit beside a banker and learn the principles of corporation finance. Your instruction in factory and office management comes from men who have made an outstanding success in these fields, who talk to you in terms of tested practical results. And every day thruout the whole two years' journey you feel yourself growing, you are aware of opportunities that you had previously overlooked.

IT was so with Mr. Alexander. He sold out the electrical business and organized the Alexander Film Company, and started the production of motion picture films for advertising purposes. A short time later he became its president and today, after only a few years, it is a nation-wide organization, one of the largest and most successful of its kind. He later organized the Alexander Aircraft Company, which now has the largest output of commercial airplanes in the country.

"AT the time of my enrolment I had only the most rudimentary conception of business," he said, "and the Institute was a life saver to me." But what impressed him most was the *friendliness* of the Institute, the way in which it takes a personal interest in its men, its determination to leave nothing undone that will make for their success. It was that spirit which drew Mr. Alexander down to Astor Place to visit us again and which brings so many Institute men to Alexander Hamilton Hall when they are visiting New York.

YOU who read this may be many miles from New York, as many miles away as Mr. Alexander was at the time when he read such an advertisement as this and sent for "Forging Ahead in Business." May we say to you, thru this page, what we should like so much to say in person, *"We want to be genuinely and personally helpful."* When you read the copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" which the coupon will bring you, forget that we are just a big educational institution. Think of us as just a group of friendly men, who would like to be your companions and guides on the wonderful two years' journey which Mr. Alexander and so many others have made, pointing out the principles and the methods by which the most successful men have won their success, opening your eyes to the opportunities that lie at your own front door.

You will find us good traveling companions, and your personal problem will be of just as much importance to us as if you were the only man enrolled.

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CAMP EDUCATION

By FREDERICK L. GUGGENHEIMER,

President, New York Section, Camp Directors Association

SOME years before his death, President Eliot of Harvard University made the statement that the greatest individual contribution which has been made to the education of American youth is the summer camp. As the summer camp has become more highly organized, it has been recognized that it is no longer a purely recreational place for our boys and girls to spend their vacations from school but that it also has a definite educational value.

Our civilization is constantly becoming more influenced by urban environment, more complex and more completely permeated and saturated with "things"—that is to say, with the modern luxuries and automatic equipments of life. This condition has led educators and wise parents to see the essential place of the summer camp in the modern educational scheme. The school and the camp are complementary to each other—the one begins where the other leaves off. To summarize what I consider the essential function of each in the education of the child—the school emphasizes intellectual or mental training, while the camp stresses not only physical, but perhaps even more emphatically moral, social, aesthetic and spiritual training. Can anyone say which is the more important?

Our city youth is saturated with the cold, austere practicability and luxuriousness of our modern life. Their aesthetic and cultural experience is found largely in the up-to-date movie or in their father's automobile, with a chauffeur at the wheel. But the camp brings them back to fundamentals. There they live a community life with their peers. This community life is sadly lacking in our modern city homes, where families usually consist of one or two children, as contrasted with seven or eight in past generations.

In camp, boys and girls find an opportunity to use their hands, both in helping to care for themselves and for others and in learning the art and joy of handling tools of all kinds. But, above all, for two months they live in intimate contact with Nature. As Nature permeates their subconscious selves, there is developed in the sensitive souls of these freedom-loving boys and girls a knowledge, a consciousness and an understanding of the true God—of Him who has no name and no dogma—of Him who demands no creed and no form in His worship—but is there to be found in the woods and the mountains and the lakes—in the sun and the moon and the stars. The places of formal worship may be temporarily losing our modern boys and girls, but through the summer camp and the intimate contact with the great universe around them which it makes possible, these boys and girls are finding God.

These are the educational aims, purposes and ideals of the properly directed and organized summer camps and of the high-minded, seriously purposed camp directors.

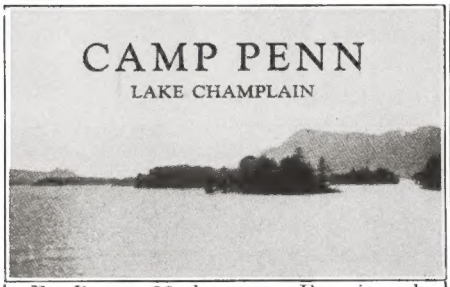
Through the organization and development of a virile Camp Directors' Association, an effort is being made to emphasize these educational aspirations, so that camps and camping shall be better understood as playing a very definite part in the modern educational movement. The Camp Directors' Association of America and its several sections throughout the country are, in the highest sense of the word, standardizing and making effective the educational possibilities of the Modern Camp.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S CAMP SECTION

SUMMER CAMPS AND SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND FOR GIRLS—MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

CAMP PENN

LAKE CHAMPLAIN



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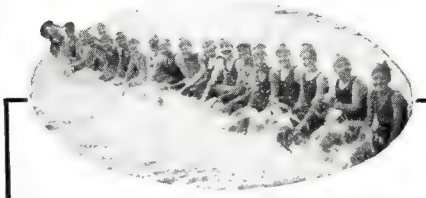

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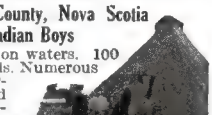

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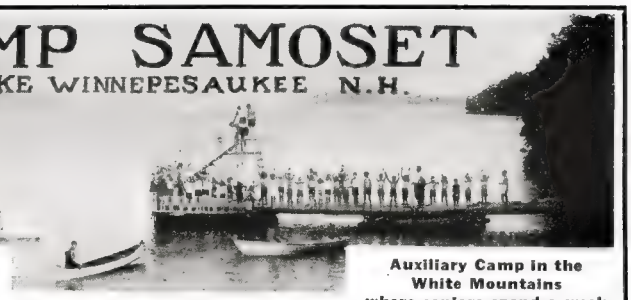

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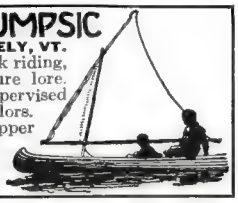

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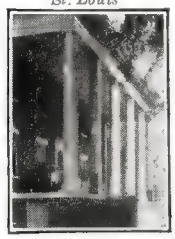

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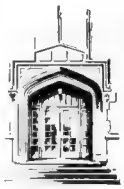

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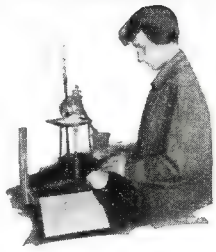

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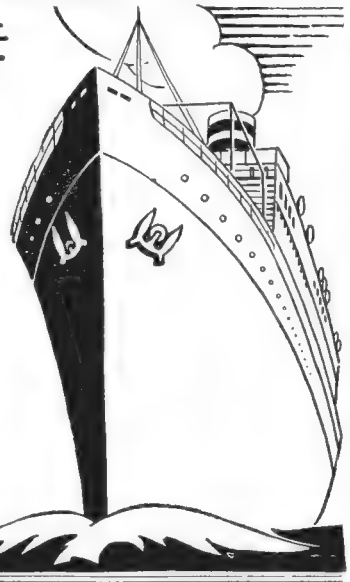

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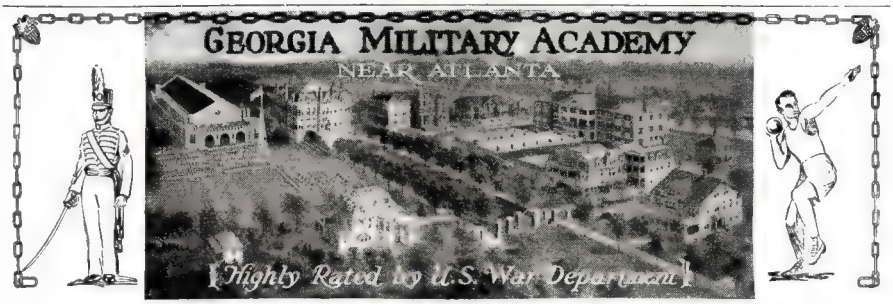

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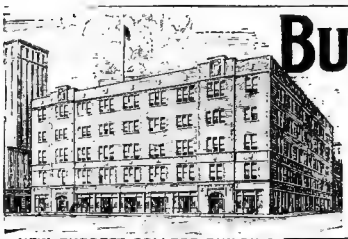

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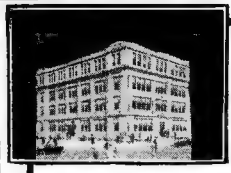

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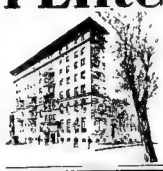

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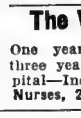

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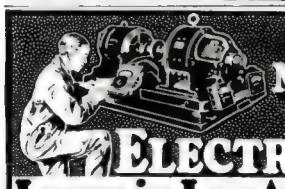

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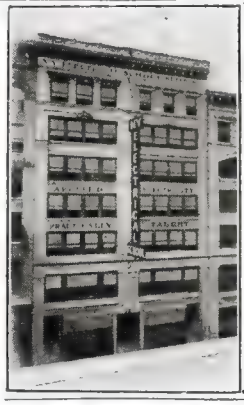

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Lord of the Jungle
By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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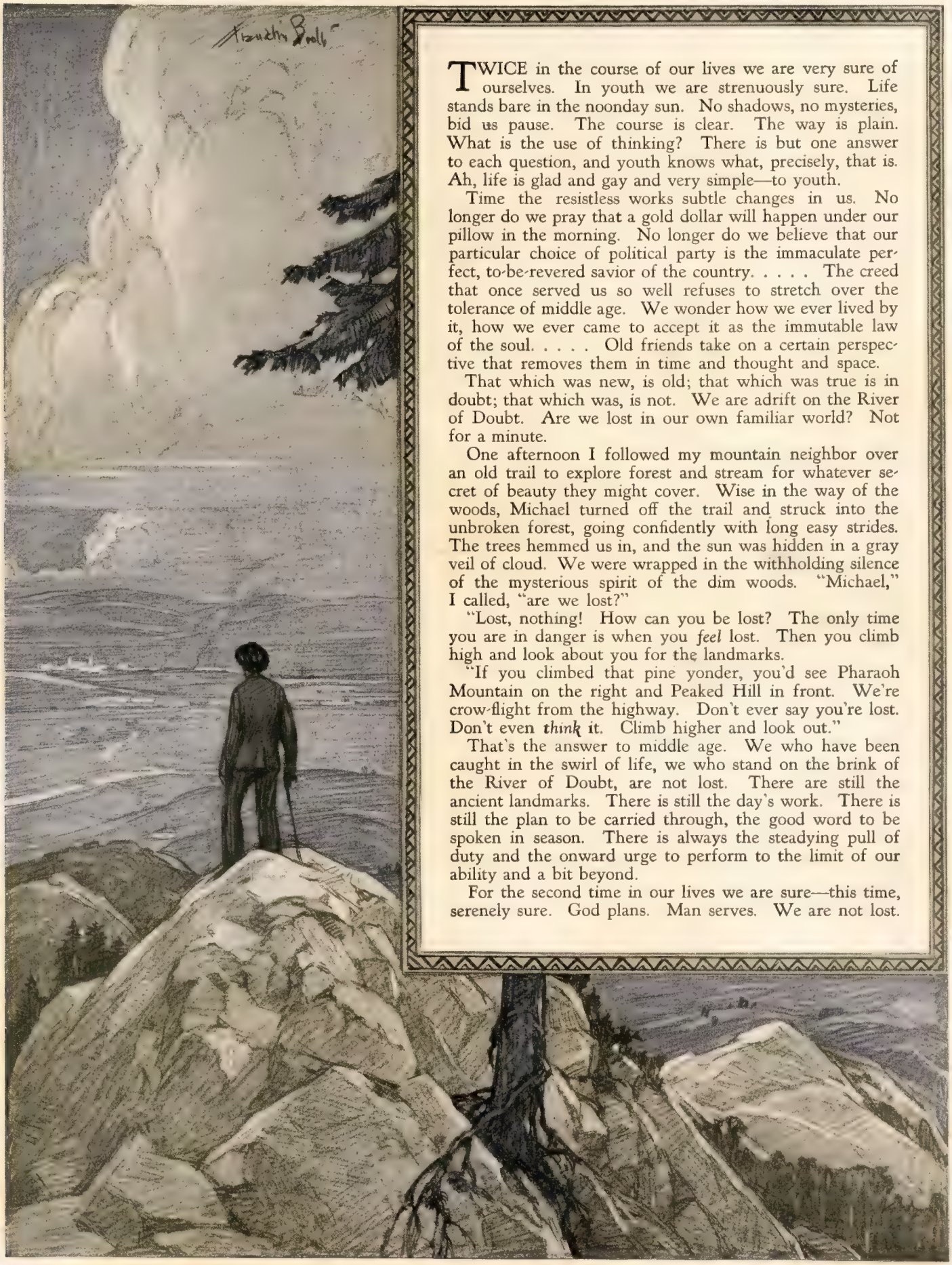
CLIMB HIGHER!

By Angelo Patri

DECORATION by FRANKLIN BOOTH



TWICE in the course of our lives we are very sure of ourselves. In youth we are strenuously sure. Life stands bare in the noonday sun. No shadows, no mysteries, bid us pause. The course is clear. The way is plain. What is the use of thinking? There is but one answer to each question, and youth knows what, precisely, that is. Ah, life is glad and gay and very simple—to youth.

Time the resistless works subtle changes in us. No longer do we pray that a gold dollar will happen under our pillow in the morning. No longer do we believe that our particular choice of political party is the immaculate perfect, to-be-revered savior of the country. . . . . The creed that once served us so well refuses to stretch over the tolerance of middle age. We wonder how we ever lived by it, how we ever came to accept it as the immutable law of the soul. . . . . Old friends take on a certain perspective that removes them in time and thought and space.

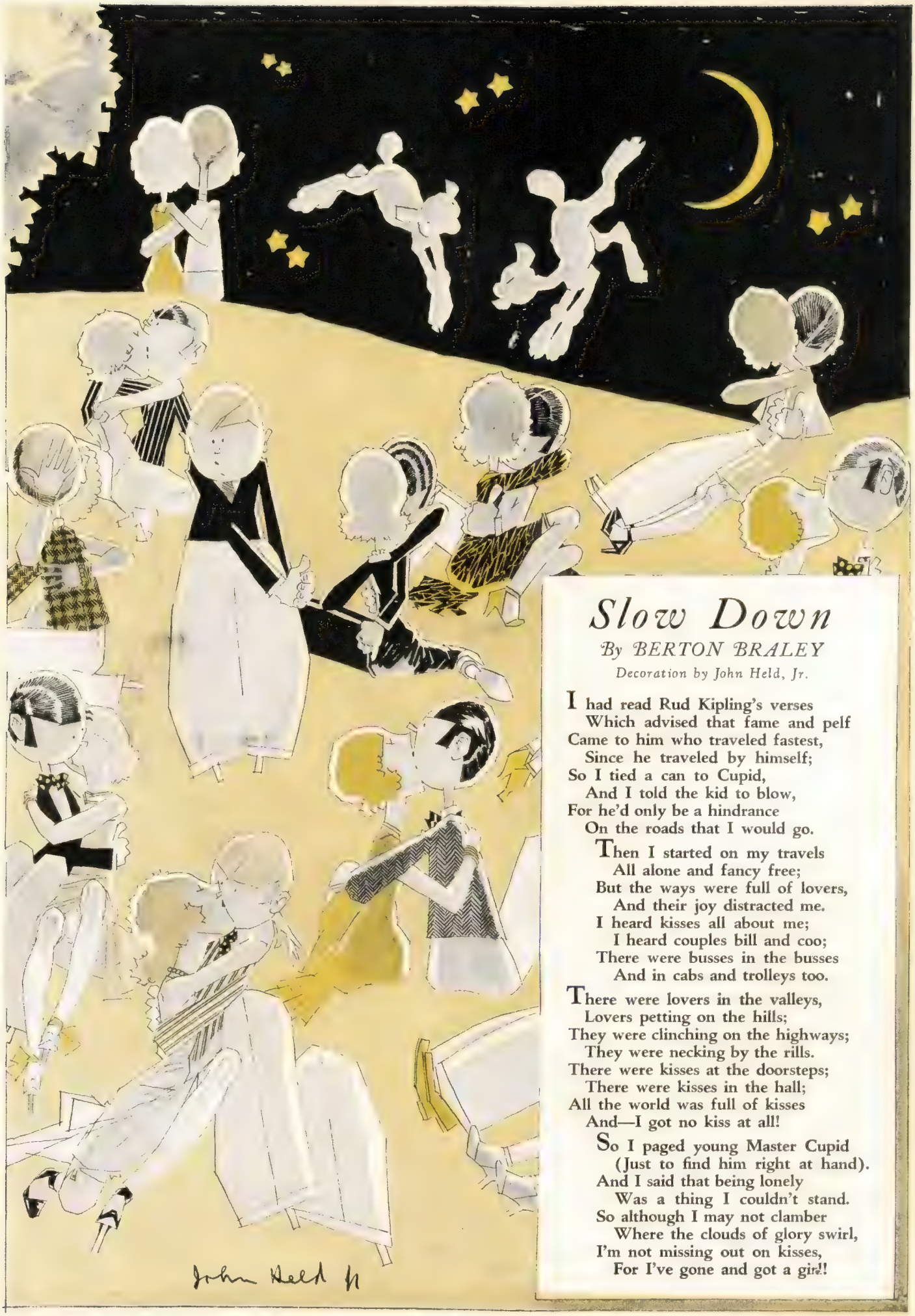
That which was new, is old; that which was true is in doubt; that which was, is not. We are adrift on the River of Doubt. Are we lost in our own familiar world? Not for a minute.

One afternoon I followed my mountain neighbor over an old trail to explore forest and stream for whatever secret of beauty they might cover. Wise in the way of the woods, Michael turned off the trail and struck into the unbroken forest, going confidently with long easy strides. The trees hemmed us in, and the sun was hidden in a gray veil of cloud. We were wrapped in the withholding silence of the mysterious spirit of the dim woods. "Michael," I called, "are we lost?"

"Lost, nothing! How can you be lost? The only time you are in danger is when you *feel* lost. Then you climb high and look about you for the landmarks.

"If you climbed that pine yonder, you'd see Pharaoh Mountain on the right and Peaked Hill in front. We're crow-flight from the highway. Don't ever say you're lost. Don't even *think* it. Climb higher and look out."

That's the answer to middle age. We who have been caught in the swirl of life, we who stand on the brink of the River of Doubt, are not lost. There are still the ancient landmarks. There is still the day's work. There is still the plan to be carried through, the good word to be spoken in season. There is always the steadying pull of duty and the onward urge to perform to the limit of our ability and a bit beyond.

For the second time in our lives we are sure—this time, serenely sure. God plans. Man serves. We are not lost.

Slow Down

By BERTON BRALEY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

I had read Rud Kipling's verses
  Which advised that fame and pelf
Came to him who traveled fastest,
  Since he traveled by himself;
So I tied a can to Cupid,
  And I told the kid to blow,
For he'd only be a hindrance
  On the roads that I would go.

Then I started on my travels
  All alone and fancy free;
But the ways were full of lovers,
  And their joy distracted me.
I heard kisses all about me;
  I heard couples bill and coo;
There were busses in the busses
  And in cabs and trolleys too.

There were lovers in the valleys,
  Lovers petting on the hills;
They were clinching on the highways;
  They were necking by the rills.
There were kisses at the doorsteps;
  There were kisses in the hall;
All the world was full of kisses
  And—I got no kiss at all!

So I paged young Master Cupid
  (Just to find him right at hand).
And I said that being lonely
  Was a thing I couldn't stand.
So although I may not clamber
  Where the clouds of glory swirl,
I'm not missing out on kisses,
  For I've gone and got a girl!

Photo by Nickolas Murray

MARTHA LORBER

It seems natural that people of the stage are especially partial to the irresistible humor of the Held creations. One of the particularly-crazy-about-them is Miss Lorber, now leading lady for Holbrook Blinn in "The Play's the Thing!" So when Mr. Held needs an extra-special inspiration, he can always count upon the glorious Martha to furnish it, provided she is not on tour. Miss Lorber's tremendously successful career on the "legitimate" stage began only two years back. Before that she was a leading dancer in the "Ziegfeld Follies," and a genuine sensation in "Mecca," directed by Morris Gest, and in "Chu Chin Chow."

Photo by Nickolas Murray

JOHN HELD, JR.: Whoever could guess that the most consummate of all depictors of flapperdom and jazzage was born on a ranch, and in Utah at that? Well, he was. At the tender age of sixteen he arrived in New York, and succeeded in landing a berth in a newspaper art department. His job was to convert paragraphs, by means of deft touches, into publishable material. That was the modest beginning of one of the outstanding successes in humorous illustration. His place in Westport, Connecticut, with its stable of fine horses, because of its size ranks as an estate, and everybody knows what that is.

ERNEST FUHR is that rarity among mortals as well as artists—a native of New York City. During the late '90's and the first decade of this century, when daily papers vied with one another in procuring the best illustrators to picture their news-stories, Mr. Fuhr was one of the ablest and most popular men in his profession. In 1910 he left the journalistic field to study in Paris and, upon his return began his successful career as a magazine illustrator. His work is rated as among the most desirable in America. Although he maintains a summer residence in Westport, Connecticut, and a studio apartment in New York City, he is also well known in Paris as a resident of the Quartier-Latin.

PATRICIA MAC DONALL is one of the four children of Angus MacDonall, whose quaintly humorous illustrations were such popular items with the readers of Life, Judge and The Red Book Magazine. Miss MacDonall inherits her father's artistic tendencies, and is now employed as a designer of posters and labels. Much of her spare time is spent in posing for artists in Westport, where she lives, and Mr. Fuhr regards her as his favorite model. She was born in Chicago.

ADELE KLAER

Just one artist has the advantage of Miss Klaer's poses, and that is no mean ascendancy over his fellows, for she is a conspicuously endowed actress with many prominent rôles in Broadway successes to her credit. Some of her notable characterizations were her parts in "The Constant Wife" and "Revelry," and in former seasons in Belasco's "The Wandering Jew," "The Riddle Woman," "The Critic" and others. Her dramatic ability, personal charm, beauty and intelligence are invaluable assets to the work of Mr. Robinson, who is fortunate enough to have her services.

Photo by E. G. Dunning

DAVID ROBINSON: A native of Chicago, product of its schools and studios, Mr. Robinson was well on the road to a painter's and illustrator's fame when he left that city to locate in New York. Despite frequent and protracted stays abroad, America and Americans remain the favorite, almost the sole incentive for his pictures. His working time is divided between New York City and Silvermine, Connecticut—he maintains studios in both places. It has never entered his mind that for him there are other goals save that of being an artist, which accounts in large measure for his outstanding success.

HELEN FULLER: "I can say Helen Fuller is my favorite model without apprehension, as it happens she is my niece," writes Mr. Wright. Miss Fuller was born in New York City, is about seventeen years old, and is a student at Barnard College. Her favorite pastimes are posing for her uncle, and swimming.

GEORGE WRIGHT: In the days when it was just Westport, Connecticut, George Wright discovered it and thus became its Columbus. He bought a house from a native, and soon converted it into a home which is the show place of the town. His chief in- and out-of-door sport is sketching —football, polo and tennis claiming his interest only as spectacles. Philadelphia schooled him both academically and practically in illustration. People often serve as models for him without knowing it.

ASTRID HULT

Until two years ago this young lady lived in her native Chicago. A student of art and music, she chose New York as a field for her variegated talents, making her home in that Mecca of folk artistic and literary, Westport, Connecticut. Her personality is such that the artist colony in that village was soon divided into two camps: those for whom Miss Hult did, and those for whom she did not, pose. But the war was soon over, for posing is not what she set out to do. Marked success as a designer of costumes now makes great demands upon her time, and only the lucky Shepherd gets her services as a model.

J. CLINTON SHEPHERD: Drawing, says he, was his earliest habit. His first job was in a Kansas City studio; then he studied in the Chicago Art Institute. Since the war, in which he did his bit as an airplane pilot, he has lived and labored in New York most of the time. Periodically he goes to Wyoming or Montana, where he studies Western types. That he is no mean hand at the art of sculpture is attested by works shown in many national exhibitions. Lately he acquired a farm near Westport, Connecticut, which he is transforming into a bit of Wyoming. His first illustrations were done for The Red Book Magazine.

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May 1928

The RED BOOK Magazine

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A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

The Benefit of the Doubt

By BRUCE BARTON

THE past year has furnished an exciting game of hide and seek with a rascal who is using my name.

First a public stenographer in Phœnix, Arizona, sent me a reproachful letter. "When you write such high-minded pieces," she said in effect, "how can you treat a poor girl so low?"

And she went on to explain that I had called at her office and left much manuscript to be copied, promising to return to pay her, but had never showed up. It is doubtful whether she is convinced even yet that I was never in Phœnix in my life.

Next, I was heard of in Albuquerque, informing the populace about myself in flattering terms, and leaving behind a bad check for eight hundred dollars drawn on a New York bank.

Later a sheriff from Ohio telegraphed that he was on my trail for misappropriating an automobile; and recently I have been reported as the worse for liquor in the lobby of a Chicago hotel.

The experience has set me to wondering. How much of the population has my unknown double influenced? How many peopie are all wrong about me who are sure they are all right? More important, how often have I been unjust to somebody else when I went by appearances or had only part of the facts?

Thus I passed severe sentence in my own mind against a man I thought a loafer. He played golf every afternoon, while his wife worked in the office. When he died, and I learned the full truth, I was glad I had kept my ideas to myself: the papers revealed that he was a war hero who had been gassed and so could not work in any office more than a few hours at a time.

Another day I formed a decided dislike for a man who seemed unnecessarily penurious, only to discover that he has to pinch every penny because his wife has been a lifelong invalid and his mother is insane.

The discovery of how difficult it is to get all the facts has inclined me to be cautious. It seems also that the habit of caution is growing in others; that as we Americans mature in national experience, each of us will attend to his own life a little more and to the lives of others less.

And why not?

It is reliably announced that there is to be a great Day of Judgment, when all the facts will be available, all injustices will be corrected; many last shall be first, and many first shall be last. Feeling confident in the justice of this court of last resort, I am more and more inclined to sidestep my duties as a critic and to give the other fellow the benefit of the doubt.

I hope that others will do the same for me—especially when my double visits any community and makes a careless marriage or passes a worthless check.

Let the gift be worthy of the "best girl" you ever had

Mother's Day, Sunday, May 13th

This is the world-famous Sampler specially wrapped for Mother's Day giving.

Whitman's Sampler

The Sampler is expressive of the qualities that most appeal to mothers. Inner character and goodness. Outward charm and refinement. A gentle whisper from bygone days in the quaintness of its "dress". Yet thoroughly modern in the variety of its sweets and the skill with which they are made.

Yes, *genuine* things are most acceptable to Mother. And she will recognize in the Sampler your desire to express a real affection.

Many will prefer to give the Sampler in its special Mother's Day wrap, with Lincoln's famous tribute, or other appropriate sentiments, cross-stitched in the design. The Whitman Agency near you—probably the leading drug store—will attend to all details of mailing or delivery for you.

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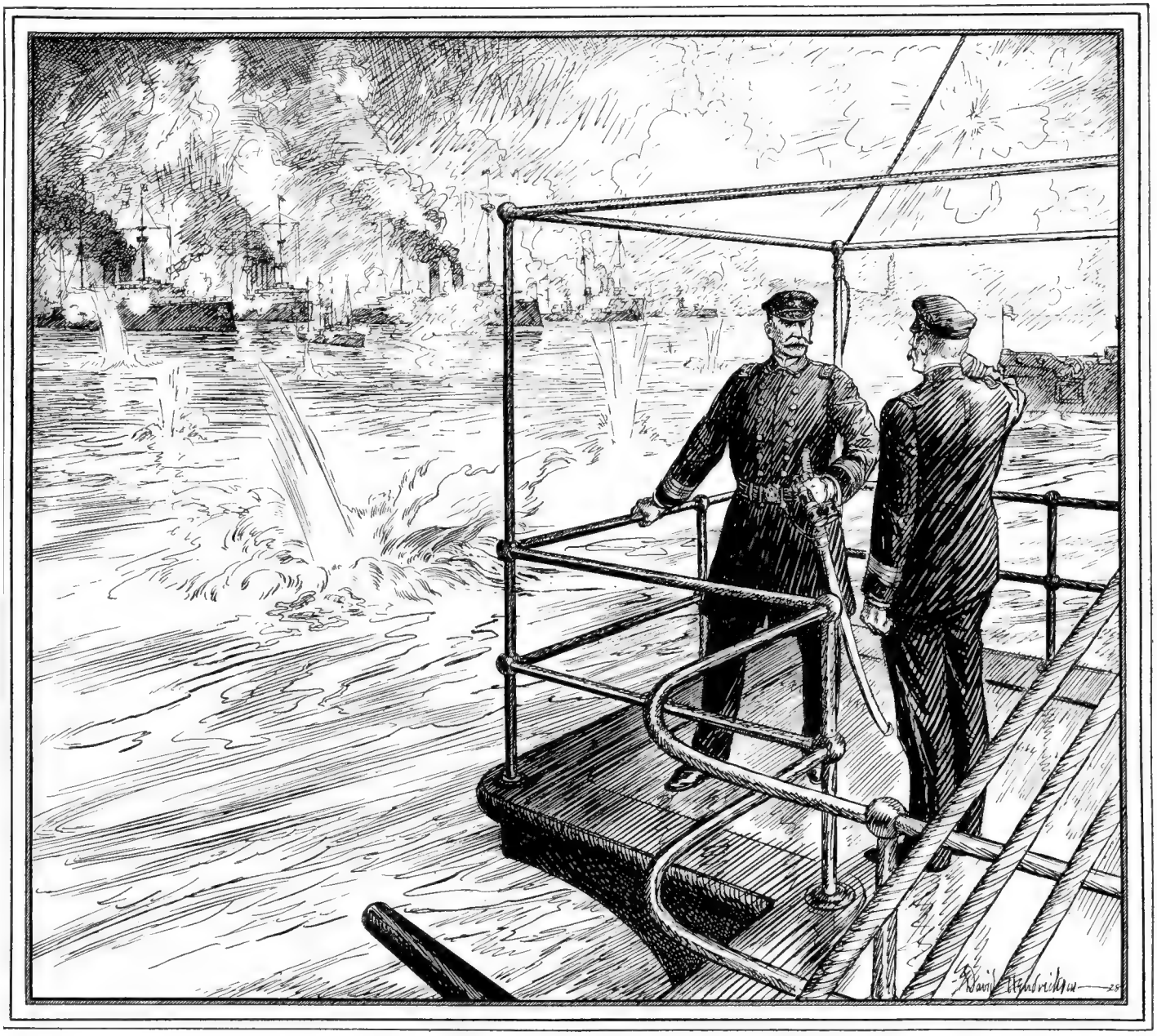

MAY FIRST '98

Illustrated by David Hendrickson

THE declaration of war with Spain, thirty years ago this spring, found a small American squadron of unarmored ships on the Chinese station.

Theodore Roosevelt was assistant secretary of the navy and possessed "a singular understanding of the importance of preparedness for war and of striking quick blows once war was begun." Largely due to him, Commodore Dewey had been placed in command of the Asiatic squadron, and to him Roosevelt had cabled, as early as February, '98: "In the event of declaration of war with Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep full of coal."

On the 25th of April Secretary Long cabled: "War has commenced. . . . . Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations particularly against Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy."

The risks to be taken by the Americans were enormous. "The defeat of the American squadron at Manila Bay would have been a disaster," wrote a naval authority, "difficult to compute; for the American commander had actually no base to fall back upon."

Fourteen hundred and fifty officers and men manned the six fighting ships of the American fleet; the same number manned the seven Spanish war vessels; but "in keeping with American naval precedent, we were much more heavily armed in ratio to our personnel." However, the Spanish had mined the channels into the bay and they fought under the shelter of heavy shore batteries.

In the night, the Americans ran the gantlet of the batteries before the entrance of the Bay; dawn disclosed the Spanish battle fleet and the forts, which immediately opened fire.

The Americans approached, without firing, while the Spanish ships and shore batteries fired unceasingly and wildly. The American confidence—as the Commodore later wrote—"was expressed in the very precision with which the dun, war-colored hulls of the squadron followed in column behind the flagship, keeping their distance excellently. All the guns were pointed constantly at the enemy, while the men were at their stations waiting the word."

After the ships had been under fire for twenty-five minutes, the Commodore turned to the *Olympia's* captain: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

Immediately an eight-inch gun in the forward turret of the *Olympia* gave the signal for the fleet to engage. Five times, with shortening range, the American fleet filed past the enemy.

"Victory," wrote Dewey later, "was already ours, though we did not know it. Owing to the smoke over the Spanish squadron, there were no visible signs of the execution wrought by our guns. . . . . Then . . . . the distress of the Spanish ships became evident."

The battle was practically over and won without the loss of a single man on the American ships—with but two officers and six men wounded. The Spanish fleet was destroyed; the forts were silenced.

"I had established," wrote the American commander, "a base seven thousand miles from home which I might occupy indefinitely."

It was the morning of the first of May, thirty years ago, when the Asiatic squadron fought in Manila Bay and established the United States in the eastern hemisphere.

Listen, Baby!

ELSIE JANIS is a delight to all playgoers. She does the unexpected, often in parts written by herself. Hers is the "infinite variety" of genius. Suddenly she comes to us with a story of the stage, written in collaboration with Mr. Markey. It is real, sincere and "different."

THE kid was clever. No doubt about it. Margie had stood in the wings at every performance during the week, watching his act, and she knew that he was good. Other performers knew it, too. This Saturday afternoon the McGonigle Brothers, trick cyclists, and Mme. Covarro, of Covarro's Cockatoos, were crowded into the wings with her, and they laughed as often as the audience.

"He's a panic," pronounced Frank (Bozo) McGonigle.

"Deserves a better spot on the bill," said Mme. Covarro, her smile glittering.

Margie said nothing. She was observing Al West's act with the critical eye of a veteran vaudevillian. The boy had personality, and he was a born comic; moreover he danced well, and he could play every instrument in the orchestra. That was his specialty. Out there now, blond and slim in a tight-fitting checked suit and white spats, he was dancing along, with a running fire of patter, and reaching down to borrow, in turn, the instruments from the musicians in the "trenches;" trombone, clarinet, cornet and fiddle—he played them all; he even hopped down into the pit and thumped the piano for part of a chorus, then swung nimbly up onto the stage again, "leading" the orchestra while he tap-danced a frenzied finale. The applause was generous.

She flung her contract into Lily's hand, and undressed to a chorus of: "Well, for cryin' out loud!" "Twenty weeks, can you tie that?"

By Elsie Janis *and* Gene Markey

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

Smiling and perspiring, he did a comedy slide into the wings, then took two "bows." The audience wanted more. Spatters of hand-clapping continued, and Margie noticed that Revere and Reilly, who followed him on the bill, were beginning to look worried.

Al West took another bow, then waved to the stage-manager. Lights out, and the orchestra went into Revere and Reilly's introduction music.

As he passed her in the wings, he smiled. He had noticed her there, all week, and once he had waited to watch her act: Queenie Roy and the Four American Beauties. It was a dance-act, the headliner, and little Margery Merwin was one of the American Beauties.

Not such a mistake, at that, Al West told himself. She was certainly a cute number. Dark wavy hair, big blue eyes and a nifty little figure. For a dancer she had really beautiful legs. He paused beside her, and in the impersonal camaraderie of vaudeville inquired:

"Walkin' up—after the show?"

Margie nodded. They both lived at Mrs. Joy's boarding-house, where most of the performers stayed when playing the Bijou in Battle Creek.

"I'll stick around," he told her.

"All right," said Margie in her hoarse little voice.

When she came out, after changing to her street clothes, he was waiting for her, chatting with the rheumatic old door-man. And Margie, observing the clamorous belted overcoat and the cap he wore, shuddered inwardly. Just a small-time ham. Yet there was something appealing about him.

They walked out through the Arcade, and turned up Main Street. Store windows were bright through the winter dusk, and the air was powdery with snow.

"Don't 'baby' *me*. Save that for little Eva, here. Only, look out, Uncle Tom—for the bloodhounds!"

After some casual conversation Margie said: "Easy to see you haven't been in the business long."

"Why is that?"

"We've been walking five minutes, and you haven't begun a ballyhoo about yourself *yet!*"

Al West laughed. "I'd like to talk about *you,* though," he said.

But Margie would have none of that.

"I've been watching your act," she told him. "I think you're pretty good."

"Yeh?" He seemed boyishly pleased.

"What're you going to do with your bright young life?" she persevered.

"Me? Oh, I dunno. Keep pluggin' along till my agent gets me into the big time."

"Agent!" Margie sniffed. "Agents get nobody nowhere. You gotta do it all yourself. Listen. Where'd you pick up this one-man band stuff?"

"Oh, I just play by ear. My old gent used to blow the tenor cornet with Al G. Field's Minstrels. Natural musician, he was. Could play anything. I guess I picked it up from him."

Then he was telling her, quite unselfconsciously, of his childhood in Aurora, Illinois, and how he had learned tap-dancing from a negro porter in a barber-shop. It was the old story of breaking into vaudeville. He was twenty-two now, and this was his third year in the small time. He pieced out the seasons, playing the Butterfield circuit and the Gus Sun and the Loew-Western. Never yet had he been able to know what it meant to be "booked solid." Never yet had he been able to afford one of those ads in *Variety.*

Margie found herself liking him. He was a sweet kid, but too modest ever to become successful in the two-a-day. As they

reached the steps of Mrs. Joy's boarding-house, she asked: "Where do you jump tonight?"

"Menominee. Split week, it's going to be. I have to lay off the last half."

"Gee," said Margie sympathetically. "You musta let the railroad freight department handle your booking!"

"Oh, it aint so bad." He seemed cheerful about it.

"We play Kalamazoo," Margie said. "If you get time before your train goes, we might have a sandwich."

"That'd be swell." He smiled, and Margie, as she left him, was thinking of the evenness and whiteness of his teeth.

After the performance that night, when they had sent their trunks off, Margie carrying her own bag trudged up the street with Al West swinging his suitcase beside her. At a Greek restaurant, over a baked apple and a glass of milk, Margie regarded him intently.

"You been on my mind," she said.

"Yeh?" He smiled, and reached across the table to take her hand.

"Don't get me wrong." Margie withdrew her hand. "I'm not stuck on you—I'm only interested in you profeshnally. Listen. This act of yours is good, but it's small time—see? It wont getcha anywhere. You know the act you oughta have?"

He shook his head.

"A jazz band. Now, you got talent, and that's what you oughta be working with—a jazz band. I'm telling you, that's where the money is, and in two years there'll be a dozen bands playing the big houses."

"Maybe you're right."

"Listen. My brother-in-law's got a friend in a productions office in Chicago. They put on acts—see? And I happen to know they want to book a band act as soon as they can find the right leader for it."

"Yeh, but how would *I*—"

"What's the nearest to Chicago you play?"

"Janesville, Wisconsin," he reported after consulting a memorandum. "Week of December 16th."

"O. K. I'll write Max Mindel to run up there and catch your act."

"Yeh, but—gee—"

"Listen—you never know. It's worth taking a chance on, anyhow."

"Well—" He laughed, embarrassed. "Anyhow, I sure am grateful to you—"

"Forget it," said Margie, very businesslike. "And ask that Greek to give me my half of the check."

When they said goodby in the midnight gloom of the Michigan Central Station he held her hand a moment longer than necessary, and looked wistfully into her eyes. And Margie, hard-boiled little trouper that she professed to be, felt like a schoolgirl. The next day she wrote to Max Mindel, in Chicago, an enthusiastic letter about Al West. But she did not receive a reply from Max Mindel; nor did she hear from Al West. And in the succeeding weeks she wondered many times if she would ever see him again.

Late in February, Queenie Roy and the Four American Beauties were in Cincinnati when a postcard, much soiled with forwarding-addresses, reached Margie. On it was written:

"It sure was a great hunch of yours, girlie. Al West and his jazz band opens next week at the Classic in Bloomington. Love and kisses.

"Al."

"That's pretty fresh," murmured Margie. But her eyes were very bright.

She did not hear of him again for a year. Margie was no longer with the American Beauties. She had worked hard at her dancing, and this season she was out with a "flash" act, "A Night in Monte Carlo," in which she was featured as première danseuse—if you could find her name in the program. On the train coming into Chicago, where "A Night in Monte Carlo" was to play the Majestic, she read in *Variety* that Al West's Jazz Band was on the bill at the Royal that week. And the announcement made her heart flutter queerly.

After the second show at the Majestic, Margie sat in her dressing-room wondering what caused that queer nervous feeling somewhere between the throat and the diaphragm. Indigestion? That wasn't likely. She could dine on baked beans in a railroad station lunch-room at midnight, and sleep like a baby. Nervous about the act? Lord, no! The act was booked for weeks. What about *his* act? Wonder if he's booked solid now? Wonder if he has changed much? Funny, his being here *(Continued on page 110)*

HEARTS

By William Byron Mowery

Illustrated by Frank Schoonover

Over the Northwest wilderness, wherein the Mounted Men have played their romantic part, fly today the Riders of the Sky. Here is the great story of one of the winged watchers—and of the girl who fled to his protection.

The Story So Far:

THAT momentous night, when his partner "Kansas" Eby returned with a story that was the thunder-whisper of a storm to come, James Dorn, map-maker of the Royal Canadian Air Force, had been musing in his tent on an island in the little lake near Titan Pass station. It was half an hour before midnight when Kansas, who had gone to a dance at the town, stooped through the flap of the tent and sat down on the cot.

"Dorn," said Kansas, "remember when the Transcontinental rolled in? Well, I was standing on the platform, alone. A girl came out into the vestibule and down onto the steps and stood there a second in plain sight. She was about chin-high to you or me, about twenty, brown hair, a brown-eyed queen! She was dressed like a fashion-plate.

"I thought at first that she had just come out for a breath of air. But if I know what 'scared' means, *that girl was scared*—looking all around to be sure no one was watching her, before she jumped—"

"You mean she jumped off the train?"

"Jumped and lit running!" Kansas asseverated. "She flitted into the cedars, and hid there on the other side of a bush till the train picked up and went on."

Kansas, it seemed, had tried to find the girl who had so strangely left the train at this little wilderness station, but had failed. It was to Dorn, some time after Kansas had departed for his own camp, that she revealed herself. Rowed by an old native, Père Bergelot, she landed at Dorn's camp—and told a strange story:

"My father is up on the headwaters of the Carrot, Mr. Dorn," she explained, "—a hundred miles south of the Lost River Dutchman's post. He's been in that region three summers, tracing a chromite float that is rich in platinum. In his last message out he mentioned four bush-sneak *métis* were shadowing him and said he was keeping close to camp.

"I don't know what's happened. His cabin is on a little island. They probably wouldn't attack him there. But if they're waylaying the passes, he can't come out afoot. Over the trail it's more than a two-weeks' trip to the lake, but I thought, in a plane—"

In brief, this girl Joyce McNain asked Dorn to rescue her father; and though sorely puzzled, especially by her insistence on accompanying him, Dorn an hour later flew northward into the night with her.

At dawn they were over the island of their search, and found it deserted. More, on exploring the island and the cabin, Dorn saw clearly that it had not been visited in years. Joyce confessed then—in part: she was herself fleeing from deadly peril, had sought this place—a place she had visited as a child with her father—to hide; had lied for fear her real story would not win his help. Sometime, she promised, she would explain to him.

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A FLIGHT

The big heavy biplane, Luke said, had returned; and at the enemy camp a council was held.

Dorn agreed to respect her secret. And because she was wholly unequipped for life in this remote spot, he promised to purchase an outfit for her at Edmonton and to bring it to her secretly. She gave him a diamond brooch to sell in order to buy the needed articles, and asked him to send a telegram to a certain newspaper-man in Calgary, which read: "Get in touch with H-C-S. Tell him I am safe, alone, and wish to remain so. If this becomes known, it will be because he and you and the others insist upon finding me. —Joyce."

And at Edmonton, after Dorn had sent the message and had sold the brooch to a jeweler, he was arrested in his hotel room by the police. *(The story continues in detail:)*

THAT lanky police-sergeant stepping into his room, revolver in hand, was a thunder-yelp out of a clear sky to Dorn; and the sight of those white-caps crowding inside the door stunned him for a moment.

"Now I've bungled it," he thought. "Now I've given them a chance at her. They've got me, and I'm her sole dependence. I'll have to give her up or she'll starve, she'll die, alone in those ranges."

They did not need to tell him how his arrest had come about; in a flash he saw now. Joyce's enemies, knowing she was penniless, had reckoned upon her trying to sell her only valuable possession. Even here in Edmonton, hundreds of miles from Titan Pass, the jewelry stores had been warned to look out for the brooch. Under pretense of testing the stone the proprietor had phoned detective headquarters, and an operative had shadowed him to the hotel.

As he struggled up from despair, Dorn swore doggedly: "I've got to break out of this. They don't know who I am. If I can get away she'll still be safe."

Stalling for time, for a few precious seconds to think, he spoke to the young sergeant.

"Before you take me in would you mind telling me what I'm being arrested for? It's a fellow's right, isn't it?"

"Yes, 'tis," the sergeant agreed, not unfriendly. "But I don't know what for. All I know, orders was passed down for me to bring two squads and back up this man here." He jerked a thumb at the plain-clothes individual.

Across the table, Dorn sized up the detective. Here, then, was the person he had to deal with. A man of some importance he seemed; possibly head of the private detective corps flung out in hunt of Joyce. A perfected sleuthing machine, a prototype of his calling. There was nothing warm-blooded or human about him. He was thirty-odd, tall and lean, cadaverous of face, with eyes as cold as window-glass.

Dorn was reasoning swiftly: "So you didn't tell the police your real business with me! You drew them into this arrest because you had to make dead sure of getting me. Your party didn't enlist the Mounted or the Provincial in this hunt. You want to keep the affair quiet if you possibly can. That's what Joyce hinted at in her telegram, too."

As the sergeant motioned a constable to step up and handcuff the prisoner, Dorn stopped him. "Just a minute. I want to speak with this detective. Now you, suppose we talk this over—in private. You needn't be scared. You're gripping an automatic in your coat pocket, I notice." He saw the glint of suspicion in the man's eyes, and with a plan of escape rapidly crystallizing, he added: "If you wont talk, I'll send for a lawyer at the jail and I'll talk to him, and tomorrow morning the papers will run the whole story. *How would you like that?*"

His shot struck. The detective blinked his eyes slowly like a turtle. "We'll hold you incommun—" he started to say.

"You will like hell!" In a swift diplomatic appeal Dorn spun on the sergeant. "How about it, partner—do I have the right to a lawyer and *habeas corpus?*"

"We don't railroad anybody. After the examination's over, you've got the right." To the detective: "And 'less you tag something definite onto him, we can't hold him. Better make up your mind. Want to talk to him or not?"

The detective drew a black automatic, slipped the trigger safety and stepped over to the window to block that faint possibility of escape.

"Frisk him for a gat, then go outside," he directed.

The sergeant ran his fingers over Dorn, then led his men out into the corridor. With five of his enemies disposed of at one neat scoop, Dorn breathed easier. He had only to handle this soft-shoe. He came a couple of steps closer and lowered his voice. "Now then—"

The maneuver worked. He counted on the detective ordering him to keep his distance, and the man did, with a nervous flip of the gun.

"All right," Dorn agreed scornfully, backing up against the door, "if you're all that scared! Now let's talk. What do you want with me?"

"Nothing with you, personal. We want to know where *she* faded to. I can make it worth while for you to come across."

There was no use pretending he knew nothing about Joyce; so he surprised the detective by demanding abruptly, "How much?"

The electric-light switch was pressing against his backbone, and he could feel the door-bolt against his shoulder-blade.

Soft-shoe evidently admired him for being sensible—that is, for having a price; and he became a little more communicative.

"I can't say definite how much. But I can get in touch with the party that can. Off-hand—if you take us where she's at and we get her and you promise to keep your mouth shut about her—I'd say twenty thousand."

For a second Dorn's thoughts went leaping away from his plan to escape. "Twenty thousand dollars! Just for information. And detectives sowed from Hazelton to Edmonton. Money, power, a relentless purpose—that's what Joyce said."

"Do you know her?" he asked, rising slightly on his toes to hook his belt over the electric-light switch. And when the detective nodded, Dorn haggled cold-bloodedly: "Then you know twenty thousand isn't much of a price for a girl like her."

"Mebbe so," Soft-shoe agreed. "But it's twenty thousand or nothing. That much jack'd keep a fellow the rest of his life. You don't look like a man who'd lose his head over a skirt; and her—you got about as much chance as a snowball in hell of ever having her. That's out, bo!"

Those words "That's out" were a blunt statement, making old Bergelot's warning alive again. Both men, one his friend, the other his deadly enemy, knew Joyce's story and agreed in counting her "out" to him.

Outside on the street the squeal of familiar brakes recalled him. His friend Jerry the taxi-driver had come; Jerry would run into the police. . . . .

"You mebbe could get *habeas corpus* and go back to her,"

Without looking up, she said: "I want—I want to keep your respect as long as I can." He looked at her steadily. "I don't believe you could lose *that!*"

Soft-shoe went on. "But how long 'ud that nice little party last? 'Less you're a damn' fool, you know already that this Dominion wouldn't be big enough to hold you. What chance have you got in a fight with us? If you try to be contrary, I'll give you a week to live. What'll it be now—d'you want that jack, or want to be bumped off because you went nuts over a girl—"

Dorn came down on his heels. As the room was plunged into blackness, his hand shot up and sped the door-bolt against the policemen. He ducked under the spurt of flame from the automatic, swung at the dim figure beside the window and caught the operative flush on the jaw. The automatic spun against the wall. Soft-shoe's knees forgot their duty; his limp body wabbled, uncertain which way to fall, till Dorn's left fist lifted him clear off his feet and stretched him on the rug.

Dorn vaulted through the window to the porch roof below. He poised a moment on the balustrade, then leaped for the top of the rowan tree.

ONE hundred and thirty miles west of Edmonton, in the south inlet of Lake Lobstick, Kansas Eby sat in the cockpit of an anchored D-H biplane, waiting.

For the twentieth time he pulled out of his pocket a crumpled yellow telegram and reread it.

EDWARD EBY CARTOGRAPHER
RCAF CAMP
EAGLE NEST
BRING THAT DH CRATE OVER TO LAKE LOBSTICK SOUTH INLET
OPEN HER UP D

He knew the wire was from Dorn. It had been filed in Edmonton at eleven o'clock last night. Noon now of the next day, and Dorn not yet come, though his message had been urgent. By either train or automobile he should have showed up hours ago.

In his anxiety he was particularly prodded by the memory of an incident so fresh that it was still a nightmare in his mind. Dorn and he, the two crack pilots of the Force, had been testing forestry planes down at Victoria; they were flying twin machines one morning when Kansas' engine konked and died and his plane crashed on a mountain mesa, pinioning him, bruised and battered, in the wreckage; and Dorn, roaring overhead five hundred feet up, had jumped in a pack-chute and landed almost on top the wrecked plane before that ominous tongue of fire reached the gas tank; had pulled Kansas out of the snarl of wire and wing and matchstick timber and carried him through smoke and flame of the fire spreading over the mesa, and toted him down to the C. P. grade, where a section gang picked them up in a gasoline go-devil.

"Dorn's in trouble now," Kansas repeated to himself. "He would never have called for help unless he needed it bad; and here I sit like a stuffed owl."

When the noon hour passed and nothing happened, he decided it was high time to act. Switching on ignition, he idled the motor a few minutes, drew in the anchor, skittered down the inlet to warm the motor thoroughly, gave it the gun, bounced into the air and headed for Edmonton.

It was his intention to inquire around in the capital city; and if he found no trace of Dorn, to ask help from the police.

As he flew along he kept watching the brown ribbon of road beneath him; and so it came about that thirty miles east of Lake Lobstick he noticed an automobile creeping westward. From dead overhead he saw it stop; saw a man jump out, face upturned, and wave arms and hat.

Dropping down, banking on vertical wing, he flew back over—low enough this time to recogniże the tall rangy figure of Jim Dorn.

In a duck pond a mile west he "sat down" and waited. The car came bumping nearer along the rutty road, and Kansas paddled ashore.

Dorn and a sawed-off, bowlegged individual named Jerry already were pulling out a pile of packages that completely filled the tonneau of the ancient sedan.

"I was afraid you'd be gone, son," Dorn greeted, as they shook hands. "Where in the world were you headed for?"

"Edmonton! I figured you was in a mix-up, Dorn. If I couldn't find you, I expected to ask the police—"

Dorn laughed in his silent way. "Some day you'll appreciate that joke; but now—help get this baggage out to the plane. Couple of boat loads; that's why I wired you to bring the D-H crate. Jerry, here's a hundred dollars. Hope you get home all right. Next Christmas I'll remember you with something substantial."

While Dorn was fetching the second canoe load, Kansas stood on a pontoon and re-stowed the packages in the fuselage cubby. He would have given a leg to know what was in them; and when he saw that the paper was already torn a bit on one, he did not think it very treacherous to probe a little with his finger. He came upon some garment of fine blue corduroy, and probing further he discovered it was a girl's skirt; and with still another twist of his finger he disclosed a pair of little laced boots.

"For Lord's sake! What's Jim Dorn doing with those things?"

They set off to penetrate the wilderness and find that gold-field; up past the grinning totem-poles

He recovered from the surprise before Dorn came back, and said nothing; but he was busy adding up that strange girl at Titan Pass plus this wagonload of packages, plus Dorn's unexplained trip to Edmonton, and seeing what it all totaled.

The individual called Jerry waved his cap as the plane took off and headed west. A few minutes later Kansas glanced back at the rear seat. With pack-chute for a pillow Dorn had eased himself into a comfortable position and was sound asleep.

It seemed to Kansas that Dorn's face had lost something of its sternness and that he looked happier than in many moons.

"It's that girl!" he swore to a passing mallard. "He met up with her somehow. Wont tell me about her; I'm just a partner. He's taking her those things to set her up in housekeeping. A wagonload like that—means she's away inside the bush. Jim Dorn, who's lectured me six years about women—he's got her somewhere, in that howling wilderness. . . . . Lord, she was pretty, that night."

Then he noticed the weariness of Dorn's features, the crusted blood on his knuckles; and Kansas suddenly sobered.

"Now he's mixed up in something, Jim is. He got into trouble in Edmonton, but he came out on top. He used an automobile to get away in because he didn't dare come by train. That girl was scared the night I saw her, and whatever she run away from, that's what Jim's fighting now. Maybe he'll tell me, when it comes to a head."

He flew on, over the ever-rising foothills, west toward Eagle Nest, so lost in thought and speculation that he nearly hit the first snow-capped mountain.

Chapter Four

OVER the nose of his own swift monoplane Dorn looked away into the northwest across a wilderness of evergreen valleys and rocky spires and beautiful white *névés,* and far ahead sighted Goat Mesa lit to fire by the early morning sun; and on farther he saw a glint of blue from the upper end of the lake—Joyce's lake, the Lake of the Dawn.

He had left Eagle Nest three hours ago; and alone in the night sky, he had endeavored to arrange the happenings of the last five days into some understandable story.

From things Joyce had said, he knew her father had been an engineer or field scientist, or engaged in some profession which took him to various places throughout the Northwest. She had been her father's tomboy, and loped the bush with him, to Chilcotin, Dawson, Telegraph Creek and Cassiar Bar, where she had got "a spanking" for cutting her hair off. In that incident Dorn could see that her father had been something of a Victorian —a little stern with his girl, but loving her so much that he had taken her with him everywhere and personally had given her an

of hostile Siwash villages, following the river to its headwaters, the two cedar canoes pioneered.

education such as no other girl of Dorn's acquaintance possessed. Then Joyce had gone Outside, probably for a formal schooling; and there this trouble had come upon her.

This fellow H. C. S., to whom the telegram had been sent, was probably the chief of her enemies, but what did he mean in her life and what did he want of her and why was he hounding her? What was the particular and great value on her head?

Dorn expected that Joyce would still be asleep in her cabin. But as he skimmed above Goat Mesa and soared high out over the mirrory blue lake, there below him he saw her, standing on their jutting rock, fishing for breakfast trout.

She heard the drone of his motor and looked up; and dropping her pole, hurried to the cove where he would come ashore. Again Dorn caught the flutter of a tiny handkerchief, and he dived down toward it in a tight, mile-long spiral and taxied into the shallows. When he drove the canoe to the bank Joyce was standing beside a great pine at water edge, and greeted him with, "Good morning, Mr. Jim!" and gave him both her hands when he stepped out.

As he took her hands, their eyes met in a swift, smiling glance. He asked, "Everything been all right with you here?" He could see that it had. The ravages of her fear which had tugged at him that first night down in his tent were altogether vanished. Her face was tanned a shade browner. She had a fillet around her forehead, and had done up her hair in a braided coil as a little bush-loper should, and her fingers were berry-stained.

"Yes, Jim, but you—?" He noticed that she went suddenly pale and that she was looking up at his temple scar, his sole relic of a dozen crashes. A limb of a certain rowan tree in Edmonton had struck and broken open that old wheal. Joyce raised her hand and touched it gently. "Jim!" she cried. "What happened to *you?*"

"Oh, that?" Dorn lied casually. "Over at Eagle Nest, helping the mechanics put the cowling on my plane. . . . . A wrench slipped off and thwacked me one."

"And you didn't meet anybody suspicious or run into any trouble? I believe you're—you're not telling me the truth, Jim!"

Dorn remembered her fearlessness of the moment ago; and he would not bring fear to her again. Those operatives in the south might be busy, now, establishing his identity and be waiting for him at Titan Pass; but he would keep them from her.

"You—we've escaped them and you're safe here," he told her and turned the subject away. "I sent your telegram and brought your outfit—"

She asked quickly: "And the newspapers, Jim?"

He stooped and handed her the roll from the canoe; and Dorn saw how she glanced at the headlines and the front-page column headings of the first paper, then passed to the second paper, the third and fourth. He thought she was sure her trouble would be in the headlines—a front-page story—or not mentioned at all. But finally she glanced at the inside pages and drew a deep breath and looked up at him. *(Continued on page 122)*

There's a rustle of portières, and I looks around to see Mademoiselle Dupont entering! I acts fast.

"Possibly I've Been Indiscreet"

By Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

This time our premier humorist writes a love story, not without laughter.

BREEZE EMERSON crashes my room at Nice with all the cheerio and esprit du corpse of a rheumatic who's spent a rainy night sleeping in a ditch. For a high-pressure salesman he certainly assays low risibility this A. M., looking for all the world like the latter end of a misspent career.

"Buck up, old haricot," says I, my sympathy ranging wide and free. "They can't arrest you for that; and don't forget, doctors also make mistakes. They're not inflammable. I know it's tough to have your wife run away with another guy, and to have your house burn down the day after the insurance expires, but—"

"Neither do I know what you're talking about," growls Breeze. "The frog's gone," he adds. "Checked out this morning."

"Are you referring to Monsieur Pommefrite?" I inquires.

"Who do you think I'm speaking of?" yelps Emerson. "A couple of Swiss zither-players?"

"I'd love to think of a couple of zither-players checking out," says I. "So Pommefrite's beaten it! I suppose that ends the dashing campaign to impinge American breakfast-food on the digestion Français,"

"Better have your supposer ground," comes back Breeze, sulky. "It's all choked with carbon. I came abroad to put over Toasted Nifties, the Cereal Supreme, and to those who know me, that means the horse is in and blanketed. And that," he snaps, shifting his gears from low to high, "isn't the half of it."

"Don't hold out on a pal," I begs, all a-twitter with indifference. "What's the other half, *mon chou?*"

"Not only is France going Nifty by a large majority," returns Emerson, tuning up the old calliope, "but Monsieur Marcel Alceste Pommefrite is the Gaul who's going to stump the country for me and deliver the vote."

"*Quelle belle chance!*" says I. "Tell me, why are you wasting your energies and your boss' swindle-money chasing after Pommefrite? He's not the only bobo in La Belle working the provision side of the street, is he?"

"No," replies Breeze, "but he's the ace in the delicatessen deck. Marcel Alceste's got a food-store in France for every Albino in Albania. Once I get him to featuring Toasted Nifties, there'll be nothing left for me to do except send insulting cables to our shipping department. First, France," continues Emerson, lathering himself into enthusiasm; "then the rest of Europe, then the—"

"I got you," says I. "Know where Pommefrite is now?"

"Very little is hidden from me," admits Breeze, "and that little not for long. I know just where he is, and I'm going right after him."

"Where is he?" I asks. "Still on the Riviera or back in Paris?"

"Italy," returns Emerson.

"Nice little place—Italy," I remarks. "Wonder if Milt Scroggins is still running the Erie House at Main and Spruce down there? . . . . . That all the address you got—Italy?"

"Pommefrite's touring around," explains Breeze, "but he's having his mail and his other shirt forwarded to a flophouse in Rome. How'd you like to totter along with me to the Internal City and be in on the kill?"

"I'd adore it," says I. "If there's anything I love better than nothing at all, it's being present in person at historic occasions. I remember once traveling eight hundred and thirty-six miles in the dead of winter and an upper berth to see 'em wreck an old house in New Jersey in which George Washington had never slept."

"What," grunts Emerson, "made the dump historic?"

"It was the only old house in New Jersey," I answers, "in which George had never slept."

"If I were you," suggests Emerson, "I'd try another brand of cognac. The deal I swing with Pommefrite," goes on Breeze, "may not be historic, but—"

"But certainly," I cuts in. "Picture the scene, *mon épinard.* Like another Hannibal, you cross the Alps and arrive at Rome, bringing not war but God's gift to the gastric juices, as you so nattily describe your breakfast fodder. Can't you see yourself with a background of the Colosseum, St. Peter's and Luigi Petroni's olive-oil factory, making a sales-talk to a Frenchman on his vaca-

tion and peddling him a bevy of breakfast-food for a population that doesn't eat breakfast. Historic? Why, my boy, it'll be at least prehistoric!"

"In Pittsburgh," recalls Breeze, "I once cornered a prominent building contractor at his wife's funeral and sold him a line of fire-insurance on a stone-quarry."

"If I never have any children," I rattles on, paying no attention to Emerson's anecdote, "it wouldn't surprise me a bit to have them come to Rome twenty years from now and find a piece of statuary representing the Triumph of the Toasted Nifty with all the events of your life in bar-room relief. You know," I adds archly, "how these Italians are. They'll erect statues to anything or anybody, ranging from the bimbo who wore the first brown derby in Androscoggin, Maine, to the scientist who figured out that chocolate-nut sundaes were practically unknown on uninhabited islands."

"Listen," yelps Breeze. "Are you or are you not coming with me?"

"I estimate," says I, cautiously, "that it would take at least eleven wild horses, sudden death and a battalion of Princess Mary's Own Fusiliers to prevent me."

That afternoon we hops a rattler for Mussolini's footstool in another effort to catch up with M. Pommefrite. For a month, now, Breeze had been gum-shoeing through France after the big frog in the provision puddle, with me following along in the funeral just for the ride.

Emerson and I had been side-kicks back in the States in the good old days when gals pinched their cheeks to make 'em red, and I couldn't very well turn him down when he begged me to trek along and palaver French for him, especially when I could see pretty fun ahead in that breakfast-food palooka. To date I'd had plenty and enough left over to keep me laughing in my sleep through the long winter nights.

For an hour the train snails along the Mediterranean, past villages that have been fought over more often than a Hollywood blonde. Our first stop is Vingtmille, a whistling-station that sprawls across the Franco-Italian border like a souse across a pair of twin beds.

"Remember," I remarks, "that line about 'Beyond the Alps lies Italy'?"

"After all," shrugs Breeze, "why not?"

"The line," says I, "didn't lie. Here she lies. You are now in Italy."

"It doesn't look any different from France," complains Emerson.

"No," I returns. "The grass grows from the roots up in both places. But you'll see a difference pretty soon," I adds, as a large part of the Italian standing army, the naval reserve and the cream of the civil service pile into the car, all armed to their gold-fillings.

"What is this?" demands Breeze, who'd once traveled in Mexico during an election. "A hold-up?"

"There are some points of resemblance," says I. "These are the Customs laddies. Got anything to declare outside of your views on prohibition?"

Before he can answer, the trunk-friskers descended upon us. While they're questioning me about tobacco, playing cards and other peccadilloes, Emerson nonchalantly puts a cigarette in his mouth and pulls a lighter from his pocket. That's as far as he gets with the operation. An officer reaches out and grabs the lighter.

"What's the idea?" yelps Breeze.

The Customs bambino curves over a fast one in Italian that's a wild pitch high on the outside as far as I'm concerned. In reply I uncorks a flagon of vintage French, and we finally gets together over a steaming bowl of something in the nature of Esperanto which we both speak like natives.

"Pietro, here, says," I passes along to Emerson, "that it's against the law to bring lighters into the country."

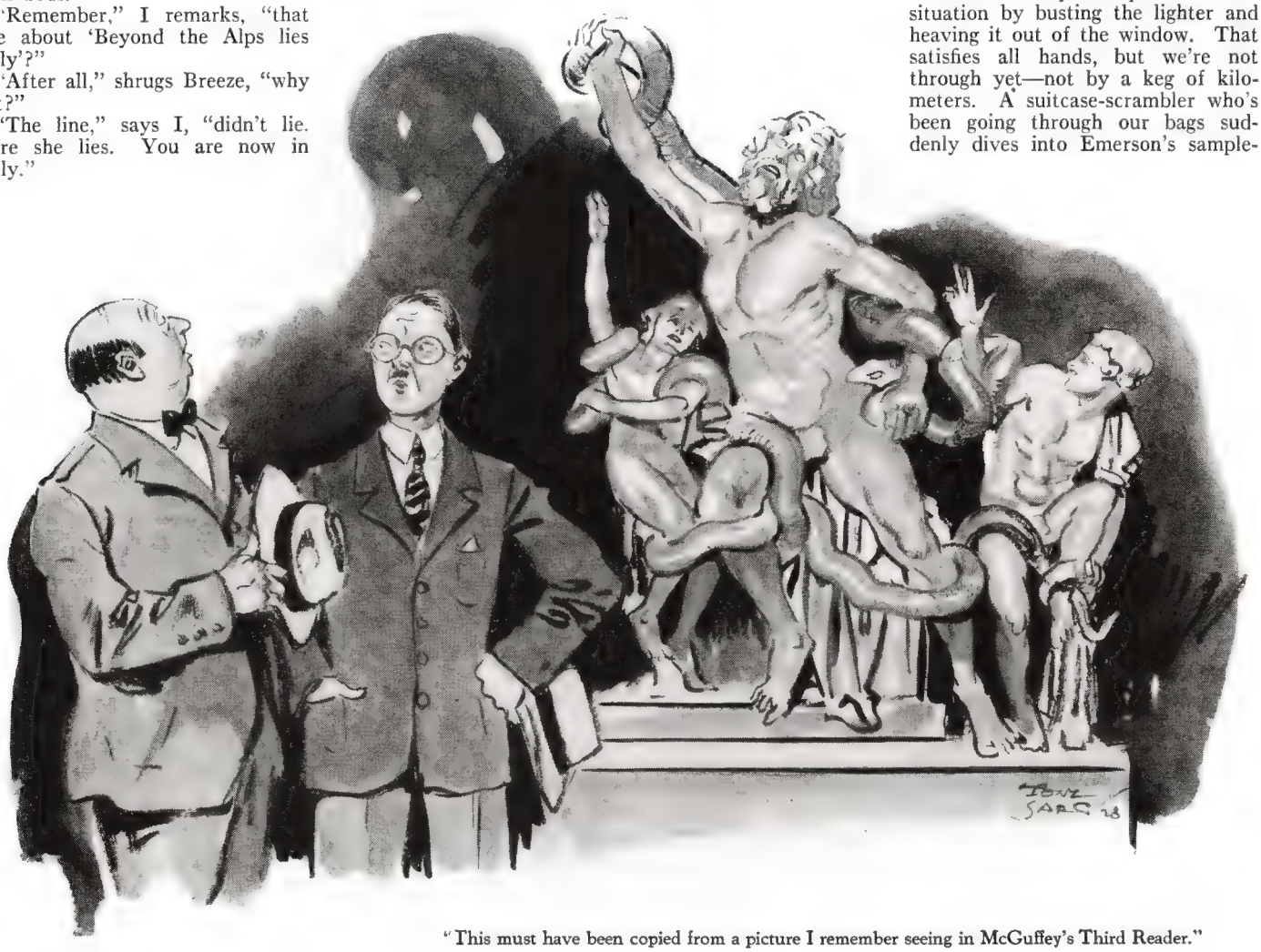
"Is it against the law," barks Breeze, "to ask this spaghetti-winder why?"

"Probably," I shrugs, "but I'll tell you. Matches, like playing-cards, tobacco and wrong telephone-numbers, are a government monopoly in Italy. They figure if you take a lighter in, you wont buy any of their matches."

"If they think that," snorts Emerson, "they ought to have their brains lifted. How do they imagine I light this lighter?"

"Giacomo says," I returns, "that you'll either have to padlock the doodad and give him the key, or leave it here in Vingtmille until you come back this way."

Breeze finally compromises the situation by busting the lighter and heaving it out of the window. That satisfies all hands, but we're not through yet—not by a keg of kilometers. A suitcase-scrambler who's been going through our bags suddenly dives into Emerson's sample-



"This must have been copied from a picture I remember seeing in McGuffey's Third Reader."

case and drags forth a package of Nifties. He waves it wildly before our pans with appropriate words and music.

"He wants to know," I guesses shrewdly, "what it is. Tell him."

"Toasted Nifties," shouts Breeze, "the Cereal Supreme. Made as it is from the heart of the dew-drenched oat, kissed by the balmy breezes of the open spaces, caressed by the beams of the—"

"In short," I cuts in, putting a finger to my open mouth, "breakfast food—breakfast food Americain."

The words "breakfast" and "Americain" appear to click with one of the Latin lads. He rips open a package and thrusts his lunch-hooks deep into the contents.

"What's he looking for," scowls Emerson, "profit-sharing coupons? Tell that Beppo that the price of the product forbids the use of premiums."

"He's looking for eggs," I grins. "He thinks you got hen-fruit in there wrapped in sawdust."

"Judas and his brethren!" howls Breeze. "Eggs! Imagine mentioning eggs and the Cereal Supreme in the same breath! Do these babies know that there are more calories and vitamines in a dish of Toasted Nifties than there are in eight and three-quarters eggs?"

An officer reaches out and grabs the lighter. "What's the idea?" yelps Emerson.

"Probably not," I returns. "They don't go in much for statistics in Italy nowadays—they believe everything Mussolini tells 'em."

For about five minutes I argues with the Customhouse boys. Finally with the help of the train porter, who provides appropriate gestures for my French, we come to an understanding.

"They'll let the stuff through," says I to Emerson, "but you'll have to stand a tap of a lira per package."

"All right," comes back Breeze, "but they really ought to pay me a bonus."

"Also," I goes on, "you've got to declare it to be what they think it is."

"What do they think it is?" he snaps.

"Fodder for fattening hogs," I answers.

"What a swell explainer you've turned out to be," says Emerson when he comes to. "If you'd have talked two more minutes, they'd have probably taxed it as roofing material for dog-kennels. So this is Italy! I'll bet Julius Cæsar's glad he's dead."

We gets under way again, and what with the benign influence of Mussolini's warm sun, Mussolini's beautiful scenery and a couple of shots of Mussolini's prime cognac, Emerson's harrowed feelings pipe down. Stretched out comfortably with his back to the lace doily which spells the difference between a first and second compartment in Europe, and with his feet on the opposite seat, he becomes quite mellow about Mussoliniland.

"It's probably not such a bad place after all," concedes Breeze. "I suppose you run into this kind of a jamboree every time you cross one of these pauper-labor borders."

"What do you mean, pauper-labor borders?" I comes back. "I guess you think getting into the United States is a greased-pig proposition. Gosh, it's easier for a camel to pass a needle through the eye of a rich man than it is for a stranger to park his carcass in America."

"That's right," agrees Emerson, with another swig at the flask. "I'll bet there's more personal liberty in Italy than there is in the States."

Just then the conductor passes our compartment and peeks in. With a mean frown, he pushes open the door and begins jabbering and gesticulating.

"What now?" inquires Breeze. "Can't an American of refinement have any privacy on this choo-choo?"

"Guglielmo says," I explains, "that you have your feet on the seat."

"Damn' clever, these Italians," remarks Emerson, amiable. "Tell him that I thank him, and my Aunt Chovy thanks him, for the info, but that I've known it all the time. Me and my feet have no secrets from each other. We're practically inseparable."

"Giovanni," I translates, "wants you to take 'em off *pronto*."

"Oh, very well," returns Breeze, dragging down his dogs. "Anything to keep Mary Caroline from biting her nails."

But it doesn't keep the con from continuing to bite his. He stays put and goes on spluttering in something that's a cross between Italian and setting-up exercises.

"What does that dish of ravioli want now?" yelps Emerson. "Do I have to padlock my feet or leave 'em at the border until I come back this way?"

"Twenty lira," says I. "That's the fine for putting your pedals on the plush."

"He should live so long," snarls Breeze. "Tell him we've paid for this compartment, and if he doesn't beat it quick, they'll be picking pieces of him out of truck-gardens for miles along this right of way."

I'd made several trips to Italy before, but never had this particular gyp come to my attention, so I sides with Emerson. In the language of flowers, I invites the conductor to go out and fry a mess of fish in his hat. After a bit he shrugs and departs.

"That's right," agrees Emerson, "I'll bet there's Just then the conductor

"That ends that," snaps Breeze. "It takes a Yank to throw the fear of God into these aliens! I'm sorry I didn't take a poke at the Luigi."

"You may get a chance yet," says I.

In a couple of minutes the ticket-chopper is back, this time with a couple of babies in dizzy uniforms, and the harangue about the fine begins all over again. However, it's now seasoned with a threat to tin-can us off the train at the next water-tank unless we loosen up with the liras.

"Throw us off, will they?" barks Emerson, when I relays the threat. "Ask these motion-picture ushers how they'd like to have Uncle Sam back a couple of projected cruisers against this deadfall and blow it off the map?"

Not being able to work up a picture of President Coolidge flying into a rage and declaring war over a dollar fine assessed

against a Texas democrat, I makes no use of this gesture but tries one of my own that once wowed 'em in Latvia.

"Listen here," says I. "I represent the New York firm of Wall and Street, and I'm over here to swing a hundred-million-dollar loan for Mussolini. Bother us any more, and I wont let him have a cent. Anyhow," I goes on, noticing that one of the soldiers appears to be impressed, "I shall tell my old friend Benito how we've been treated."

That seems to give the boys pause. They back into the gangway and go into a huddle. After a little chatter they depart. Breeze rests an admiring eye on me.

"Boy," says I, "when it comes to handling these Tonys, I know my broccoli. Where are we?" I asks, as the train comes to a sudden stop at what I guesses to be San Remo.

"Uscita," announces Emerson, looking out of the window.

"Uscita, your ear-muffs!" I grunts. "*Uscita* means *'exit'* in Italian." At that, the place almost turns out to be an exit for us.

Led by the conductor, a whole platoon of assorted soldiers, gendarmes and civilians makes for our car. At the compartment door six or eight of 'em start talking at once.

"What is it?" asks Breeze. "A reception committee?"

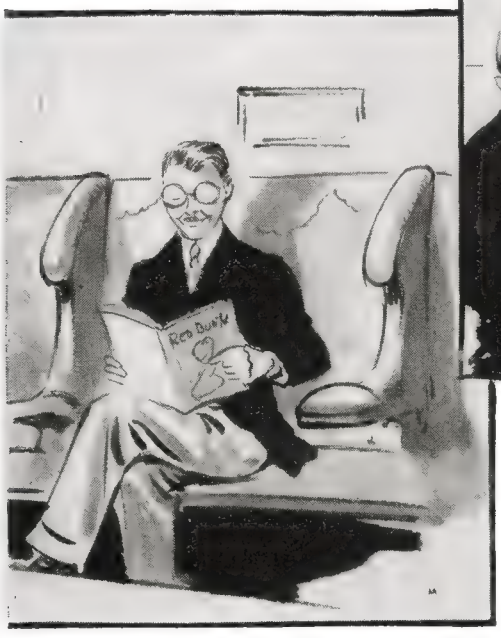
"Yeh," says I. "They're officially inviting you to attend a reception to yourself at the city jail. It's a pinch."

"What shall we do?" stammers Emerson.

"We?" I comes back coldly. "Why *we?* Who do you think you are—Lindbergh?"

"But Helen Maria!" yawps Breeze. "They can't put you in jail just for resting your feet on a seat."

"There's much to be said on neither side of the question," I returns. "Scientists and statesmen have discussed the matter, bull and con, for hundreds of years. Galileo and Henry Clay fought a duel over it. Why," I suggests, "don't you make a test and give the results to the world after they let you out?"



more personal liberty in Italy than in the States." pushes open the door.

"He's looking for eggs," I grins.

"Was Italy in the war?" asks Emerson, when he has paid off and the mob's taken the air.

"She was," I tells him.

"Well," grunts Breeze, "all I can say is that the war didn't last quite long enough!"

We spends the night in Genoa, one of the places where Columbus was born, and the next morning we're off for Rome. This time, however, we're not alone in a compartment as we had been all the way from the Riviera.

Just as the train is about to pull out, there pops into our privacy a *femme*—a real French flash with a pair of dark lamps that brighten up the corner where you are, and it makes no difference where you are or what you hope to be. She's a looker in any language. I allows no six-story apartments to grow up between my toes.

"Mademoiselle permette?" I asks, pulling a cigarette from my pocket. Mademoiselle permits with the sort of smile that wrecks ministries and makes business engagements for New York husbands in Philadelphia.

"Oh," exclaims Emerson, "you know her?"

"Sure," says I easily. "One of the Permette girls from Dijon."

Paying no further attention to Breeze, I gets into a conversation with the la-la about the quantity of weather we've been having of late, when we'll arrive in Rome if the eight-fifteen gets in on the dot, and similar heavyweight bales of haywire. Emerson feels his exclusion keenly.

"Say," he finally growls, "can't you cut me into this gab-fest?"

"I don't see how," I comes back. "The gal can't put any English on the ball; and besides, she thinks you're my manservant. She'd be sociably ruined if she was seen bandaging words with you. The Permettes belong to the old *dolce far niente.*"

As a matter of fact, the frill, who I've discovered is a Mademoiselle Dupont, is a bit of a-flutter over Breeze. While I've been chewing the rag with her, she's been lending me her ears but not her eyes. They've been playing hide-and-seek under their lids with the boy friend. Emerson always was a wow with the women.

"Listen here," says I, "I represent the New York firm of Wall and Street."

While he may have been looking out of the window at a parade the day they passed brains around, he was Johnny-on-the-spot when they were ladling out looks, and managed to get himself several extra helpings. Besides good features, he's got the iron gray over the ears and the gaze of secret sorrow that knocks the fluffs for a row of oh's.

Not being interested in janes myself, on account of being married and other tough breaks, I decides to take the pitcher to the well for Breeze. And baby, don't I give him a write-up!

"What are you telling her?" inquires Emerson, gathering from her attitude that I must be talking about him.

"You will be glad to know, *mon chou-fleur,*" says I, "that you are president of a clutter of banks and assorted trust-companies, and that Coolidge would no more think of making a Cabinet appointment or a cabinet pudding without your advice, than a kangaroo would enter a jumping contest without its hind legs. At the moment," I goes on, "you are in Europe to arrange for the cancellation of the French debt."

"Go on," glowers Breeze. "Now tell her what I did to Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan." But he's not displeased. Miss Dupont is beaming on him like a landlady on a star-boarder who's fond of prunes and chicken-necks—and how that baby can beam!

"Also," I continues, "I've jerried Julie to the fact that you brought down sixty-two planes, three sausage balloons and the price of smoked halibut during the late difference of opinion."

"Not a bad day's work for your manservant," comments Emerson. "That all of the ballyhoo?"

"No, indeedy, massa," I returns. "Those are merely the light touches on the heroic canvas I'm painting. Feller, when I go to fetch the bacon for a pal, I'm not content with the side-meat; I bring the whole hog."

(Continued on page 144)

What Is

Four Authoritative Answers

NEYSA McMEIN
Noted American artist

Photo © by Underwood and Underwood

"Work for the wife outside her home is the great panacea. Punch the clock the same as your husband does. If money is no factor, think of how much fairer you are treating him by regulating your day's routine along similar lines to those he is forced by necessity to adopt."

By Neysa McMein

A WIFE is what she has always been, which is almost anything she wants to be. What kind of a wife she is depends primarily on two things—what kind of a woman she is, and what kind of a husband she has. To a large extent married couples mold the characters of each other. A girl who makes an excellent wife for John Smith might be a shining example of everything wrong if she had happened to marry Henry Brown. The ideal married state is the result of temperaments which harmonize. And that doesn't mean temperaments which have to be identical. They can be totally different and still work together in perfect rhythm. They can be the same and yet clash like a pair of Kilkenny cats. Incompatibility is in no sense a standardized article. It often comes from where you least expect it, and is frequently not found where you most expect it.

I have found married life so charming that I believe we make a mistake in not referring to it, instead of to death, as the great adventure. Before I became Mrs. Baragwanath, I had a vague dread of matrimony as something which would dislocate my "career" beyond repair. Why shouldn't I have experienced this fear—doesn't it get hammered into your consciousness from childhood that the great bugaboo of a "career" is a conventional husband who doesn't want his wife to work, or a bawling youngster who wont let her? Frankly, I had heard so much of this nonsense that I wasn't at all certain fate would be kind and make me the exception to the rule. Every day for weeks after my wedding I would scan the horizon of our domestic life in search of the predicted storm-clouds. When they hadn't put in an appearance at the end of six months, I came to the realization that they simply weren't there. Then it provoked me that I had dignified this hokum by having any faith in it.

The question I am asked more than any other is whether Mr. Baragwanath and I had any prenuptial understanding with regard to the lives we should lead after being married. Yes, we had such an understanding, but it was arrived at without the slightest difficulty. I said I should be unhappy if forced to remain idle; Mr. Baragwanath conceded the point, and that's all there was to it. Since our marriage the question has never come up. Both of us have always taken it for granted that I am going ahead with my work, or with my "career," if that suits better. Our ideas harmonize one hundred per cent in the mutual conviction that work for the wife outside her home is the great panacea for marital problems.

Every woman who can possibly do so ought to find something to occupy her time through the day. Punch the clock the same as your husband does. If it happens that his income is fifty dollars or so a week, think of how much more fun both of you are going to get out of living by reason of that thirty-five dollars your salary will add to the family kit. If money is no factor, think of how much fairer you are treating him by regulating your day's routine along similar lines to those he is forced by necessity to adopt. In either event,—that is, whether money counts or whether it doesn't,—I can't think of anything more dreadful than for the husband to return home in the evening, fatigued from keeping books or cutting coupons, whichever it may be, to find a wife full of pep and r'arin' to go after a day of indolence. Something worse than temperaments clash then; it is a physical *impasse* between two entities pulling in different directions.

Though I confess that some mothers of large families would have difficulty carrying out the program I recommend, it is folly to say that motherhood is an anchor on a woman who works. I have never found it so in the training of my three-year-old daughter, Joan. She is with me three hours of the day—from nine to ten o'clock in the morning and from five to seven in the evening. The remainder of her waking hours she spends in the fresh air of Central Park, watched over by an efficient nurse, who follows a scientific schedule for eating and resting and dressing.

I work, and Joan grows strong and vigorous. If I did not work, there is the chance she would grow fragile and delicate from the overindulgence which is considered the rightful heritage of the only child. There are three in our family, and there are exactly that many workers—Mr. Baragwanath, myself and our daughter. It is the unwritten creed of our daily lives that all of us should be engaged in some useful occupation—Mr. Baragwanath in his mining engineering interests, I in my art, and Joan in her serious task of building a physical foundation for the future. And that is the way it is going to remain, for when Joan is old enough, she will be trained to hold a job and will go to work.

There will always be wives and wives, as well as husbands and husbands. Not until the law makes it more difficult for men and women to marry will we have any assurance of widespread domestic felicity. I'm strongly for that—for legislation to reduce the number of misfit marriages. But I'm leaving it to some one else to work out a practical method for the fulfillment of this ideal.

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MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN
A distinguished social leader

"As a lord and master, the husband is an extinct species. But after all, it is still pretty much of a man's world. The husband is still the breadwinner in the great majority of homes. As such he is entitled to do the major portion of thinking along breadwinning lines."

By Beatrice Lillie

SIR ROBERT PEEL, my husband, is a great-great grandson of Robert Peel, father of the British police system. In the early days of the constabulary, a policeman was known as a "peeler," and in later years as a "bobby," both titles being derived from the name of their patron and organizer.

This bit of family lore comes to mind in connection with my

A Wife?

Gathered by James R. Crowell

P. and A. Photo

EMILY POST
Novelist, who wrote the etiquette book

"It is my judgment that the matrimonial salvation of the future rests largely in the hands of children of divorced parents. To them has been given the opportunity of studying the defects of marriage. They have been charged with this vital task."

"The right kind of wife may be hopelessly the wrong wife for the man who has individual tastes in wives. Few men ever deliberately set out to find a wife and to settle down in home life. Nearly always it is an accident, and before he realizes it, he has popped the question."

thoughts on what the modern wife is. Too many of them are "peelers" or "bobbies," or policemen. They wreck their own lives and those of their husbands by their incessant policing of his conduct. If anything could be devised more irritating to the man who is playing square than this eternal surveillance, I cannot imagine what it might be. And if there be a masculine soul so tranquil that he will not rebel, I have never found him.

I'm not a critic of women; on the contrary, I'm heart and soul in sympathy with the members of my own sex. I concede that the faults of husbands as a class are many and great; but as I understand it, I have been requested to outline my conception of what a wife is and not what a husband is. Perhaps men could speak with better grace on the latter subject.

When I was married, I promised myself the one kind of a wife I should never be was the jealous wife. In the theatrical profession I had seen enough of the havoc wrought by the green-eyed monster to have for his destructive habits a wholesome respect, combined with a solemn resolution that if I ever saw him lurking in my path, I should make the widest of detours to avoid a meeting. The jealousy I had seen was of all varieties, exhibited by the wife of the actor husband, and the husband of the actress wife; and without respect to which brand it happened to be, it had always borne the same fruit—misery, complete and unadulterated. In sharp contrast with the despair of these domestic tragedies of stage life was the joyous sparkle of marriages free of jealousy, which had gone along their blissful course for years as object lessons for the serenity which exists where the ogre is barred.

Blessed is the man or woman who finds the right mate, instead of merely the right kind of mate. In moral and physical specifications the world is filled with the right kind, who pass the theoretical standards with flying colors, only to fail ignominiously when the practical test of companionship comes. The right kind of wife may be hopelessly the wrong wife for the man who has individual tastes in wives and doesn't want the type commonly acclaimed ideal. Paradoxical as it may seem, there are many fine men who would shudder at the thought of marrying a woman whose qualifications for matrimony had been declared strictly up to the requirements of a bureau of marital weights and standards.

BEATRICE LILLIE
English comédienne; in private life, Lady Peel

Photo by Rayhuff-Richter

It is essentially a gamble whether the so-called splendid specimen is better geared for wifely functions than is the woman who has not the remotest chance of getting past the board of censors. Charge that up to the contrariness of man, if you wish!

A wife is either a man's greatest inspiration or his heaviest burden. I know men whose good fortune it has been to find the right woman at the first asking, others who have tried marriage several times without success, and still others who have been as happy in their second matrimonial experiences as they were unhappy in their first. Of these three groups, embodying the entire gamut of human emotion arising from the wedded state, it is the latter, familiar with the extremes, who know best what place wives hold in the lives of men. Having tested the bitter and the sweet, they know what some wives are and what some wives can be. Yet this experience is not for men only. In the same way do women have the chance to study the varying types of husbands.

It is fortunate that the world is not populated with one brand of wife, and that there is a sufficient variety in styles to meet the wide diversity of demand. Otherwise, think of what a large stock of spinsters we should have on hand! If the average young man has any ideal and is frank enough to describe what his dream girl typifies, the chances are that he will delineate the character of his mother. To use the philosophy of a ballad popular some years ago, he wants a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad. But once out in the world, mingling with all kinds and degrees of girls, he forgets all about this, and in all likelihood chooses a girl who is just as different from his mother as she could possibly be. Yet that is nothing against the girl, nor does it mean that their chance of a happy married life is diminished.

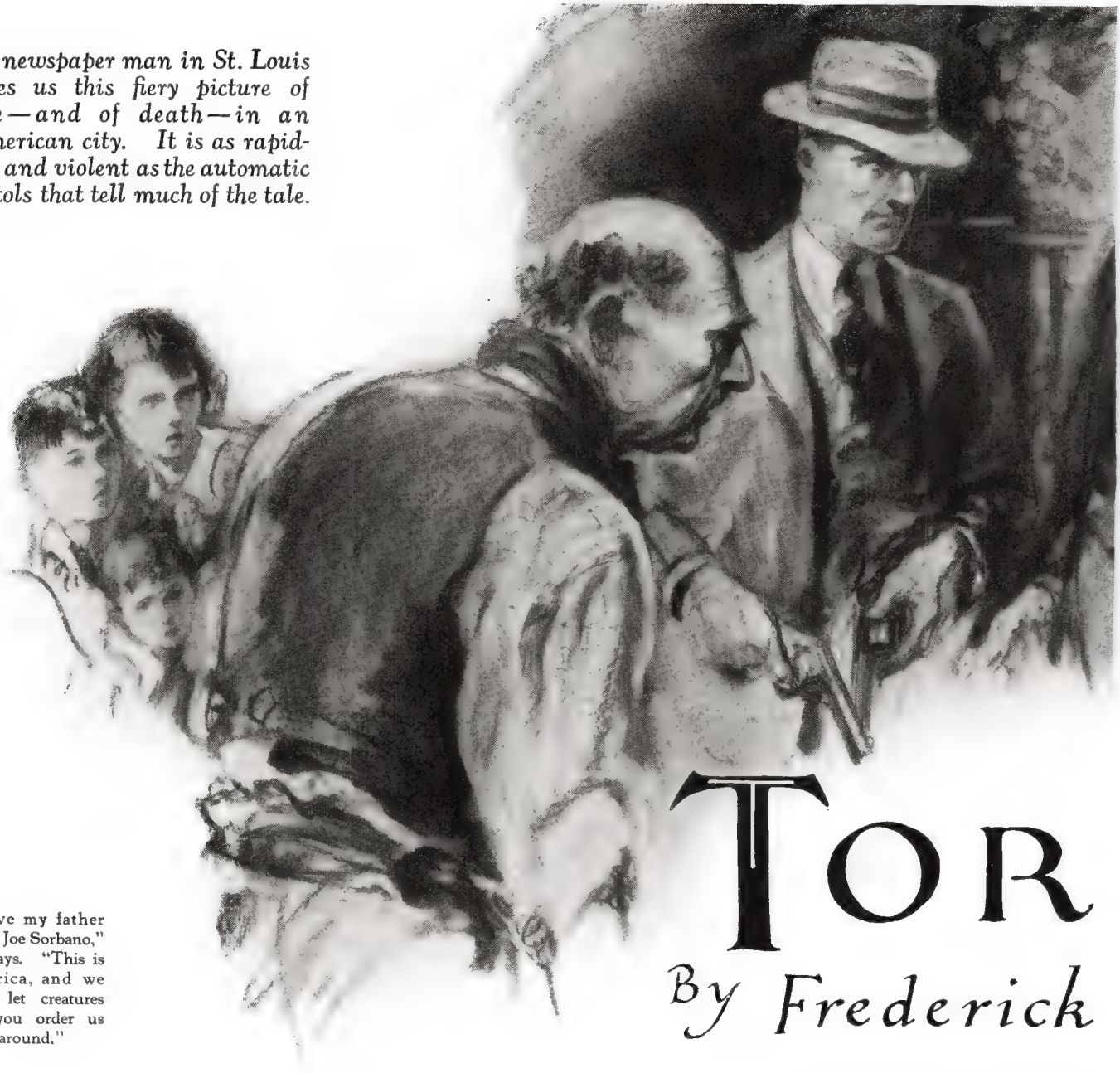
Few men ever deliberately set out to find a wife and to settle down in home life. Nearly always it is an accident, and before he realizes it, he has popped the question. Not until the months have rolled by—possibly the years—does he begin to get a clear idea of what he has drawn. Real character is an elusive sort of thing and seems to derive a genuine zest from a good game of hide and seek. It is when the pinches come, that men and women are revealed to each other at their true worth. A man knows then whether his wife is his inspiration or his burden—and a woman learns about her husband in the same way.

By Mrs. Oliver Harriman

IN the creed of barbaric or half-civilized countries, a wife is a chattel, a slave, a drudge, a beast of burden, a lost soul, and the most forlorn of the human species. In the ethical standards of civilization she is the balance-wheel of society, the safety-valve on sanity, the power behind the throne and the inordinate molder of progress. These two opposed conditions furnish their own commentary on the difference between barbarism and civilization.

Yet I fear it has not been so many years since civilization itself was a trifle barbaric in its conception of what a wife is. She was far from being on a plane of equality with her husband. Her opinions weren't regarded as *(Continued on page 134)*

A newspaper man in St. Louis gives us this fiery picture of life—and of death—in an American city. It is as rapid-fire and violent as the automatic pistols that tell much of the tale.



"Leave my father alone, Joe Sorbano," she says. "This is America, and we don't let creatures like you order us around."

TOR

By Frederick

Illustrated by Dudley

THE death of Joseph Sorbano was a strange thing. On Whisper Hill in Little Italy they have not finished gossiping about it. They tell how Joseph Sorbano had evil in his heart and how his life was very bad. Blasphemer, and seducer of women: that was Joseph Sorbano, yes, and—come close to hear the whisper—he was leader of the mysterious Loyal Band of Italy, a black-hander and extortionist. What merchant in Little Italy had not "donated" to the Loyal Band of Italy?

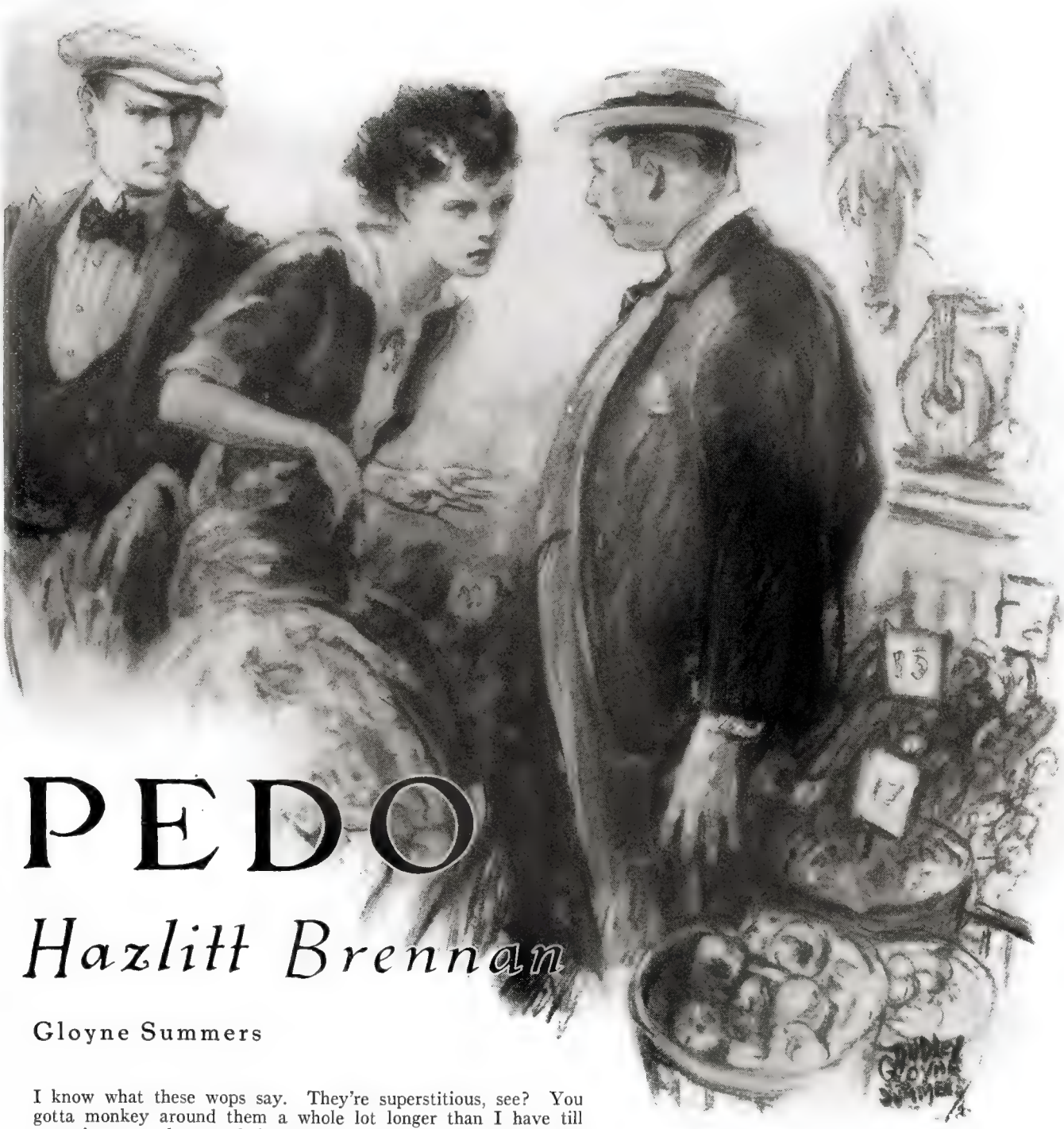
Joseph Sorbano died in a corridor of the Sisters' Hospital. You might see the veritable corridor by standing near Tony Serafina's fruit-store and looking across Garibaldi Square. A strange thing! One day a nun came to the hospital and collapsed in that corridor. When the good sisters ran to the silent figure, they found the body of Joseph Sorbano under the vestments. Surely God struck him dead for his awful sacrilege, say the pious folk of Whisper Hill. Under his nun's garb was a dagger. He had intended death to some one—but he himself had been stricken.

The police asked many questions, but the good sisters were plainly bewildered. "Good riddance to a bad lot," said Captain McBride solemnly, and crossed himself, half believing what the folk of Whisper Hill said. Joseph Sorbano was buried in unhallowed ground without so much as one mourner's car to follow the hearse. Little Italy breathed easier when he was buried. No more would Joseph Sorbano's big blue limousine race through the streets of Whisper Hill after midnight, or his gang make merry in the magnificent brick and stucco bungalow on Emanuel Street.

True, the merchants of Little Italy went on "donating" to the Loyal Band of Italy, but those who had inherited Joseph Sorbano's power were not so grasping. Bomb-insurance rates in Little Italy fell twenty per cent with Joseph Sorbano's demise. Bootlegging and dope-peddling, and the war between the Whisper gangsters and the Cuckoos for monopoly of these trades continued, yet not so brazenly. And parents of comely Italian girls were much relieved. There would be no more proposals of "marriage" from Joseph Sorbano, proposals which could not with diplomacy and safety be refused.

Whisper Hill dwellers called it an act of God, this deliverance, but there are those who know the truth. I met one of them at the Santa Fara Club on Columbus Avenue the other night. I will call him Michelo Adrevino, which is not his real name. Michelo is an American turned Whisper out of necessity. He once was a Cuckoo gangster. The Cuckoos caught him holding out three tins of opium in a big deal with a Chink on Eighth Street downtown, and planned to take him for a ride. He fled to the protection of Joseph Sorbano, engaging to act as gunman at a straight salary of fifteen hundred dollars a week, he says. I think fifteen hundred dollars a month would be nearer the truth. Gunmen have their professional pride. But the rest of Michelo's story I have reason to believe follows the facts closely. . . . .

Have you ever heard of Angelo Stalloni? (said Michelo). Or Mary Serafina? Or Lucy Mora? Unless you know about them, you aint got the low-down on what happened to Joe Sorbano. Oh,



PEDO

Hazlitt Brennan

Gloyne Summers

I know what these wops say. They're superstitious, see? You gotta monkey around them a whole lot longer than I have till you wise up to the way their conks work. But wops has two main ideas, see? One is love and the other is revenge.

I worked for Joe Sorbano, and I took his dough, and he kept me from being hurt by a lot of guys that hate me, and I wish you'd put it in the paper the reason how we didn't plant Joe in style. He had fifteen grand stashed in a phonograph over to his house—all in bills between Caruso records—for his funeral in case he should get bumped off. These wops are great ones for funerals. But the boys talked it over after Joe made a die, and we decided not to have no os-ten-tate-ious display, see? We got it deep down from Captain McBride that the Cuckoos was figurin' to ride down the line of march with a couple of machine-guns, so we figured Joe would just have to ride to his own buryin' by hisself. Blame it on those Cuckoos and say what short sports they are, will ya?

Now listen—and I'll wise you up to what happened to Joe over to the hospital. But don't quote me, see? This is deep down. I couldn't prove nothin', and you couldn't either.

Love and revenge, that's the stuff that got Joe Sorbano in trouble. He can't say I didn't warn him. Many's the time I said: "Boss, you lay off the respectable skirts and stick to gals who are broad-minded." Joe would just laugh and squirt some perfume on hisself and shine his diamonds on his pants-leg and slick back his hair with some oily stuff. All these wop gangsters think they're hell with women.

Joe was the worst in that line I ever saw. You knew Joe, didn't you? Well, he was one of these girlish-lookin' little Sicilians with a soft tenor voice and all dolled up like a guy going to a wedding. He was always rolling his eyes like a calf and trying to make some dame. I used to drive his car for him, and I've had to pull into the curb three times in one block so Joe could flash the diamonds on his hands and give some jane a whiff of perfume. His worst stunt was to send me into some store to buy two cigars and hand me his roll to do it with, so the jane could see how much dough he carried. Joe never had less than twenty grand in his pants.

The first gal he wanted after I joined his mob was this Lucy Mora. She wasn't quite as swell a looker as Mary Serafina, but she was plenty nice. Italian girls are either awful homely or genuwine queens. Lucy was a good religious kid, though, and she wouldn't fall for Joe's limousine or his bungalow or his dough. It had to be a wedding, see? So Joe got a fake priest over to Springfield and fooled her. I was at Joe's place several weeks later when Lucy found it out. Joe had been tuning in a grand op'ry from New York, and Lucy was high-hatting Sis Dugan, one of the molls. "H'm," says Sis, "you needn't be so high hat! You aint really married to Joe, you know. That wedding was just one of Joe's little jokes."

Lucy walked over to Joe and ast him: "Joe, is that true?"

Joe didn't answer her but kept on swinging his finger in tune to the music. Some of the mob gave Lucy a horse-laugh, and I guess she got wise. She didn't say nothing, though. The tears came into her eyes, and she walked over and put on her hat. She just sort of jammed it on her head any old way. She did look kind of funny, but Joe hadn't ought to of laughed. He'd done her dirt, see? I felt sorry for Lucy. I jumped up and follered her to the door. You talk funny at times like that. I remember I said: "Aw, come on back, Lucy. Joe didn't mean nothing by it. He was just playing a joke on you. I wouldn't be surprised if you got him to marry you real some day."

She was sobbing when she closed the door. None of us saw her again for a long time.

Three days later we heard deep down that Lucy's brother, who lived in Chi and was supposed to be one of Scarface Al's torpedoes, had sworn out a vendetta against Joe. A vendetta means revenge, in wop language. It means Joe was gonna get bumped off by Lucy's brother if he didn't watch his step.

Joe never did have much nerve. He liked to listen to grand op'ry over his two-thousand-dollar radio set, and fool around with statues and Persian rugs and things, and make love to women. He let his mob do all the dirty work. He just supplied the capital, see? He worked two rackets, mostly, this black-hand stuff, which was soft because he had all the dagoes scared; and bootlegging, which was pretty soft too, because Joe and the Cuckoos had divided up the town.

But Joe knew a vendetta isn't so soft, and he decided he had to have hisself a torpedo.

Wops call gunmen torpedoes. Torpedoes are young wops who come over from the old country and hire out as bodyguards and killers. They're usually so ignorant they'll take all kinds of chances with the bulls, whereas boys who know their stuff wont pull anything if there's a chancet of getting the rap. I told Joe, just to keep expenses down, I'd be his torpedo; but he didn't trust me. He wanted a wop.

He wired his partners in New York, two guys named Rego and Spicuzza that sold him dope, to send him a torpedo. He said he'd pay two grand a week for one. I know, because I saw the telegram.

They sent this young feller Angelo Stalloni.

I'll say this for Angelo: he knew his stuff. The night he got here, Joe and a bunch of us took him down in the basement of Joe's bungalow to try him out. Angelo had two 38-caliber guns with eight-inch barrels and nifty pearl handles. He handled them like they were violins. He had each in a case; and when he took them out, he petted them, talking to them in dago. That guy could shoot!

Listen—this is cold turkey—he split cards edgeways thirty feet off. He shot the spots off'n 'em rapid fire with both hands. He had nifty holsters under his armpits—a frisk by a dick wouldn't show 'em—and when he drew, it looked as if he just slapped hisself quick on the chest.

Angelo wheeled on them and was working his guns again. Vittorio and

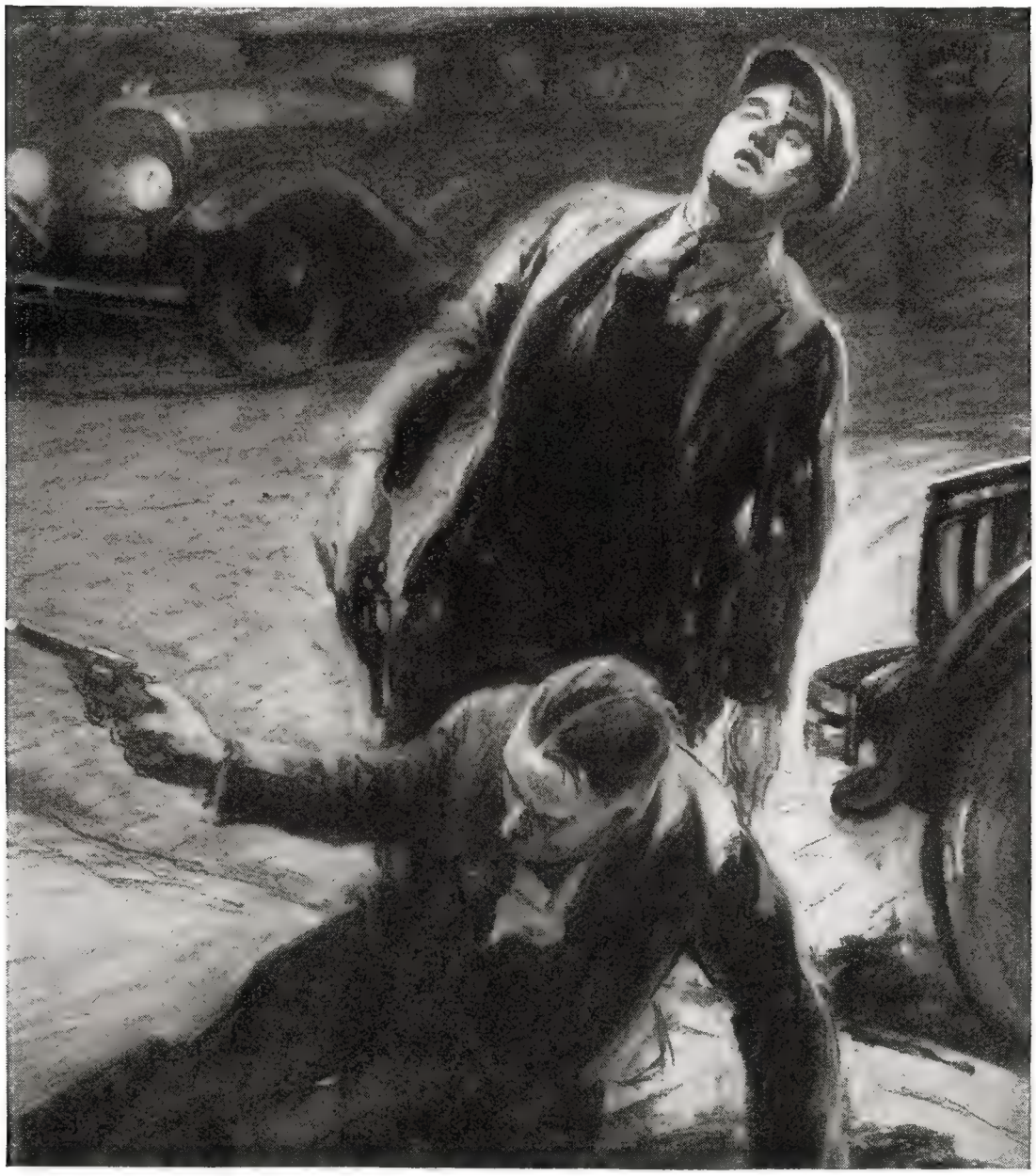
Like all red-hots, Angelo was a big talker. He sure could brag. To hear him tell it, he'd killed thirty guys by shooting their eyeballs out from a fast car at night. We let him talk. We wasn't itching to call him a liar.

Joe liked Angelo because he was such a swell looker. He was a dead ringer for Ramon Novarro. No foolin'. He sure was king of the mob for looks. He wasn't as girlish-lookin' as Joe, and not soft and fat with grease. And dress? Sa-a-ay! He had a silk shirt with stripes like they wore in 1916, and one of these suits with velvet braid and nifties here and there.

Perfume? Angelo had it all over Joe for perfume. Joe used seven kinds all at oncet, but Angelo must of got hold of all the kinds there is.

Not long after Angelo went to work for Joe, the boss went and took a notion he would make a play for Mary Serafina. You've

heard of Mary, aint you? She's Tony's daughter—Tony Serafina that runs a fruit-stand on the Square. She'd been Queen of Whisper Hill sincet she was sixteen—five years in succession. When Mary showed up at the dance give by the Society of King Emanuel on New Year's Eve, the other gals quit cold. She had the eyes and the figure, what I mean. Cold turkey, she was a knockout. She wasn't too fat, and she didn't spoil her looks with a lot of cheap jewelry and combs and the like. She was just like a reg'lar American girl, and talked swell English, because she taught the fourth grade over to the public school on St. Ange Avenue.



Vincenzo staggered and started shooting as they went down.

Joe ast me if I thought Tony would sell her.

"Not a chancet," I told him. "She runs Tony sincet his wife died. She takes care of the younger kids, and Tony wouldn't think of selling her."

Joe slicked his hair back and rubbed his diamonds on his pants.

"We'll go and see him," he said, soft-like. Joe's eyes sort of squinted like a rat's when he was after a jane.

Joe and Angelo and me went to see Tony.

Just like I said, Tony shook his head and told Joe his gal would get married when she pleased and pick her own man.

Joe got hard about it. We was standing by a bunch of bananas. Joe grabbed one and squushed it between his fingers and threw it in old Tony's face.

"That for you, old man," he said. "I am Joe Sorbano."

He turned to Angelo, who was standing by his elbow.

"See him?" he said, pointing to Angelo. "He will show you what he does to men who say no to Joe Sorbano."

So Angelo looked hard and flashed his gats on Tony. He scared the wits out of Tony, and some of the younger kids began to cry. Right at that minute in walks Mary.

She said something to Tony in Italian, and he explained what had happened. Mary was a spunky kid, all right. She walked right over to Angelo and grabbed his guns and jerked 'em out of his hands. She handed 'em to me and give Angelo the raspberry.

"Take this naughty boy's pistols," she says. "He might hurt himself."

Then she whirled on Joe. She wasn't as tall as Angelo, but she could look even with Joe.

"Leave my father alone, Joe Sorbano," she says, pert as anything. "You're not in Sicily now. This is America, and over here we don't let creatures like you order us around. You little beast!"

She hauls off and slaps Joe's face.

Angelo blinked as Joe started to cuss, and I guess he thought it was up to him to protect his boss.

"I am Angelo Stalloni," he said, solemn as anything. "I have killed many men. I am bad. Bad."

"Is that so?" Mary comes back. "Did you do it with that perfume?"

Angelo didn't talk English very good, and he wasn't no match for Mary at passing the raspberry. He started to explain to her that he killed his men with his pistols, not with perfume, but Joe saw Sergeant Murphy coming acrost the street. He give me the high sign, and I dragged Angelo away, handing him back his guns. Joe bowed and backed out of the store.

When we was in the car, Joe says: "We will increase the dues of Tony Serafina to forty dollars a week. Angelo, you will c o l l e c t that much from him tomorrow."

Angelo j u s t grunted. He was lookin' b a c k o v e r his shoulder at Mary. I k n o w dagoes pretty g o o d. I saw what was eating on Angelo. He'd fallen for Mary.

Next day Joe sent me with Angelo to collect from the merchants around the Square. They had all heard about Joe's new torpedo and what a bad guy he was, and they paid up without grousing. Joe's sure was a soft graft.

But when we got to Tony's place, Mary was there. I saw her as we went in the door and tried to tip Angelo off. We never collected from Tony when Mary was around. We knew she would squawk to the cops. Tony, being from the old country, was used to paying dues to the Loyal Band of Italy, but he never told Mary he paid over here. Tony was afraid Mary wouldn't let him pay, and in that case it would have been a bomb for Tony. So I jerked Angelo's coat-sleeve. He didn't get me, though, and said right out:

"Your dues are forty dollars this week, Joe says."

Tony put his finger to his lips and shook his head, but Mary had heard.

"What dues?" she asks.

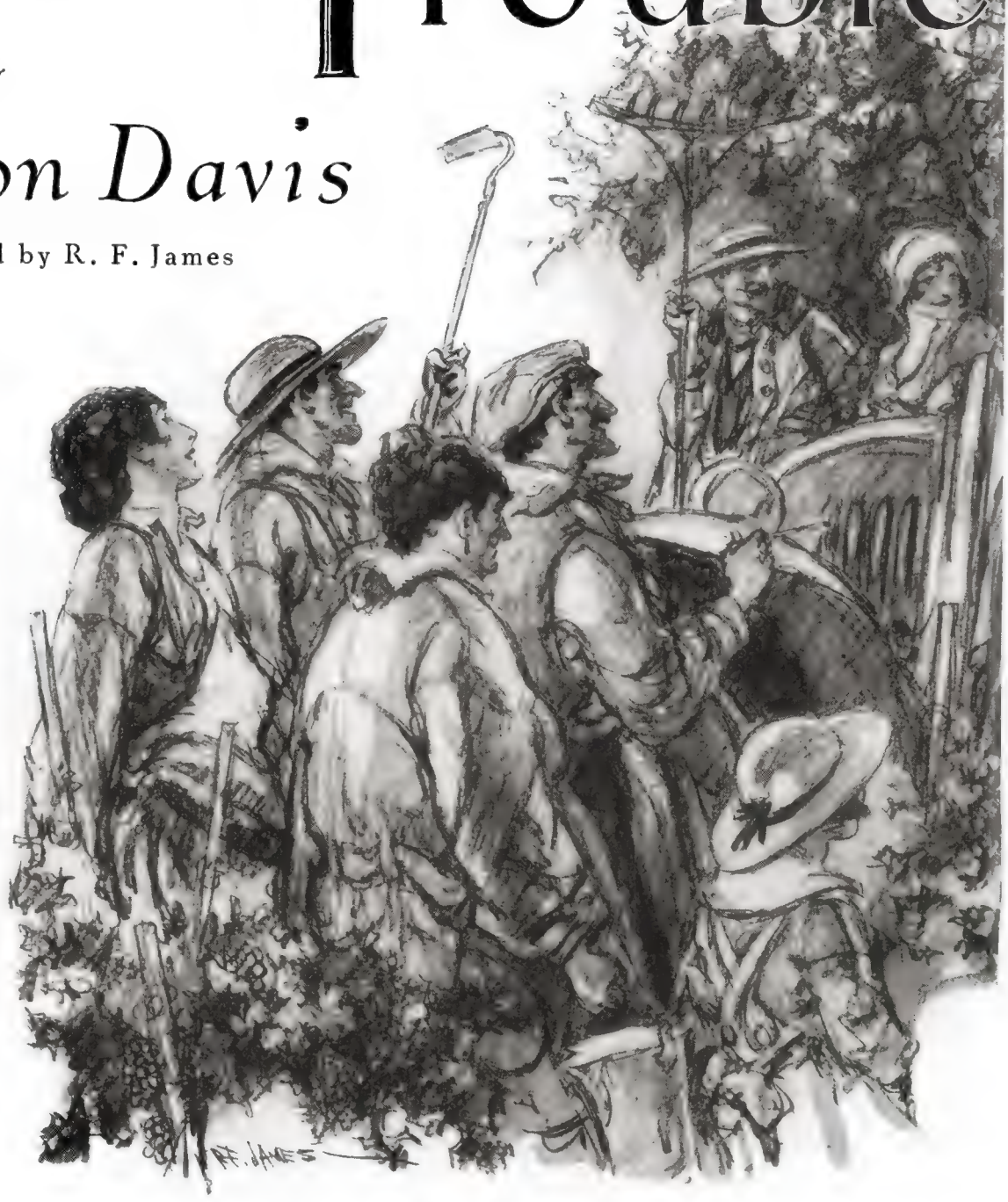
"Oh, a little fund for charity," I *(Continued on page 154)*

The Trouble

By Aaron Davis

Illustrated by R. F. James

A realist in modern romance deals delightfully with a red-haired girl, love at first sight on a cross-channel airplane—and with the devotion of two brothers.



THE head porter came into the doorway of the hotel lounge and nodded.

"I've put your bag in the car," he said.

"Will I be late in Paris because I'm so late in starting?"

"I don't know. Shall I ask the driver?"

"It wouldn't do any good."

The trees back of the Albert Monument were the green of peas that are cooked with soda in the water to make them that light color. A policeman was telling a child not to put on her roller skates until she got in the park. He was pretending to be awfully cross.

The porter held the door of the car open. I gave him ten shillings because he had got me whisky when the bars were closed. There was a girl in the car and nobody else. She tried to look as though she didn't notice me getting in. She had nice teeth and a black felt hat. Some of her hair came out from under the side of her hat, and it was red. I'd always heard that red-headed women were passionate. I wondered if she was. I'd only known the color formally.

She looked out her side of the car and I looked out mine. We passed St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. There probably were fields there once. Her gloves were good. I wondered if she was the kind of girl who keeps her eyes open when you kiss her. I like that kind. She saw me looking at her and smiled. Not eager but just pleasant.

"Are you Buster Alden's younger brother?" she said.

"Where'd you know Buster?"

"In Paris. He said you were going to fly over. I saw the initials on your bag, and you look something like him."

"How is he? I haven't seen him in six years."

"He's fat. He's awfully proud of you."

I knew why Buster was proud, so there wasn't any use in faking.

"You mean on account of the books?"

"Yes; 'High Dawn' especially. I read it too. You don't look as though you had it in you."

I liked her for that.

"As a matter of fact, I haven't got it in me."

"How do you mean?"

"I shouldn't have said that. It sounds too cryptic."

"Why wouldn't I understand?" She looked a little bit sore.

"You would, but the explanation would sound like a lot of plah-plah."

She didn't say anything for a minute, and then she said:

"I'm scared stiff."

"About flying, you mean?"

"Yes. Aren't you?"

"Terribly."

I could see the driver in front dig under his coat for his handkerchief and lean over his wheel to wipe the sweat from his face

with Women

It was the best ride I ever had. I'd salute with a bottle, and they'd present arms with a hoe, and laugh.

so we wouldn't see him. That bird would die if he had to spend a day in August in the New York place where I do my work. It wasn't more than sixty-five, and he was hot!

"I wonder why we do it if we're scared," she said.

"That's what makes us do it." It sounded like the imitation of a Lonsdale drawing-room strong but clever man. It would be footless to apologize now.

"I wish I hadn't said that; I didn't mean it."

"I know what you mean," she said. "I do it myself. Those smart-aleck things come out so easily."

After that everything was better. She evidently felt it too, for she went back to that other question.

"How do you mean you haven't got it in you? You wrote the book."

"Yes, I know. But it might sound like a lot of plah-plah."

"Go ahead. I'm a simple girl and easily entertained."

"It's not so very long," I said. "I was awfully lonesome for Buster when he went to live in France. I was with him all the time at home. You know what he's like. He's never superior about his difference, either. And when I began to write, I just sort of asked myself what Buster would say and do when put in a situation, and then I wrote that down. That's all there was to it."

She understood it all right, but the corners of her mouth began to quiver, and I didn't like that.

"Why do you make your mouth go like that? Are you making fun of me?"

"Far from it."

There seemed nothing to say to that.

"He has a lot of charm," she said, "a lot of it; but he had no business to just quit a job where he had proved that he could do so much good, and bury himself on a backwater French farm to rot away what might have been an immensely useful life."

She made me sick. They all make me sick, trying to run his life. I felt the same way, so that's the reason they made me so sick, I guess.

"Can't you see that's none of your business or my business? If he can be happy doing it, that's up to him. Let him alone."

"He hasn't seemed awfully happy to me," she said.

The field at Croydon looked like smooth green satin when they spread it out on the counter under those true-color lights. All around it were white hangars with little men working on the fronts of planes. At least they seemed little because the field was so big. A lot of planes were placed perfectly evenly in front of the open doors as though they were going to have an inspection. One man had spilled gasoline over himself and was getting out of his shirt in a hurry before it blistered his skin.

We stopped at a small building that was the office of the French Line I had booked on. There was a cement terrace in front with wicker tables and chairs where you could get something to eat. A man with an exaggerated *beret* came out the door and smiled.

"You people have got the machine to yourselves today."

The Government must subsidize the service, for he was quite pleasant about it.

The red-headed girl asked me if I had any brandy.

"My friends told me to take some in case I got wee-waw. I didn't, and the sight of this scares me."

I went across the cement terrace and had them draw the cork in the bar, and put the bottle in my coat, and we walked out to the little ladder that leads up the side of the plane. The idea of three more hours alone with her was not so bad. She was a peach.

There were rattan chairs screwed to the floor. Twelve of them. We took the front two right behind the glass. It was like going under gas; everything happened while you were getting set for it to happen.

Even when we got in the air, it was like riding a truck over the big Greenwich detour on the Boston Post Road. I'd always thought that flying would give you the slick feeling that gulls seem

to have on early quiet summer mornings when they lay up in the sun looking down for tinker mackerel.

The girl went white and held out her hand. I had a cup, but she took it from the bottle. Then I took a drink. I could feel it take hold at once, for I hadn't been drinking very much the last week. It was restaurant brandy, all right.

The English fields were divided by a sort of golden colored stone walls and thick hedges; over in France they don't waste even the width of a hedge. It was beautiful to see it from up there.

JUST as we came in sight of the Channel, the plane began to mount. There were a lot of heavy clouds ahead, and the pilot was aiming to get over them. Then we ran into them. It must have been like that the day before Genesis. Nothing to compare anything by.

Then we came out of the clouds, banked way over—the fields sliding by the window instead of under the floor: I was scared stiff for a moment.

Her face was awfully close. She didn't look scared. Then I kissed her. Her hair seemed bright and shiny up close like that. Some of it was across my face. Her eyes were open and indistinct, except in the center. It was like looking at a dark, deep color through a lighter color with light coming in from the sides.

"Golly, Danny," she said, "I shouldn't have let you do that." She had got my name from Buster, I guess.

"Let me? You had nothing to do with it!" *Toujours la politesse!* That's me.

"Don't be silly. I knew we were going to click as soon as you got in the car."

I liked her for that. Most of them refuse to go fifty-fifty if they can pass the buck. She was a straight shooter.

It was up to me to say something, but I couldn't think of anything pat. There are plenty of secondhand lines you can spring in a fix like that, but using them is taking an awful chance. So I kissed her again.

My Aunt Esther, the Christianest woman I know, told me once that during the very minute she was joining the church she couldn't think of anything but how funny the bloodhounds looked in their red blankets in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" parade on Elm Street the year before. A couple of thousand feet up in the air, I was kissing this red-head and thinking about the night Buster was due down from college for Thanksgiving after making the All American. The train was late. They wouldn't let me sit up for him. I waked before daylight with something heavy on my feet. I thought it was Nebbie the cat. It was a football, a nose-guard and shin-guards. It was pitch dark in the hall. I went and stood outside Buster's door.

"Is that you, sweet old kid?" he said. "Better get your clothes on. It's cold." Anybody else would have said: "Go back to bed. You'll catch your death." . . . .

She leaned her head back. Her eyes had that lucid underlight that Sorolla paints into his sea-water, especially the one in the Metropolitan in which the boys are swimming under the stern of the rowboat.

"What's on your mind?" she said.

"Nothing but you." Those are the lies that make you feel cheap. When you absolutely click with a person, it's funny the way she can tell when you're thinking about something else when you ought to be thinking about her. All the alibis and explanations in the world don't help then. They know.

"Danny."

"Yes."

"I'm a fool."

"You're a sweet thing."

THE first thing we saw was the Eiffel Tower. After that, everything came on quickly. The coming down was the best part. For a minute you have what you imagine the gulls must feel.

We taxied to a standstill in front of the Customhouse. From way down the field I had seen Buster. He had a stick and wore a blue shirt. France certainly had got him. He would never have done that at home.

They put a ladder against the side, and I scrunched down to get out the little door. Buster stood below me. His grin was just as crooked as ever.

"Jump, kid," he said. "I'll catch you." He had his arms out the same as when he used to make me jump off the bathhouse roof. I darned near jumped, too.

Helen came down the ladder. It's funny how the possibility of possession alters things. She seemed more of a peach than ever. I wanted to get laughing drunk with her; I wanted to sit on the benches of Chartres or Notre Dame and hold her hand and see whether the current of ecstasy which a cathedral can set loose would flow between us: I wanted to take her to the races in my silk hat and new cutaway, to hear other men say, "Hot mamma!" The red-head had a *flair* for freeing the wishes that all of us secretly approve for ourselves.

"Hello, Buster," she said.

"Hello," said Buster; I knew at once why he didn't use her name.

A man and his wife named Parton were there to meet her. He looked and acted like one of those men who has married money, but Buster told me it was just the other way: She worked in a hat-shop when he married her. I drove with Buster in a hired car. It was an antique from the A. E. F. sales and rattled like the devil.

"The movie people cabled me an offer of twelve thousand five hundred dollars for 'High Dawn.' "

"No!" said Buster. He had that nice surprised interest that makes his mouth look so comically like a setter pup's when the music hurts its ears. "You certainly are hitting the high spots, old Danny. That's slick."

"They're going to call it 'Mountain Honey.' "

He took his hand off the wheel and pushed it flat against my face instead of using words to show how pleased he was.

"What do you think of Helen Grant?" He had been holding in the question until I got over my big news.

I told him she was a peach; I didn't tell him about the rest. I felt damned worried. And I'd never held out anything on him before. It cooled down the glow of reunion and made me feel sick to hear him hesitate when he used her name.

"Do you want to marry her, Buster?"

"Don't I just!"

"Go to it, then. She's a peach."

"She wont have me."

"The hell she wont."

"Absolutely not," he said. He laughed, not bitter. "I've asked her enough. She says that if I'll go back to my job in New York instead of fooling around on a farm here, she might feel differently."

"The hell with her." It was hard to say it, but I wanted him back terribly. "Why don't you come back, Buster? We could have slick times. Tilney Martin came to the boat and told me to tell you that he'd make you a rich man in two years if you'd come back. Tilney's going big. He said that was just in case you didn't want to go back to your own job, where you were going so big. Come on back, Buster."

HE winked as though we shared a secret, which is always exciting with a man like Buster.

"Not a chance. I like it here. It's peaceful and calm. You'll see when you get down on the farm. It's swell. I like it."

"You lie like the devil!" That made us both laugh.

We passed a bakery with four-foot loaves laid out so the flies could get at them easier. There was a white light over everything, and nobody seemed alive. All tight I guess, and indoors.

"Bread and young onions and cheese and red wine make the best lunch in the world."

"Camembert?"

"You bet. I've got eighteen thousand bottles of stuff in the cellar. Red and white, and some brandy. The brandy's too old, they tell me."

"Don't be silly."

"Fat chance! Stir it up with orange juice, and it makes a swell *apéritif.*" He puffed out his cheeks and let the word "*apéritif*" sort of explode as though he was razzing the whole language.

We stayed at the Streetons' apartment. They were in New Orleans. Buster said everybody knew he was hard up and went out of their way to be nice to him. My room was complete with yellow damask and silver furniture, and a black rug. Buster made me drink a split of champagne before breakfast to see how a frog noble feels all the time. It was terrible. Mons. Herbert took us to the Jockey Club for the slickest lunch I ever ate. He nearly broke a trace when Buster told him that none of the members looked bowlegged from horseback riding.

Buster had bought a truck for farm work and we were going to drive it down through the Loire valley to his place. I was going to write in the daytime while he was in the fields, and then we could have the evenings together. It was all wonderful, except that I kept thinking about Helen Grant. Not so good. Buster did too, I suppose. We didn't say anything about her, though.

The day before we shoved off, I had a note from her. She was staying at a town called Beaugency. We'd probably spend the first night of our truck journey there, and would I come and see her. There were a lot of things she wanted to explain.

I kissed her. "Golly, Danny," she said, "I shouldn't have let you do that."

"Like hell!" I said. I knew I would, if I got the chance, though. I didn't tell Buster. It made me ashamed to have what he wanted so much.

The truck had ash bows over the body to support a canvas protection in case of rain. The weather was fine, so we had the canvas down. Buster had loaded in some old furniture to carry to his place, so I took an armchair and slung it up by ropes between two of the ash bows. It rode like an expensive baby carriage. After lunch Buster wouldn't let me drive.

"I want to drive," I said.

"You hush and get up in your chair."

"I want to drive."

He put a bottle of claret between me and the right-hand slats of the arm, and another bottle to the left.

"Can't I drive?"

"If you feel yourself getting conscious, just work on these bottles."

It was the best ride I ever had. Men stopped working in the fields and called *"Attention!"* to each other as we went by. I'd salute with a bottle, and they'd present arms with a hoe and laugh. Everybody had a good time. Kids fetched the old people out of the houses to observe as we went through villages. A darned good-looking girl on a bicycle came out of a side-street. I got down from the chair and bowed. She took both hands off the handle-bars to wave and fell off the wheel. I never saw people so quick to catch an idea. They were wonderful. We sang everything we knew, but always finished up with *"Mary Ann M'Carty went a-digging after clams."*

About six-thirty we pulled into Beaugency. All the French villages seem to have that white light in the later afternoon. No matter how old the buildings, their silhouettes seem sharp and eager at that time. The dinner was terrible. Buster drank a lot of brandy and turned in early.

I sat in the café with half a dozen of the town people. One man had a stiff leg and a beard that made him look like *Rhadames* in "Aïda." I asked the landlady to invite them to have a drink with the rich *Americain.* That was the way I felt. No one said a thing. She urged them again. Not a *(Continued on page 118)*

Money of her Own

By

Margaret Culkin Banning

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

The Story So Far:

All over America are couples like the Helms: a wife with money—of her own—and leisure, a man with neither. Mrs. Banning presents a tremendous theme with uncompromising fidelity.

"WONT you buy a poppy?" said Carol Ranger, accosting Philip Helm that momentous evening of his arrival in this Midwestern city where he was to take a job in a paper-goods factory two days later. "For the war veterans, you know."

She was very lovely. In her hands was a bunch of red paper poppies, and she was clearly a little excited at being able to stop strange men on the street, free to use all her beauty and charm on every passer-by, and being delightfully safe in doing it.

Helm promptly thrust his hand into his pocket. It came out with a nickel and a two-dollar bill, and because he could not give her the nickel and did not want to appear to fumble again, he gave her the bill. Only as he watched her join a friend in an expensive car did he realize that he had given her nearly half of all the money he had in the world.

That was the beginning of an acquaintance that, partly by accident but much more by Carol's design, ripened swiftly.

"That was a very superior moment," she said after he kissed her that first ecstatic time, "but we'd better not try to repeat it. Talk about yourself some more."

"There's nothing else to say," Philip told her. "I gave you my right name. I'm just one of the boys who hasn't made good."

"I'm on your side," said Carol laconically.

"It will take a couple of hundred years, you know."

"What's that among friends? And maybe it wont."

They let it go at that, for the moment. Philip got his job, though he had to fight for it, and the salary was small. Carol continued playing about with her own crowd, which included a suitor or two. An orphan, she lived in an old-fashioned house with her childless widower uncle, David Ranger, who gave her a generous allowance but lectured her continually for extravagance.

She was indeed really only on the fringe of the city's "society"—as appeared all too clearly when she received no invitation to a dance given by Mrs. Cloud, the social leader. Philip Helm, however, who had known Mrs. Cloud's son in the army, was asked. And it was perhaps because of this that Carol ventured to "crash" the party, and far overspent her allowance in the purchase of a frock for the occasion.

The attempt ended disastrously; for Mrs. Cloud discovered her, and all but showed her the door. Philip came gallantly to the rescue, but her other friends snubbed her. And then her uncle, determined to enforce discipline, cut down her allowance, and cut off her credit at the shops. The two humiliations made Carol feel that life in its present terms was impossible; she sought out Philip Helm. And next day they were married.

Life in a boarding-house as the wife of a junior advertising man wasn't what Carol had planned. But she loved Philip, and they were measurably happy. And then, a few months later, David Ranger died, leaving a large fortune to Caroline, with the stipulation that she should retain entire control of the money and give none to her husband.

Against Philip's preference, they moved into the old Ranger house; but he could deny her nothing at that time before the coming of baby Joan. He was doing well in business—but by no means well enough to keep up with Carol's expenditures, though he insisted on paying all living expenses himself. It was when, a year or two later, Philip was passed over for promotion, not because of his deserts but because the other man Welch was supposed to need money more than he, that the first break came. Convinced that he could now win business success only by buying into the firm, Philip asked money of Carol for that purpose, and she refused. This was to him the last abasement. "Keep your damned money!" he shouted. *(The story continues in detail:)*

THEY did not forget. It was queer how many things there were to remind them of that crashing scene of humiliation and anger. They both moved along carefully over the surface of the days, courteous, good-humored, pretending to forget what had happened. But everything conspired to make them remember.

Carol put the matter, somewhat anonymously, to Mr. Lasalle, dropping in to see the lawyer at his office on another errand, and asking her question with a pretence of indifference which did not deceive the lawyer at all.

"Do you think I ought to lend money to anyone?" she asked.

"Certainly not to anyone."

"Well, I mean—a friend."

"What does the friend want it for?"

"Investments, I think."

The old, epicurean lawyer watched the girl across the table from him with more than casual interest. It had surprised him to see how quickly she mastered the intricacies of her inheritance, how she knew the stocks and bonds held for her, how cleverly she spent money. In her own way she was like old Dave Ranger. More cultivated, more acquisitive; but like him she got her money's worth. He wondered who was after her now.

"No—I wouldn't lend money for investments," he advised. "It's not good business. If a man or woman hasn't money himself, or can't borrow money from his bank when he wants to make an investment, the chances are that he has no business to invest. Private loans are bad stuff, usually."

"Still, it's hard to refuse—if you like the person."

"If you like the person, it's better to refuse. If a person finds that he or she can borrow money from you once, it's only human nature to try it again. The most likable people in the world are the ones who try to borrow money. That's how they learned the trick."

"And I suppose it's bad for them too."

"If you have any right to borrow," repeated Mr. Lasalle, "there's the bank. The rich are the targets for all the incompetents of the world. You want to get hardened to that. It's better to give away money than to lend it. You only make enemies and let yourself in for more of the same thing. Each time it gets harder to refuse, and some day you have to."

"That's what I thought."

"Your uncle felt so strongly on that point that he preferred to have people underestimate his fortune."

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"I've done my best," said Carol. "I've tried to make you happy."
"I'll clear out," he said shortly. "I'm through, Carol."

"I know. Well, thanks a lot, Mr. Lasalle." She stood up, and he admired her in his detached, connoisseur's way. So beautiful, with that charm which most modern women were deliberately thinning out.

"How's your husband?"

"Fine. Busy."

"Give him my regards."

"Yes. By the way, I'm glad I put that money in Mercantile Rubber."

He smiled. "It worked out pretty well, didn't it?"

"Yes. What I made on that took care of a lot of things."

"You've a good head for investments, Carol."

"Have I? I'd like to learn about things, so when I have to handle all the money myself, I'll know how to manage."

"How quickly she's become a rich woman mentally," thought the lawyer, who was used to them, and knew that the profligate rich were the exceptions.

Carol went shopping after she left Mr. Lasalle's office. They were very deferential to her in the shops now, and her own manner had indefinably changed. Shopping used to be a matter of finding out what she wanted, or rather of choosing the key thing among all the others that she wanted, and somehow contriving to get it. But with most desirable things now quite within her reach, her new problem was not to be cheated. She bought some dresses for Joan at a children's shop, ordered some engraved bridge scores and a few other necessaries to build up her establishment. There was also the matter of the suède slippers, which she took up at Karroms.

"I am sending the slippers back. I have only worn them a few times, and they are shabby already."

The gentleman of the shoe-shop, urgent, suave as

the thick carpet under his feet, protested politely.

"But, madam, we never guarantee those shoes—shoes of that delicacy."

"They cost twenty-seven dollars," said Carol coldly, "and I will not pay that for slippers that go to pieces as they did."

"But they have been worn. We cannot re-sell them. The makers of the shoes give us no guarantee—"

"Well, I can't help that. It's absurd to charge those prices unless you do stand back of what you sell. If you can't take them back, I shall close my account here."

Only rich women could talk like that. Carol could see the shoe salesman agitatedly balancing the value of her possible purchases against the total loss of this one pair of slippers. She looked arrogant and indifferent. They shouldn't try to cheat her.

"Well, under the circumstances, as a favor to a customer—" he capitulated.

She felt as if she had found twenty-seven dollars, and decided after that little sally that it was nearly time to go home. Suddenly it occurred to her to drive out for Philip. She would probably just catch him, for it was quite late now. They might have time for a drive before dinner, and he would be surprised, for recently she had not come for him often.

The working hours of the office-force were evidently over. Men and girls were coming away from the great buildings. So many pretty girls, thought Carol idly, driving her beautiful French car a little more slowly and wondering if they knew who she was. Pretty girls—all they needed was clothes that looked like something, she decided, noticing the girl who was walking with a man on the opposite side of the street. She had nice legs and a lovely figure, but she ruined herself with that dress, which was a cross between a sport and a tailored one.

The girl looked away from the man, and Carol recognized her. It was the Coburn girl—and that was Philip on the other side! She stopped the car and signaled.

"Where did you drop from, darling?" he asked, crossing the street rapidly.

"Just came down to get you."

"You're an angel." He stopped, his hand on the car door. "Mind if we pick up Kathy Coburn and save her the street-car ride too?"

"Of course not."

Kathy hesitated for just a minute after he asked her, and then came.

"How do you do, Mrs. Helm? Sure it's not out of your way?"

"Not an inch. Jump in."

Kathy did not jump. She was very proper.

Philip picked up the little coat; Joan shouted in excitement Then

"I'll sit back here with you," said Philip, eager to have her at ease.

Carol frowned imperceptibly. She hadn't bargained on being chauffeur for Kathy Coburn. That wasn't what she had come for. She swung the car around.

"How's your baby?" asked Kathy politely.

"She's very well." Carol did not mean to have it sound chilling, but it did. She tried to warm her answer by asking about Mrs. Coburn, but as that lady was also well, conversation flagged until Philip began to talk of the office, and Carol devoted her attention to the traffic.

They stopped at length before the Coburn house, shabbier than ever this spring. The rocking-chairs were out on the porch, and an untidy boy was pushing a very noisy lawnmower.

he noticed a price-mark. "Child's silk coat and bonnet — $65.00."

"This place always looks like home to me," said Philip, warmly.

"Does it?" asked Kathy, and anyone but Philip would have heard the tenderness, the touch of pathos in her voice. Carol heard it, and gave them a quick side-glance. She did not like to look at the Coburn house. It made her a little sick to remember those lonely days, and yet there was something like jealousy of them in her mind. Philip had cared so desperately for her then.

He was looking up at the windows of the front room where they had lived together. Carol put her foot on the starter, and he came in beside her and waved to Kathy.

"What does that girl do at Cramptons?" asked Carol, after they had gone a mile or two.

"She's McLaren's private secretary. Smart as all outdoors, too."

"Do you see a lot of her?"

"It depends. Why?"

"I was just thinking."

"What about?"

"I should think if you want to get on in the firm, Philip, it would be a lot better to be walking home with Mr. McLaren instead of his secretary."

"Are you by way of becoming something of a little snob, Carol?"

"I am not. I'm thinking of the way it looks. You've got to play around with important people if you expect to be important."

"That's all bunk. Anyway, I'm not running after any of the big boys. I don't do things that way. And I see no objection to walking along with Kathy Coburn. She was pretty darn good to me when I needed it, for one thing."

"She's also crazy about you," said Carol, cutting a corner, "for another thing."

"I wouldn't talk like that if I were you," answered Philip coldly. "It's awfully raw stuff."

"I don't think it's nearly as raw as running around with a stenographer who's in love with you." Carol was fiercely defensive now, hurt, thwarted in what she had intended for an overture of love, and fighting her way from one misunderstanding to another. "Anyone who saw her look at you could tell that."

"Please cut it out," said Philip. "You're all off, Carol."

It was so easy for that hostility which was always bedded between them now to be fanned into flame. They denied its existence to themselves and to each other, and yet there it was. Things which had been easy in the beginning were growing harder now. Neither of them dared touch on the question of money for fear of being reminded that he had asked her for money and been refused. Their lives were separating, and they felt it; and though they were suffering, they resented that too, and denied it.

"We're going out for dinner, you know," Carol remarked as they stopped in front of the house.

"Oh, that was why you came down for me?"

It wasn't why. She had come, seeking a little of the lost companionship between them.

"Yes," she said. "The Sanfords always begin on cocktails early, and even if we leave here at seven, it's quite a drive. They're out at Lockland Park already—at that summer place of theirs."

"The little cottage with the nine servants," remarked Philip. "She gives me a pain, that Sanford woman. If she talks to me about a marble swimming-pool tonight, I'm going to bash her head in. I had a full half-hour of it last time."

"She's not as dumb as she looks," said Carol, "and she has lovely things."

They met each other in Joan's room a few minutes later. The nurse was putting her down.

"New coat," said Joan uncertainly.

The nurse laughed.

"She wouldn't let me put it away, Mrs. Helm. I had to leave it on the chair where she could see it. She's perfectly adorable in it."

Philip saw what the stir was about. A pink silk coat on one of the nursery chairs, a delicate, beautiful child's coat with a quaint hat to match.

"When did she get that? That's new, isn't it?"

"I sent to New York for it," answered Carol.

Philip picked up the little coat, and Joan stood up in her bed and shouted in excitement. A funny little garment of fine embroidered silk, with stitches that elves might have taken. It looked like Joan. Then he noticed a price-mark attached by a tiny safety-pin that some one had forgotten to remove. *"Child's silk coat and bonnet—$65.00."*

Philip lifted the tag and looked at it as if he were reading something. But he put it down without comment, and kissing his daughter with unusual gravity, left the room. Sixty-five dollars for a child's coat and hat—not even a warm one, but a decoration! He couldn't catch up with that speed. He wasn't even sure, as he dressed, that he wanted to. . . . .

The Sanford party was another one, that was all. After the first drink, such parties were all more or less alike. Skilled and trained servants carried them through, even when hostesses grew foggy and forgot the order of events. The usual people were there, with a few odd ones thrown in for novelty, and the variation was less in conversation than in liquor and clothes.

Lily Jordan was there. She was very bored with her life these days. It was hardly because things had not come to a head with Dick, for she did not care very much about that. Dick had an ugly disposition, and she knew it. A life with him could well be postponed. But Lily wanted diversion and something more. Traveling about, being known as good-looking and rich, shopping, golfing, drinking, dancing, doing all these things over again, wasn't enough. It wasn't even smart any more. The dowagers, the older married set, could be content with such a routine. But the really smart women were insisting on a kick in life. You could go as far as you liked almost, and get away with things nowadays. Lily had caught hold of a stray streamer of the general spirit of impatience with dull living. But more than that, she had been stirred. When Philip Helm came into a room, everything and everybody was galvanized for Lily. He made her understand things, such as the reason Adele McKinnon could go through all that mess in the courts as she had last year, for the sake of a man who wasn't able to bring her anything except ill health in the end. It was Philip who made Lily realize what most of the books she read were written about. So tonight she managed to stay close beside him, and his indifferent, cool, aware amusement only stimulated her. And she felt that he was more open to attack than usual.

Lily was not as beautiful as Carol, and she knew it. But she was carefully exquisite in her own way, the way of the very rich with plenty of money to spend on clothes and cosmetics. If she had been poor, she would have been only one of a thousand little blonde girls quickly haggard, quickly fading. But she was not poor. And her eyes flattered Philip, who needed praise, who wanted it desperately for the moment.

"Don't look at me like that, Lily," he teased her. "Do you want the whole institution of marriage to go on the rocks?"

"Are you happy?" she asked. He ignored the meaning of that question, knowing she referred to his marriage. "How could I help it —dancing with you?"

"I don't care where it goes. It's not my fault you're married."

"It's all my fault, I guess. That's the way Carol feels," said Philip half bitterly, half lightly.

"Doesn't she know she's lucky?"

"You can give an old boy an awfully good time, Lily."

"I mean it."

"Lucky? What's lucky about being married to me? I'm nothing but another man who doesn't get on very fast. Think of the millionaires that are loose yet. Think of the counts. Think of the Prince of Wales, and of royalty yet unborn."

"Look around the table," said Lily under her breath, "and think of how few men there are."

Philip looked and grinned down at her.

"There's Botsford. He's our leading young blood. He sits well in his clothes."

Lily shrugged. She had a pretty shoulder which liked to expose itself.

"So you still like me, Lily?"

"You know I do." There was a flare in her eyes now—covetousness, passion, mixture of both. "You've known for ages. I never had a fair chance, that was all. Carol ran off with you."

He listened with astonishment at her frankness, pleased, cajoled in spite of himself. It was hard not to feel so. When you had been treated as nothing except a failure, this sort of thing salved your self-respect. But he held off.

"No. I ran off with Carol. That's the way that line reads. I had my nerve too, without any money."

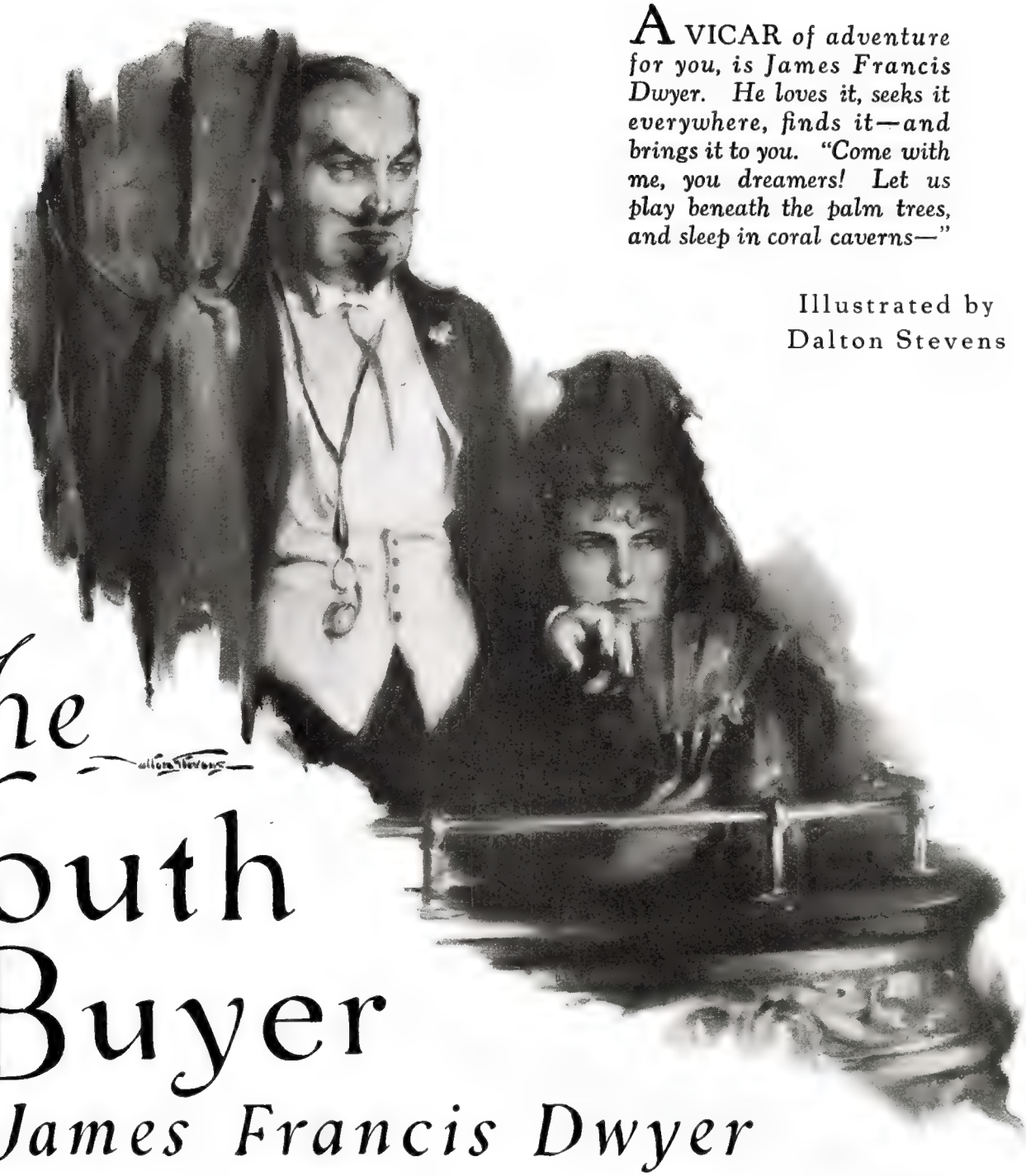
"Well, Carol has plenty now."

"But that's not mine," he said very harshly.

"Oh, what does it matter whether it's *(Continued on page 100)*

A VICAR *of adventure for you, is James Francis Dwyer. He loves it, seeks it everywhere, finds it—and brings it to you. "Come with me, you dreamers! Let us play beneath the palm trees, and sleep in coral caverns—"*

Illustrated by Dalton Stevens



The Youth Buyer

By James Francis Dwyer

THE hot summer night pressed upon the city, breeding strange desires.

Jazz. Open-air cafés. American films; the gaudy street posters carrying texts in good old Americanese. (What t'ell! Let 'em learn if dey can't read it!) Intriguing lust squatting in the gloom of the little side streets, whispering to the footloose. Scraps of song bursting from wide-flung windows. Castanets pecking at the hot night like mad jackdaws. A leering face, a shrug of bare shoulders, a toss of the head. "Come in, *amigo!* Life is short. *Mañana* we die!"

American sailors up from the Grao—the port of Valencia—laughing nervously, toes curling toward the dark little streets. Lassooing whispers tripping them. *"Hombre,* Ah spik zee *Americano."* The nervous response of Mr. *Hombre:* "Huh, you do, don't yer? Say, Bill, this dame *hablas* Pennsylvania Dutch." Then the come-back of Bill, the wise guy of the crowd: "Aw, come on! Dese boids are quick on de cutlery. Keep deir knives bright wit' rib polish. *What?* Naw, I tell yer! We've jest come ashore to see the cowfight tomorrow. Not'in' doin'. Get me good now, an' *quit!"*

John Dexter Dreve, one time of Dreveton, Virginia, homesick exile from the country that he loved, halted at a point where a lane, narrow and ill-lighted, broke away from the parental thoroughfare. The lane wriggled away into thick gloom that was sliced at odd moments by a saber of yellow light that sprang from a swinging door some twenty yards from the corner.

Dreve watched the swinging door. Through it went a procession of girls: young girls, middle-aged girls, old girls; girls alone, in couples, girls escorted by fat duennas. The door was the *artistes'* entrance to a variety-hall that gaped an illuminated maw at the main street.

The Virginian crossed the lane to examine the bill offered by the dealer in legs, and as he did so, the Fates grabbed him as an ingredient in the passion brew they were boiling out of the hot, disturbing night. A girl, tall and graceful, was running toward the saber of light that marked the swinging door, as a big car roared up the lane. A man leaped from the machine and rushed toward the girl. There rose angry words, the hissing sound of torn silk, then the dry clatter of a tortoise-shell fan upon bared teeth.

The girl ran. John Dexter Dreve stopped directly between her and the man who pursued. The fellow cannoned into Dreve, lurched and fell heavily. The girl looked back. The Virginian saw her big startled eyes as she stood for a moment before the swinging door; then she dived into the lighted burrow marked: *"Entrada para las artistas."*

Slowly she came forward, peered at the contents of the bag showing through the tear in the velvet, then glanced up at the box in which the giant was standing erect.

John Dexter Dreve helped the man to his feet, clutching in his hands the remnants of the fan that had been brought into vigorous collision with his teeth. The light from the car fell upon his face, and the Virginian read the face as a field map, tracing forays against virtue. The network of fine-drawn lines around the sinister eyes told stories of strategy. The acute physiognomist might have read from the cross-hatched record the cries and pleadings of the victim!

He was a big man. Gross, overweighted, wine-fattened. He flung off the helping hand of the Virginian, moistened his thick lips, and proceeded to give his opinion of clumsy persons who get in the way of bulky pursuers of girls.

John Dexter Dreve cut in on the tirade in a manner surprising to the other. In the elegant and polished language of Ibanez he damned the big man's impudence—damned it thoroughly. In forceful Spanish he expressed the wish that the big fellow, who was still holding the remnants of the tortoise-shell fan, would thrust the fragments down his own throat and choke himself. After delivering himself of this advice he crossed the street and proceeded to study the bill of the variety-hall where the pursued girl found safety.

The place was called the Palacio Sinnombre—the palace without a name. It stated that its *sala* was *"elegante y coquetona,"* that its performers were *"las mejores estrellas."* The Virginian glanced at the column of names, and from it one sprang at him.

"La Pasadena," murmured Dreve. "Sounds like home." He glanced at the big man. The fellow was talking excitedly to half a dozen sympathetic friends. Dreve bought a ticket for the floor of the house and entered.

Legs, scores of legs—prancing, pirouetting, caracoling legs. Cleverly arranged was the program. It battered down passivity. The shuffling feet of the audience were stilled. *Bolero, seguidilla* and *fandango!* Showers of silver from the boxes. Some one in the smoke-haze was hurling fat *duros* on the stage. The owners of the legs screamed with delight as the heavy coins struck the dusty boards.

The *jaleo de Jerez* by three tziganes. A near-indecent version of the *gallegada.* The smashing body-spins of a tall Andalusian, then quiet. The announcing board carried the name of the star: *La Pasadena.*

In the hush John Dexter Dreve looked around. The man who had a face that would have served as a model for the king of the goat-footed ones was sitting with a middle-aged woman in a box immediately above the Virginian's chair. People glanced at the fellow in admiration. It was plain that he was the one who had tossed the fat silver *duros* to the dancers.

From off-stage came the chattering of castanets—rising and dying away, beating up against

Down the stairs went the battle. Curses, yells and cries of pain! A scoundrel lifted "La Pasadena" in his arms. The Virginian fell upon him.

the silence, then slipping back to a little whisper of sound. The audience leaned forward.

Suddenly the unseen castanets flung off restraint. They beat a battle march. Their chattering ivory lips pictured her approach. A peasant cried out her name as if afraid she would lose her way on the march to the stage. *"La Pasadena!"* he shouted. Then the chatter of the castanets broke clear. The girl was on the stage bowing to her crazed admirers—the girl who had smashed her fan on the teeth of the big man in the side-street!

The castanets crashed. An unseen spirit picked up the girl and whirled her across the stage. The Spanish shawl that draped her became a flambeau of romance. She became a mad sprite that brought visions; a dancing dryad that lifted the open-mouthed watchers till they saw the magic fields of asphodel!

As she whirled and dipped and pirouetted, the dancer and the chattering castanets modeled a figure of romance to John Dreve.

Conquistadores! Crested casque and Spanish broadsword. Ponce de Leon rocking up the coast of Florida. Gay old Ponce! Peering for the fount of eternal youth. Panfilo de Narvaez and Tristan de Luna thrusting their clumsy caravels inshore to glimpse the lonely stretches where now sprawl Palm Beach and Miami! Knocking at the door of the great Unknown that was America.

The castanets crept down to diminuendo. Softly, ever so softly they lisped as the dance ended. With a little collective start the hypnotized audience came out of the trance and screamed the name of the dancer: "La Pasadena! La Pasadena!"

She smiled at them, waited patiently till the yells of enthusiasm grew less frequent; then, to the great surprise of Dreve, she commenced to sing—in English!

She tossed a tiny lace handkerchief to the center of the stage; then, walking like an empress, she circled the scrap of lace and sang as she walked—sang with a pathos that was charming. The castanets were lisping infants supporting the melody.

There's a little surf-bathed island beyond the setting sun,
(Come with me, you dreamers! Come with me!)
Let us play beneath the palm trees, and walk, and dance, and run,
And sleep in coral caverns when we're tired from our fun!
(Come with me, you dreamers! Come with me!)

Tick-tack-tick! Twice around the handkerchief clicked the little shoes with their red heels. The house was as a house of the dead. The girl chanted the second verse.

There are little waving palm trees standing sweetly row by row,
(Come with me, you dreamers! Come with me!)
And little lemon-colored crabs on beaches white as snow,
And red flamingoes wading, and monkeys chattering so!
(Come with me, you dreamers! Come with me!)

Again the silence. The house of stretching necks watched as the girl circled the handkerchief. Though the tongue in which she sang was foreign to them, the strange witchery held the listeners.

A pigmy tribe will feed us—wild honey, yams, and dates.
(Come with me, you dreamers! Come with me!)
We'll never hear of struggles, of enmities and hates,
And Peace will sit forever as a guardian at our gates!
(Come with me, you dreamers! Come with me!)

Dreve watched the audience come up slowly out of the sea of surprise into which the strange tongue thrust them; then they yelled her name again and again.

She stood in the center of the great stage, a rather pathetic figure, Dreve thought. The Virginian was wondering why the devil she sang a song in English—a song so different from the wild dance!

There came a sudden distraction. The dancer, looking up at the packed galleries, sprang back and gave a cry of fear, as with a crash, a velvet bag landed at her feet. The weighty contents of the bag caused the velvet to split, and a golden bracelet broke from the reticule and ran like a shining whipsnake for a sheltering cranny.

All eyes turned toward the box where sat the big man who had come into collision with Dreve earlier in the evening. With all the love of drama that characterizes the Latin, he had hurled a bag of jewelry at the feet of the girl he desired!

No shame followed the gesture. Rather pride. The man rose as the excited house babbled—rose and stood erect. And in the

minutes that immediately followed, John Dexter Dreve heard the history.

The big fellow was a Chilean millionaire. From the guano-beds of Pabellon de Pica and the Chincha Islands he had combed enormous wealth, and had now brought his golden *condors* to Spain to purchase youth. Glowing, rose-tinted youth! To buy it at whatever price the seller demanded.

John Dexter Dreve of Virginia, cooler than any other person in the theater, watched the girl on the stage. The sudden descent of the velvet bag had startled her. She had sprung back from it, fear showing in her big eyes. Slowly she came forward, stooped, peered at the contents showing through the tear in the velvet, then glanced up at the box in which the giant was standing erect.

The house strained forward, watching. Would she take the bribe? The Virginian, waiting for the decision, tapped the arm-rest of his chair. He found himself humming a line from her song. Where had she found that song? Softly he hummed:

And little lemon-colored crabs on beaches white as snow,
And red flamingoes wading, and monkeys chattering so!
(Come with me, you dreamers! Come—)

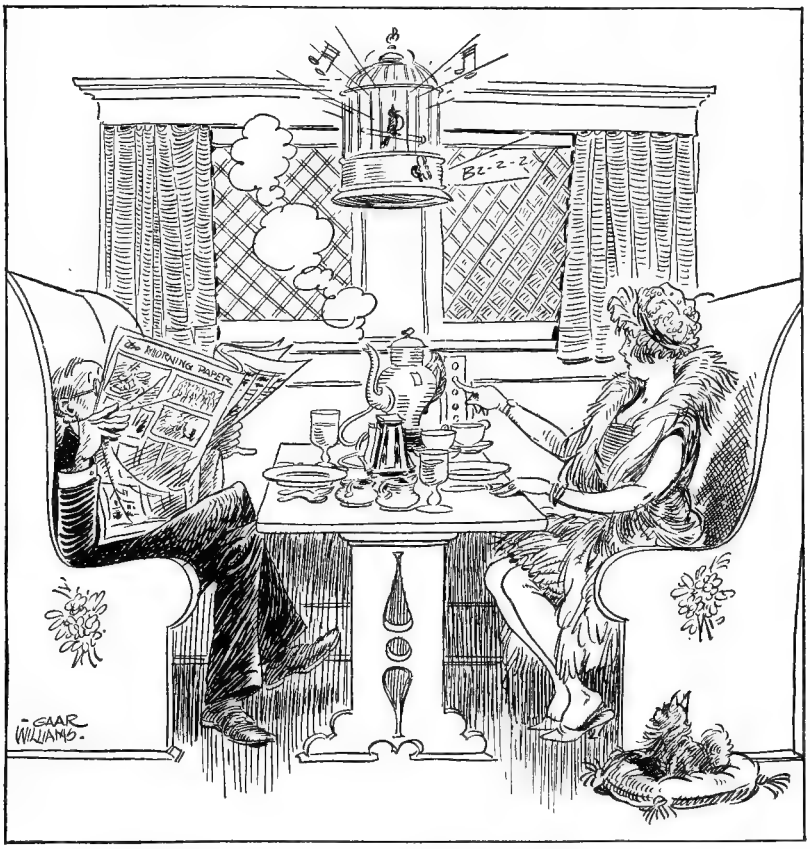
Dreve stopped abruptly and sprang to his feet. The whole house had risen. The girl had given her decision! Given it with a sudden fierceness that startled the watchers. The toe of her little shoe thrust out with startling force. It hit the black velvet bag and lifted it into the air. Out over the orchestra into the body of the theater sailed the reticule, and from it, as it soared through the smoke wreaths, fell the golden offerings of the guano king!

Men and women fought for a share of the rejected bribe. Dignity was thrust to the winds. Chairs were overturned. Wild screams came from the scrambling crowd.

John Dexter Dreve glanced up at the big man in the box. The fellow's face was livid. He caught the eye of the Virginian, and his control burst its bounds completely. *(Continued on page 138)*

This Is the Day of the Dumb

By Frank Parker Stockbridge



Which is the simple life? That of my household or that of great-grandfather's?

THE Simple Life, 1928 model, has arrived.

Anybody can operate it. Just press the button. What do you want out of life? Something to eat, something to wear, somewhere to go, something to ride in? Press the button, and start the machine. You should worry about what makes the machine go.

Music? Pictures? Some one to talk to, something to see? Press the button. Too warm or too cold? Just press the button. If you want light, press the button. If you want to hear a sermon, press the button. You press the button if you want to fly, to go upstairs, to take a bath. You don't need to know how to do anything, how anything is done. Experts have built their brains into the machines, to keep others from having to use their own, if any.

This is the day of the dumb!

Foggy-minded folk bemoan the passing of the good old days when people lived the simple life. The fact of the matter is that our forebears lived a highly complicated life. They had to, if they wanted to live. Just keeping alive called upon them for a bewildering variety of knowledge, an immense ability to do a thousand things which nobody in this year 1928 needs to do, knows how to do or would do if he or she did know enough to do them.

The simple life? They had to *work,* those ancestors of ours whose simple folk-ways seem so romantically picturesque in the haze of tradition. Simple-minded they doubtless were, but their lives were anything but simple. There is a vast difference between the simple life and the simple-minded life. One can live the simple-minded life in the middle of Times Square. Many do, as the daily traffic-accident reports prove.

Simple-minded folk cry out in their confusion that the machine has made life too complicated. On the contrary, the machine makes it possible for us to live a genuinely simple life for the first time since a certain pair of furry tree-dwellers gave birth to a hairless creature which walked on its hindlegs and called itself Man. Or if you prefer the other version, since God laid the curse of work upon Adam and Eve and drove them out of the Garden of Eden. Either way, work has always been the curse of humanity, and to escape it is the goal of all religions.

Christian or Jew, Buddhist or Moslem, Confucian or Zoroastrian, isn't your heaven, first of all, a place where nobody has to work? Credit the machine, then, with bringing us a little nearer heaven.

Consider the immense simplicity of life in this Edisonian Era, in contrast to the complex life of only a hundred years ago. Folk had to spend all of their time and energy in the effort to keep alive. To do that, bare-handed, is an intricate task. It leaves one with little time for reflection or recreation.

I am writing this beside an open fire, a purely ornamental luxury. Beside the fireplace stands a pair of sturdy iron tongs, cherished relic of my own simple-minded ancestors. Great-grandfather Caleb Parker took those tongs with him into Lower Canada, when he crossed over from Vermont with his wife and the first ten of their twenty children, to carve out a new home in the forests of Quebec. Your own forebears were doing much the same thing at the same time, around the end of the Eighteenth Century. And the tongs reminded me of one of the stories with which a great-aunt, youngest of those twenty, used to regale my infancy.

The fire went out, one day, on the hearth where those tongs were used. The menfolk were all away, and none of the womenfolk had the skill with flint and steel to rekindle the fire. Matches had not been invented. There could be no warmth, no food, without that fire on the hearth. So the youngest girl was sent with an iron kettle to borrow fire from a married sister's house, three miles away through the woods in the snow.

Today the farmer's wife commands higher intelligence than was at the disposal of royalty, when George the Fourth was King.

This morning the thermometer stood not far above zero when I got out of bed. I closed the window and pressed a button—turned a valve. It took no brains, no work, to bring the room temperature up to seventy in a few minutes. The dumbest dumb-bell could have turned on the steam; it takes thought and energy to keep a wood fire burning on the hearth—ingenuity, time and effort to cook over it. But at my breakfast-table this morning my wife pressed a button and the water in the percolator began to boil; she pressed another button and the appetizing odor of crisping toast assailed my olfactory nerves. Who cares how the button knew what to do?

Which is the simple life? That of my household or that of my great-grandfather's?

They had to *know* things, how to do them, the steps between cause and effect, those Canadian pioneers. Man and woman, each

Mr. Stockbridge, descendant of stern New England pioneers and himself an authority on modern mechanics, presents a most diverting and thoughtful point of view.

Illustrated by Gaar Williams

A wooden washtub in the kitchen served, less than fifty years ago, for the pre-Sabbath ablutions of my brothers and myself.

had to be master or mistress of a dozen handicrafts. When Great-grandfather Parker took his brood into the wilderness, he and his sons had to fell the timber with their own axes; a clearing in the woods for the home-site and the plow-land, logs to build the house and barns. Simple? Try it once. To make your ax-work count in solving the problem of keeping alive, you must have known the feel of the helve in your hands as soon, almost, as you were breeched.

A few years ago I too decided to build a new house. An architect drew pictures on paper until one of them satisfied the domestic court of last resort. A real-estate company cleared the land, built a paved road to it, ran electric-light conduits, sewers, water-mains, gas-pipes, to my lot. Workmen who knew, each, how to do only one thing, piled brick on brick until the house was done. Would the plumber bore a hole through a partition to run a pipe? He would not; that was the carpenter's job! They too live the simple life; and so long as I was not too dumb to sign a check, I personally needed to know nothing about building in order to have a house.

The machine has given us the simple life. By "machine" I mean the whole procession of scientific discoveries and their engineering application to human uses, the highly-organized network of transportation and communication, the division of labor and coöperation of industries—all new since my great-grandfather's time.

The railroad, the telegraph, the steamship; the telephone, the electric light, the radio; the phonograph, the movie, the automobile: all invented, developed, organized to enable us to live without thought, without exertion. The day of the dumb!

When my great-grandmother wanted hot water, she had to build a fire, by what laborious means I have already indicated. She had to haul the water from the spring, or draw it by bucket or crude pump from the well her menfolk had dug with their own hands, and hang the kettle on the crane. Naturally they did not waste hot water. Certainly not for such frivolities as bathing. Of course they had to do something, so they grew their little patch of bergamot, distilled the essence from the leaves and made the rank perfume whose faint odor still lingers about many an old house.

The dainty lady who today perfumes her bath with delicate scents does not stop to think that lavender and orris root, musk and patchouli, were once *substitutes* for baths! Put to the choice today between manufacturing her own perfumes and going to all the trouble which the process of bathing used to involve, one wonders which she would choose. Fortunately she does not have to make the choice. In the matter of baths, as in everything else, the machine has organized life for the benefit of the dumb.

This morning after turning on the steam in my bedroom, I slipped into the bathroom and turned on the hot water without having to give even a passing thought to its source. It was not always thus, even in my own lifetime. I am city born and bred, and still far from an old man, but I do not remember even *seeing* a bathroom until after I was ten years old! Certainly I never lived in a house which had one until my parents moved us to Washington, where the newer houses, built in the 'eighties, had baths. There was one in the White House, too. Mr. Cleveland later had a second bathroom added, over the protests of rural Congressmen! A wooden washtub in the kitchen, filled and emptied with much labor, water heated in the washboiler on the stove, served less than fifty years ago for the pre-Sabbath ablutions of my brothers and sisters and myself, as it did for ninety-nine out of a hundred families everywhere. The rest of the sanitary conveniences were in the back yard.

Has the machine simplified life or merely served to complicate it?

As between men and women, the old complex life fell harder on the women, and the simple life of 1928 is far simpler for the women.

Last summer I joined with my neighbors in the country to pay our birthday respects to the oldest inhabitant of our little Berkshire town. Old Mrs. Cobb, ninety-three, with fifty of her descendants around her, showed us the spinning-wheel upon which she had learned as a girl to make yarn from the wool of their own flock, told us how her mother wove the yarn into cloth, dyed it, fabricated it into garments for the whole family.

The youngest girl was sent with an iron kettle to borrow fire.

"But, Granny," said a wide-eyed great-granddaughter, "why did you go to all that trouble?"

"Trouble?" echoed Grandma Cobb. "That was the least of our troubles. Life was nothing but trouble—for women."

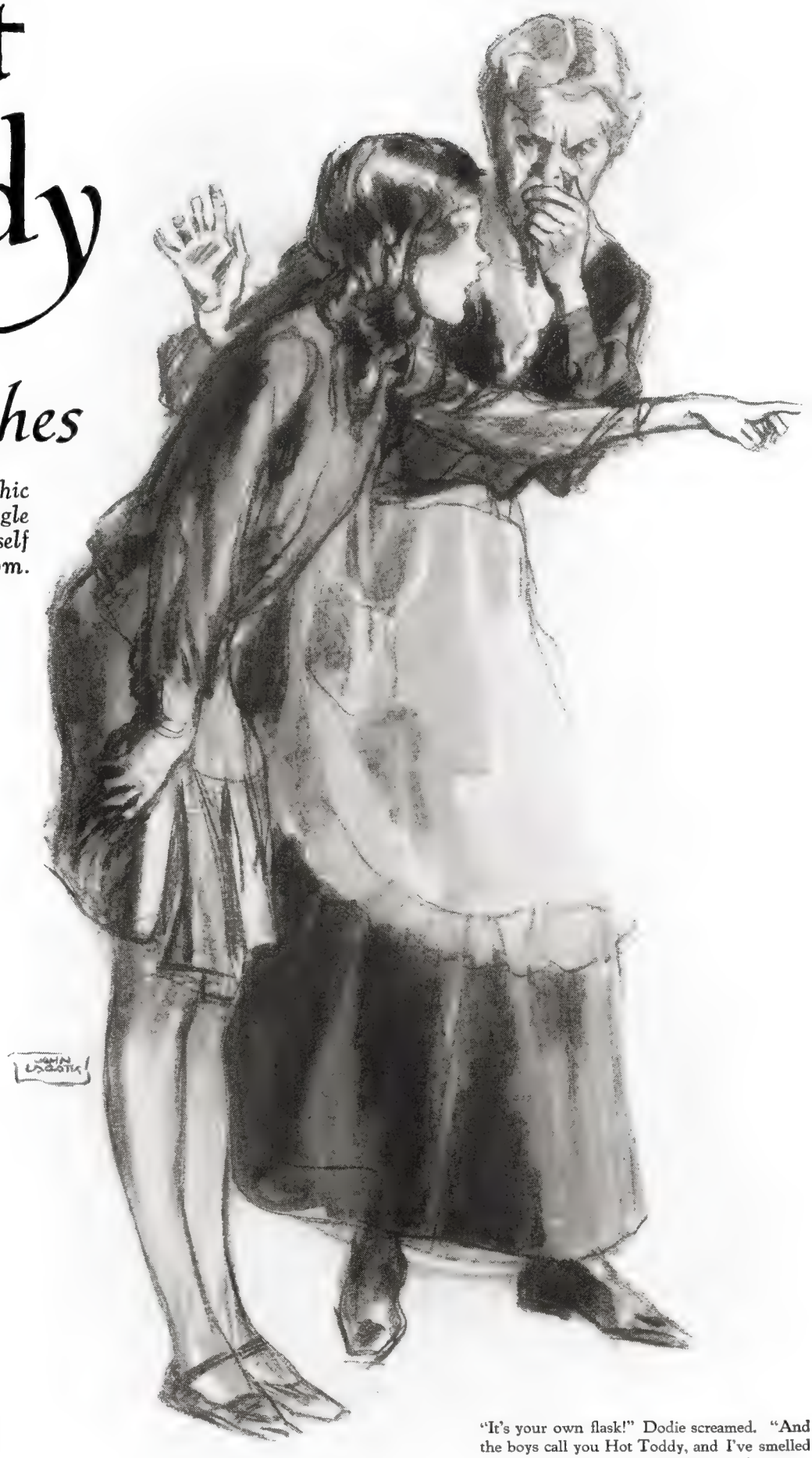
They were simple-minded, but their life was not simple. Simple-minded but not dumb. If they were dumb, they died. The machine *(Continued on page 146)*

Hot Toddy

By Rupert Hughes

whose pen is the most graphic now recording the struggle of youth to find for itself the impossible—freedom.

Illustrated by John La Gatta



"It's your own flask!" Dodie screamed. "And the boys call you Hot Toddy, and I've smelled your breath lots of times; and if you've got a right, I've got a right!"

"BUT I love Charley, Mamma! Isn't that the all-important thing? I love him!"

"Love!"

Mrs. Todd packed a lifetime of bitter experience in the tone that turned the sweet word sour. She drew her nostrils and lips away from it as if the taste of it disgusted them.

Then suddenly, mystically, she realized that her own mother's lips had formed just such a sneer years ago when she herself had brought to her the greatest news in the world: that she had found her lover and her lover had found her, and they were ready for holy wedlock.

It seemed to be her mother's and not her own voice croaking in her throat. She felt haunted, dispossessed, replaced by an ancient, cruel spirit that had once broken her heart.

Yet, to save her, she could not keep from repeating the cruelty upon her own child and going on with the old, old arguments that wisdom heaps upon young folly in its turn. It seemed that she was her mother, and her daughter herself.

Something in the girl's very earnestness, her most unusual earnestness, softened Mrs. Todd's heart toward her, yet made her the harsher in her attack upon what she thought was foolishness that must be saved from itself.

She looked into the big wide

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eyes of Louise, and saw there in place of the usual canny sophistication and impudence, a return of the baby innocence and appeal; yet she could not help seeing that Louise was a woman now, and knew all too well all there was to know.

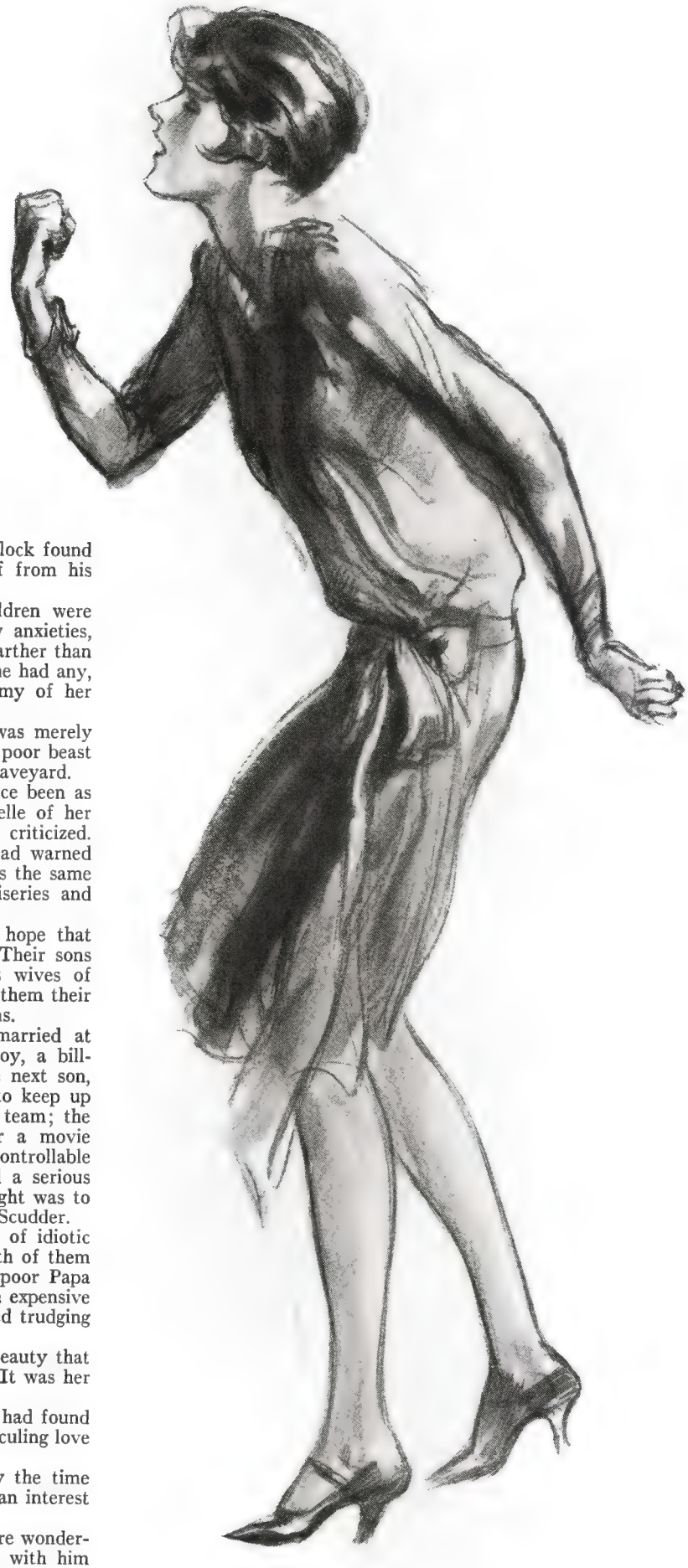
Louise had not learned it from her mother. She had learned it outside her home, but she had learned it.

Yet she knew nothing at all of the other phases of marriage, the drudgery, the loneliness, the economy, the solidity.

Love turned out to be so small a part of life! Once the honeymoon had waned, the husband dragged himself from sleep, and dashed away from home to be gone all through the bright sunlit hours when lovers should go a-Maying. He came home at sunset full of worries, disappointments, humiliations, hunger and fatigue, only to listen miserably to his wife's budget of her own bad news—or to pretend to listen, for his heart was always in the evening bad newspaper.

If he did not have to go back to his work at night, he usually had some club or lodge to attend that he found necessary to his advancement. Or he must go to a movie, or a theater, or to some church meeting. There he usually fell asleep, to his wife's chagrin.

When she steered him home, he was already yawning as he put the key in the front door, and was asleep before his head hit the pillow. The alarm clock found him not half refreshed but compelled to tear himself from his repose.



And that went on and on forever. Somehow children were added to their lives, and they meant a thousand new anxieties, expenses and fatigues. And they separated the lovers farther than ever. They destroyed the wife's youth, her beauty if she had any, her figure, her charm, turned her into a nagging enemy of her husband, and him into a miserly provider.

Matrimony, as Mrs. Todd thought of it just now, was merely placing one's bowed head in the yoke alongside another poor beast of burden, and lurching down an endless road to the graveyard.

That was what love looked like to her. She had once been as young as this daughter of hers. She had been the belle of her village, the gayest of the lot, the laughingest, the most criticized. And then a man had stolen her heart. Her parents had warned her against him, but she had defied them. The rest was the same old story, an unending grind, an infinite series of miseries and frustrations.

She and her husband had been kept going by the hope that they could lift their children above their own level. Their sons were to be presidents and magnates, their daughters wives of ambassadors and millionaires. But they could not give them their own ambitions—only their own handicaps and inhibitions.

And here they were: Helen, the eldest, was unmarried at twenty-four, still a stenographer; Gilman, the first boy, a bill-clerk with a wife who had been a telephone girl; the next son, Clifford, without a serious ambition on earth, unable to keep up with his classes or even hold a position on an athletic team; the youngest daughter, Dorothy, prematurely insane over a movie actor she had never met; and Louise here—Louise an uncontrollable wildcat of recklessness who apparently had never had a serious thought in her life till now. And her first serious thought was to marry the most useless, worthless boy in town, Charley Scudder.

Mrs. Todd could foresee their finish. A few weeks of idiotic billing and cooing. Then he would lose his job and both of them would crowd into Louise's room upstairs, counting on poor Papa Todd to feed them. They would quarrel and part in an expensive divorce-scandal, or they would settle down to a wretched trudging along the back road of poverty.

Louise would lose the vivacity, the grace, the wild beauty that her mother prized as much as she feared it. No, no! It was her duty to prevent this disaster at all costs.

So here she found herself just where her own mother had found herself, throwing cold water on her daughter's ardor, ridiculing love and forbidding marriage. . . . .

Having tried nearly everything else at least once by the time she was eighteen, Louise suddenly found herself taking an interest in matrimony.

The more she thought about Charley Scudder, the more wonderful he seemed to be. She had run more or less wild with him for a time at dances and motor-escapades, but she had never con-

sidered him solemnly. She had indeed given him up for good, chucked him, and supposedly forgotten him.

She had even set out to look for a real lover, and had entrusted herself to the casually encountered Mr. Biggs.

A mad evening with him had ended up in her finding herself in jail under the assumed name of "Mrs. Biggs," with no one to appeal to for help but Charley Scudder.

He had flown to her rescue, displayed an unsuspected genius in lying like an angel, and maneuvered her out of the prison without letting her real name be known. Admiration and gratitude combined into an emotion that she accepted as love. It was, in any case, a new sensation and tormented her pleasantly.

A funny thing, she found it, to take up with a young man, associate with him for months in an intimacy that frightened her mother to death when she accidentally learned of it just as it ended; to forget him, to recall him in an hour of need, and then and only then to fall in love with him. That certainly was funny. Yet it was a fact.

She was in love at last, and with the last man on earth she would have expected to love. And her love was taking the form of an intense impatience for marriage. Marriage—the thing she had always laughed at and had dismissed from her thoughts without the slightest qualm! She had no idea of its sanctity. In the bright lexicon of her youth the word *sanctity* was apparently missing—or at least it had not come into use. About the only thing sacred to her was her immediate whim.

Marriage certainly wore no halo that she could see. It was being too much discussed, analyzed and shattered. It was being much too much defended. Her interest in it now was partly automatic, due to development of her body and her instincts, partly due to a monkeylike curiosity about everything, especially everything forbidden.

The other novelties of life, flirtation, dancing, drinking, smoking and all the new world of adventure offered by the automobile had lost their edge. Restlessness was maddening her. Girls were not supposed to think of marriage nowadays till they were well over twenty. Therefore she thought of it when she was eighteen.

It shocked her a little to find that Charley Scudder should be the man of all men who interested her as a husband. Hitherto she had imagined for herself a sort of amalgamated husband made up of various characters out of fiction, certain theatrical and moving-picture beauties, several athletes of national fame in football, polo and the prize-ring, and two or three social figures, all melted and molded into one ideal personage.

She had wanted to marry the best, the most handsome and the most exciting of mankind; yet by a stupid arrangement of fate, she could marry only one man at a time, and even if she could take her pick among living men, the best of them would have some of the worst of traits.

One big reason for dismissing the thought of wedlock had been the fact that her field of selection had been so hopelessly limited. She knew hardly anybody worth knowing—a few high-school boys, a few collegians she met casually and soon lost sight of, a few lads who were not even students.

She had longed to get into society, but her people were among the least elect in Los Angeles. The art and the movie colonies were unknown to her from the inside. She thought it was a darned shame that she could not travel. She had never been anywhere beyond the range of an automobile. Why couldn't she have been born in a family with money? It would have been glorious to be born a foreigner. Foreigners were so distinguished.

She was sure that the stork had started with her for some castle or palace and had carelessly lost her out of the sack that storks carry babies in. Then she had fallen through the roof into the humble home of her parents—condemned to be a Todd.

SHE had done the best she could to be as little Toddish as possible, but her success had been small. She had hoped to marry out of her shabby surroundings some day, but up to yet nobody on earth had ever asked her to marry him except Charley Scudder, and his proposals had been so vague that she had laughed them off. She had told him that it would be silly for her to marry until she was at least five years older.

And now all of a sudden she was simply mad crazy nuts about Charley and heartsick to marry him. How could she wait five years for the blissful day of their union?

Last night she had figured it out on the margin of the textbook she had been supposed to be studying. 5x365=1825. Nearly two thousand days and nights! And she had thought that yesterday would never end! Tomorrow looked longer yet.

Even the last hour had been interminable. She had watched the clock, waiting for school to be over, and had been firmly convinced that the hands had stopped moving. Now she set the pencil to scratching again, and with much difficulty multiplied 1825 by 24. She finally reached the conclusion that between her and her marriage at the age of twenty-three stretched no less than 43,800 hours!

She fell into a reverie upon marriage. It was not the reverie of the ignorantly innocent maiden of tradition. But it had its charms. The best of it was that she would have a home of her own, a bungalow, a flat, something that she could call hers. She would be emancipated from the slavery of a pigeonhole in her father's house, under the eternal supervision of her mother.

She would be free and responsible to nobody. Charley would be, like other American husbands, a sort of self-supporting messenger-boy as well as a devoted lover. He would get a job somewhere and they would begin humbly. Some day they would strike it rich, of course; but meanwhile it would be fun to economize in one's own little home. Even economy looked romantic in her dream. She had never tried it, so it must be nice.

IT occurred to her warming soul that she would be doing her mother and father a great favor, too, by taking herself off their hands. Tears came to her eyes as she thought of her poor father slaving away to earn money for her clothes and shoes, and of her mother going shabby that Louise might go smart.

She could hardly contain herself till she reached home and broke the glorious news to her mother. She burst into the house and found Mrs. Todd as usual with a workbasket in her lap.

Unfortunately for high romance, Mrs. Todd was in one of her most unromantic moods. She was thinking about her own family budget, and could see no way to patch together the ends that would not meet.

"Mamma, I've been thinking—"

"High time you were—and about a lot of things."

"I've made up my mind to get married."

"And you only eighteen!"

"How old were you when you walked the plank?"

"Seventeen; but—"

"Yes, and you didn't know a tenth that I do. You don't know much of anything about much of anything yet, darling."

"Well, you know a heap about what you hadn't ought to, but you got less useful information in that little head of yours than I've got in this thimble."

"That's why I thought I'd get married."

"To who?"

" 'To who'? You sound like an old owl, Mamma. For heaven's sake don't say 'To who!' Say 'Who to?' or 'To whom?' "

"All right, Miss High School. Whom to'm?"

"To Scuddy, of course."

"Not to Charley Scudder?"

"Charley Scudder."

"Stop joking!"

"He's one of God's own gentlemen, and he'll have a great future with some good woman to guide him."

"Are you the good woman?"

"Well, I haven't been a saint exactly, but I'm willing to try anything once."

"And where are you going to guide him—to the poorhouse? He hasn't even got a job yet, has he?"

"He'll get one easily enough."

"What at?"

"Don't be nasty, Mamma. I'm trying to turn over a new leaf and I'm heart-set on taking myself off the shoulders of you and poor Daddy."

"Taking yourself off? You mean adding Charley Scudder to the family! He'll never be able to support you in a thousand years."

This was a dampener. To come home in the spirit of a rescuing angel and be ridiculed, was shocking. Her ungrateful mother went on relentlessly:

"When did this Scudder cub ask you to marry him?"

"Oh, he hasn't asked me yet."

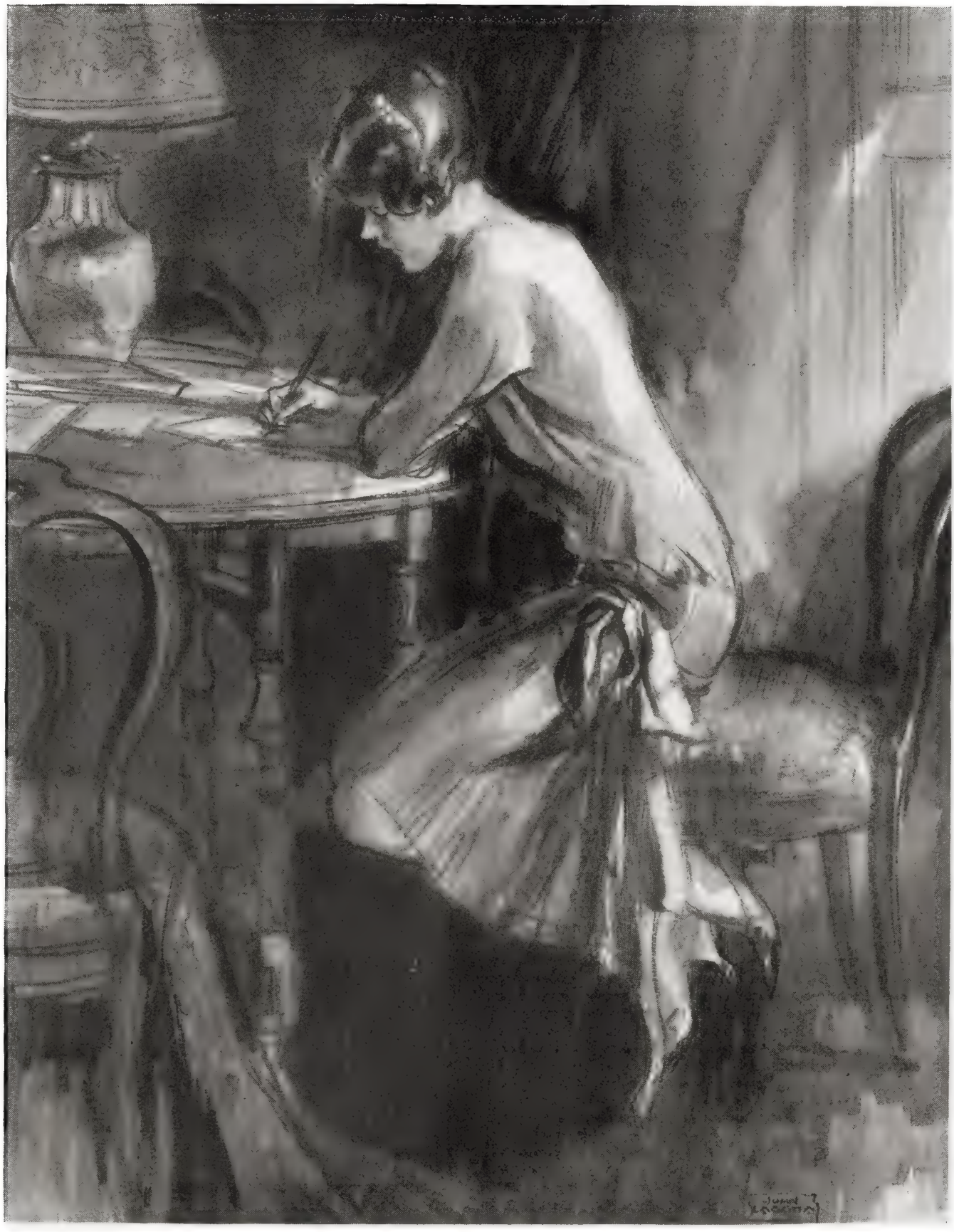
"You're going to ask him, eh?"

"Why not? Now that women can vote and hold down jobs, they have as much right to propose as men have."

"And I s'pose men have as much right to say no as women used to have."

"Of course. But Charley loves me. Only the other night he begged me again to marry him. I said I was too young, but I've been thinking it over, and I've come to realize that I really love Charley, and he loves me, and we ought to get married while the bloom of love is—while the dew is on the rose.

"It seems to me pitiful to put off marrying till we're stodgy



She figured it out on the margin of the book she was supposed to be studying. Two thousand days between her and marriage!

old people used to getting along without each other. If we marry now while we're both young, we'll sort of weld together—do you know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean, but I don't believe it for an instant. You're both too young to know your own minds."

"I'm a year older than you were."

"Yes, but in my day girls were taught sensible things, sewing, cooking—"

"I can sew if I want to. I studied cooking and household economics at high school."

"You'll have need for your economics all right. You'll starve to death."

"People don't starve to death nowadays."

"I suppose you expect your father to take care of you both. Well, let me tell you, Miss, that your poor father has more than he can take care of now."

"That's one of my reasons for getting married, Mamma—to leave more for the rest of you."

"You'll never do it with that lad. He hasn't sense enough to earn his own board and keep. How do *(Continued on page 158)*

Captain Musker's Vacation

By

William McFee

Illustrated by George Wright

Because he has been, for years, a sea-going engineer, as well as one of the first writers of our day, Mr. McFee dares to depart far from usual in a story of a ship and a man and a woman.

THE *Sonambula,* bound east for overhauling and the modernizing of her accommodation, had a slender passenger list. Her baroque and rococo red-and-gold dining-saloon, soon to be changed to a delicate gray Adams interior, contained a mere sprinkling of men and no women. They were the overflow from the regular Atlantic bookings. It was true two ladies were on the list, but neither of them had been seen since leaving New York. One, a Mrs. Stanford, was an elderly invalid and required a stewardess in constant attendance. Mr. Wigmore, the chief steward, didn't know what to do about the other one.

Even with a reduced crew there was very little to keep Mr. Wigmore's staff employed. When a ship is going to have her inside torn out, when the brass work, linoleum, carpets, curtains, paneling and electric fittings are to be sold as junk to the dock-side speculators, it makes no difference whether she arrives in good shape or not, in the opinion of the glory-hole. Mr. Wigmore and his second-in-command were unable to combat a subtle atmosphere abroad in the ship that with a relieving skipper topside, a skipper who was going home on vacation, who very likely regarded this trip from New York to Liverpool as part of his vacation, nothing terrible would happen if they loafed a little.

Mr. Vokes, the regular purser of the *Sonambula* these days, strongly disapproved. Mr. Vokes, being an accountant by training and a bureaucrat by nature, was impatient with the weaknesses of the lower ranks on a ship. The celerity with which they spent their money in foreign ports, the unpleasant spectacles they presented when coming on board at some unearthly hour, were repugnant to Mr. Vokes. On this voyage eastward for refitting, they began to get out of hand at once. Mr. Wigmore, metaphorically, wrung his hands in the purser's office.

"Logging them's no good," said Vokes, examining his carefully manicured nails. "What do they care about losing a day's pay here or there? It's only six days to Liverpool. You'll have to wait until they've drunk all the stuff they brought on board."

With her sharp pink forenail she traced out his

"It isn't only booze," worried Wigmore. Mr. Wigmore was always on the brink of worrying if not actually at it. He had for fifteen years worried his way from dish-washer to a chief-stewardship in the Afro-Iberian Mail, and he had the air of expecting to be fired without a reference at any moment. "It isn't only the booze. There's a jane in Number Seventy-two."

Mr. Vokes glanced perfunctorily at the list under his elbow. It was a short one. He knew who was in Seventy-two. The list stated that she was Doris Harringay, married, housewife, aged twenty-seven, domiciled in New York City and a through passenger to Paris, France. An American citizen. He had seen her for a moment. Very young-looking. Red lips. Vokes did

destiny. "It says your life will cross with that of a very young woman," she told him. "That must be you," he said.

not care for the over-painted type. He had many virtues, but tolerance towards what he didn't like was not one of them. He looked at Wigmore, his patrician lips beginning to curl at the prospect of some vulgar complication.

"Really?" he said.

"Yes," said Wigmore. "I happened to go along the alleyway myself, and one of my men, Slingsby, was just slipping out."

Vokes looked at another list lying on his desk. Martin Slingsby, cabin steward. He knew the blighter. Had been an officer in the war. Temporary gentleman, permanent nuisance. Slipping out of lady-passengers' rooms! Vokes was depressed.

"What time was this?" he demanded irritably.

"Before breakfast," mumbled Wigmore. He looked very worried.

"I should disrate Slingsby," suggested Vokes severely, "but if you can't find an excuse to speak to Number Seventy-two, I should advise you to let the Old Man know."

Vokes made a wry face as he uttered this valuable counsel. He had no intention of following it himself. He hoped and prayed nothing would make it necessary for him to go up to see this Old Man. He had been annoyed, distinctly, when the news spread round the ship that Captain Musker was taking the *Sonambula* home. Good Lord!

Vokes was simply and elementally afraid of Captain Musker.

To him it was grotesque that people stood for such a man. It was a mystery why the Company permitted him to hold a command. More than once, on the *Biskra,* when Vokes was purser there, he would have sworn they were going to have an explosion on arrival. To the correct, conventional Vokes, the Captain was a buccaneer of the promenade deck. If he, Vokes, took a fancy to a lady-passenger and showed her extra attention, sure as fate that tall, powerful-featured blighter upstairs would spot it and have the girl shifted to his table, take her ashore, dine her in his cabin and keep her up till midnight on his own private deck telling her stories of the world, the flesh and the devil. The exasperating thing about these abductions was that the girls liked it. They would tell Vokes on arriving in New York that they had had the time of their lives. They would thank him ecstatically for introducing them to that darling Captain.

Introduce them, by Jove! There were precious few women Captain Musker was waiting to be introduced to. He was there, established on the ground-floor, while the Vokes and other underlings were asking the number of the street. And he was married, with a wife and five children in Liverpool. Vokes knew that well enough. Everybody knew it. If anybody didn't know it, Captain Musker would probably inform them. It was astounding, the frank effrontery of that man. It was his custom, when carrying on one of his love-affairs with a cruise-passenger, to tell her that his wife did not understand him. Statistics show that a very high percentage of lady cruise-passengers accepted this statement without referring it to Mrs. Musker.

Vokes, moreover, had always been aware of a certain amused animosity in Captain Musker's attitude towards himself. He had detected a distinct fondness in the Captain for misinterpreting his purser's delicate and chivalrous attentions to various nice girls. And now here was Captain Musker on the *Sonambula* and a prospect of trouble heaving over the horizon.

Vokes was not the man to think on his feet, as they say. Vokes, indeed, was one of those men who, in the genuine sense of the word, do not think at all. Their minds run on narrow-gauge tracks which have been built by other men. What Vokes thought had been settled long ago by others. He knew his job and obeyed the rules. He believed that he was a gentleman and followed the conventional behavior of those animals. Vokes never actually laid it down as a demonstrable proposition, but he had an uneasy feeling that the man who thought things out for himself and acted on his own initiative must be a bit of a bounder. He was absolutely convinced Captain Musker was one of these undesirable persons.

Mr. Wigmore, who knew Captain Musker more by reputation than actual contact, looked woebegone at Mr. Vokes' suggestion. Even Vokes himself was able to see the irony of complaining to the celebrated Captain Musker about the behavior of a lady-passenger.

"Disrating him will be more trouble than it's worth," said Wigmore. He was a little bit of a chap, efficient in a faithful-dog fashion, economical and without an idea in the world beyond his job.

"Well, what *are* you going to do?"

Wigmore flicked the ash off his cigarette in a despondent mood.

"It's Seventy-two that's the trouble," he muttered, "not my man. I admit he's a bit of a misfit. He ought to be in your department."

"Thanks," said Vokes acidly; and Wigmore decided to see the Old Man.

CAPTAIN MUSKER, who had been shifted from his own ship, the *Biskra,* for vacation in England after two years' service, was lying down on his settee in a darkened cabin. He was out of sight of the entrance to the suite, but a wardrobe door, which was a mirror as well, was partially open at such an angle that the Captain, by glancing across the room, could see, without being seen, whoever came in. He was not particularly eager to see anybody. He had just had a strenuous emotional experience on the *Biskra* during his last voyage in her. An important passenger, a dictator from the Republic of Costaragua, had been lost overboard. It was accepted as a case of suicide. But Captain Musker, who had known the wife of that dictator when she and he had been young, was not so sure. He had been tremendously relieved when he found he was to depart at once in the *Sonambula* for a month's vacation on the other side. He had lost his head, or rather Dolores Fuenmayor had lost hers, and had nearly let him in for the explosion Vokes had been expecting for years.

Yes, Captain Harry Musker, emotional freebooter, had nearly been scuttled and sunk. It was the strong wine of an old romance. Now he was coming back to normalcy. He was inclined to regard the week's run eastward as part of his vacation. It was Yardley's ship—Yardley, the ladies' man; and what suited Yardley would do for the *Sonambula* until she docked in the Mersey. Captain Musker was due for a month at Sefton Park, with his wife and five children. Anyone who knew him intimately, if such a person existed, would have cackled heartlessly at the very notion of such a vacation.

The shock of that meeting with Dolores after all these years had reminded him he was not a young man any more. Forty-seven. The trouble was, he felt as young as ever. His contempt for such men as that fellow Vokes, for example, arose from his conviction that, although he was close to the half-century, he was more alive, more interesting to women, than Vokes ever was or ever would be. Half the men passengers he carried, he reflected, were only half-alive. They were rich, and to a certain extent intelligent, if you stuck to some stereotyped form of information. But he never blamed those quick, brilliant, beautiful women for becoming bored with such men. They had no vitality. You could feel it. They led the lives of grubs burrowing in filing cabinets.

He had not even looked down the passenger-list since leaving. He had not left the bridge deck. He was going home on vacation. It struck him that it was time he made a change in his life. After all, he was getting along. It was a good chance to taper off, as they said. A week's voyage and a domestic hearth awaiting him. He was not sure whether he liked the idea very much after all. He had been away for two years, and so long as he remained in his profession he could hardly fail to feel a stranger in his wife's home.

MR. WIGMORE, looking worried, appeared on the mirror of the wardrobe door and Captain Musker waited for him to speak.

He always did that. It was one of Vokes' reasons for disliking him. He never gave a man any assistance towards an explanation. And now he was not only silent, but almost invisible—a mere shape in the shuttered dusk of the room.

Suddenly he said, in a clear tone: "Well?"

Mr. Wigmore, as though a spring had released his faculties, stepped into the sleeping-room, laid a hand on the empty bed-place and informed Captain Musker that he was having trouble with the men, but that he was afraid the passenger in Number Seventy-two was not keeping the stewards in their place.

"I thought that was your job," said Captain Musker.

"No doubt," agreed Mr. Wigmore, studying the carpet; "but it would be easier if the passenger in Number Seventy-two kept her place, if Captain Musker preferred it that way."

On hearing this, the Captain swung his feet to the floor and rose. He glanced at Mr. Wigmore as he passed into the sitting-room. They had been in the same service a long time now. Captain Musker knew Wigmore was all right. And he had no intention of letting the crew get away with any hanky-panky because he was strange to the ship. In fact he welcomed a little insubordination. As for Number Seventy-two, he picked up the passenger-list on his desk. H-m. Mrs. Doris Harringay, of New York City, for Paris, France.

Captain Musker glanced down the names. Only two lady-passengers.

"Mrs. Stanford is an invalid," said Mr. Wigmore.

"And Mrs. Harringay is strong and active, eh? Well, tomorrow I'll take inspection. Who's at my table?"

"No one, sir. I told the head waiter to hold it until he heard from you."

"Put Mrs. Harringay at my table. Set one of the small ones. Have two other passengers if they are agreeable. What's she like, this Mrs. Harringay?"

Mr. Wigmore rubbed his chin slowly with the back of his forefinger.

"She seemed to me one of these quiet ones!" he remarked, inadequately.

"So I should say if she's permitting familiarities from the cabin-stewards. Has she a seat in the saloon?"

"Well, she hasn't used it yet, sir. She's been having her meals in her room, and what with Miss Grahame being busy with Number Ninety-seven so much—"

"Put her at my table," said Captain Musker. "I'll write a note."

He sat down and scribbled on a card that Captain Musker requested the honor of Mrs. Harringay's company at dinner at

"Oh, I'm scared!" she said. "I'll fall off!" She melted into his arms.

his table that evening at seven o'clock. He put it in an envelope and gave it to Mr. Wigmore.

In spite of his tart comment, the Captain knew what Mr. Wigmore had in mind when he said Mrs. Harringay was one of the quiet ones. Probably never been on a ship before. So many of them, he reflected, had suffered shipwreck ashore before he had the pleasure of meeting them on the ocean. She probably thought the cabin-stewards, being in uniform, were officers. It would be his duty and his recreation to give her a few pointers on the subject.

He was going home on vacation, and from the bridge of the *Sonambula* the prospect of a month in Sefton Park was depressing enough. It occurred to him that he had enough put by to take a trip to London. In spite of the five children—Janet, the eldest, must be fifteen—Mrs. Musker saved out of the two-thirds pay she received each month. A thrifty Lancashire lass, Janet Musker. A man would go a long way before he would find a more capable wife and mother. And yet, Captain Musker reflected as he dressed for dinner, they had precious little in common. She had no thoughts for anything outside of her house and children. Her women friends, captains' wives like herself, kept out of the way during Captain Musker's infrequent sojourns in the house at Sefton Park. She had a way of regarding the children as her own property. She reared them with a hard, unsmiling solicitude. And her system would have been perfect but for one thing. The children were *(Continued on page 148)*

Six in Step with

VINA DELMAR

says of herself: "I was born in 1906. I saw America first—in New York City. My parents were in the show business. I was educated in a public school. I have been on the stage. I was not a good actress, but was a notable success as an usher. I have been a typist in two or three offices and was never discharged. I married Eugene Delmar. We have a son. I play chess and tennis very poorly."

We will say of Mrs. Delmar (whose photograph appears above) that she writes very cleverly; and more — with fascinating originality, which you may judge for yourself in a story of hers which will appear in an early number of this magazine. "Bad Girl," her first book, you have read by now.

THORNTON WILDER

has sprung the surprise of the moment upon the New York critics. Those gentlemen (and ladies), by the way, appear to possess the most preposterous capacity for astonishment; they are always at it. Life for them seems to be merely one amazement after another.

At any rate, their present state of awe is due to the wide public appreciation of a most unusual novel, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," written by Thornton Wilder, who was born in Madison, Wisconsin, was graduated from Yale University and later traveled extensively in such parts as Peru, where was the Bridge. . . . . His picture is reproduced below.

ARTHUR K. AKERS

is of Scotch descent and lives in the most interesting spot in the world—Birmingham, Alabama. At least, it is the place most fascinating to him, not only because it is his home, but because he has the humor to appreciate the seriocomedies which are daily occurrences in a city where a large part of the population is made up of sons and daughters of cotton-field "hands" essaying suddenly the way of Twentieth Century urban civilization.

Mr. Akers (his photograph is reproduced below) will continue to add to the gayety of nations and this magazine by his reports of these dark, dark doings.

Photo by Chambers

the Tune of Today

Photo by Nickolas Muray

ANN HARDING

whose photograph is reproduced below, won her way to Broadway triumph along an unusual path. Born in Ft. Sam Houston, she found her first employment with the Metropolitan Life, became for a time a scenario-reader for Famous-Players-Lasky; and she first stepped upon a stage in a part with the Provincetown Players in Susan Glaspell's "Inheritor." After rôles in "Tarnish" and "The Horse Thief" and then "The Green Hat," she was leading lady in Jessie Bonstelle's stock company in Detroit. "The Woman Disputed" followed, and led to her greatest success in "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

GEORGE CHILES

son of a Texas banker, keeps in step with the tune of our times literally as well as figuratively—he is a ballroom dancer.

Princeton University was the point of departure for Mr. Chiles from the usual path to bond-salesmanship. He left college for a dramatic career, but was diverted toward his present profession by a producer who started him dancing in the "Music Box."

Discovering a charming partner in Madeleine Northway, he quickly won fame in ballroom exhibitions, and apparently has abandoned the stage in favor of ballroom dancing as a vocation. His picture appears below.

Photo by Rayhuff-Richter

ROSAMOND PINCHOT

should be referred to, formally, as Mrs. William Gaston, for she recently has married. She is a niece of the former Governor Gifford Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, and under her own name won fame in the same rôle which was played by Iris Tree, daughter of Sir Beerbohm Tree, and which brought to prominence Elinor Patterson, daughter of Joseph Medill Patterson of Chicago—the rôle of the nun in "The Miracle."

Miss Pinchot has also interpreted various rôles under Max Reinhardt's direction, in Austria and Germany; and in the Reinhardt productions, at the Century Theater, New York, has appeared in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Jedermann" and "Danton's Tod," playing in German.

Photo by Pach Bros.

IN THE

A tremendous episode recorded by one of our best writers—and one who "was there."

By Coningsby

BACK home, where summer was not a leafy treachery concealing murder, Jack's mother still treasured faded photographs of him wearing masses of silky curls. He traced his adult sensitiveness to the childish humiliations that his mother's pride in his angelic appearance had caused him. For years he had had to struggle against his fear of the dark. Even now, when his khaki uniform proclaimed him a savior of his country, he couldn't feel as dashing as he knew he ought in the presence of girls.

By girls he meant Alison. On the leave that was ended, he had tried to propose to her; she had prevented him with laughter. But in the letter he had addressed to her since rejoining his battery, he had been burningly explicit. Her reply had reached him just as all mail was being stopped—a sure sign that a big offensive was preparing. She hadn't said *no;* she hadn't said *yes.* She had pleaded her youth and begged him to be understanding. He had read between the lines. If he should happen to go west, she didn't want to reproach herself with having broken his heart; whereas if he survived, she could refuse him quite nicely and conventionally.

Her final paragraph had been the one that had disturbed him most, containing news that Archie Sears had been decorated for valor. Archie Sears was his red-headed and generous rival. Jack was too good a sportsman to grudge Archie his fortune—a ribbon pinned on one's breast was largely a matter of luck; almost everybody in the front line deserved several. What he feared was the effect the award would have on Alison; it would seem to single Archie out as exceptionally a hero. If he himself were not to lose ground in her affections, he must do something absurdly reckless that would gain for him a mention in dispatches. Already he had enfevered his imagination by the vision of her reading in the morning paper: *"Lieutenant John Cunningham, the Military Cross for destroying an enemy machine-gun which was delaying the advance," "Lieutenant John Cunningham, the Distinguished Service Order for bringing his guns into action at a point of extreme danger, thereby beating off an enemy counter-attack,"* or *"Lieutenant John Cunningham, the V. C. for rescuing his wounded colonel."* That last wasn't likely, since his colonel was no fool and directed his troops prudently from brigade headquarters. Nevertheless Jack was determined to seize the first chance for performing a deed of superb devotion to duty. He would write her a letter, to be mailed in the event of his death, so that she might know who had inspired his gallantry.

Since he had parted from her in the dingy London station, he had had the increasing feeling that fate was playing into his hands. His blind confidence in his destiny was positively uncanny. He had returned to the front to find his brigade lying hidden on a wooded hilltop in plain view, save for sheltering trees, of the enemy. At first sight it had seemed that no spot in the surrounding landscape could have been so madly chosen. Then it had dawned on him that beneath the summer foliage of that hitherto

DARK

Dawson

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

quiet sector storm-troops lay massed in unprecedented numbers. His brigade was on the wooded hilltop because there was no room for it elsewhere.

Scarcely a gun was firing. To all appearances the Allied trenches were only thinly held. Every precaution was being taken to lull the enemy into a sense of security. By day nothing stirred. But as visibility faded with nightfall, the sylvan tranquillity rustled with frenzied activity. Roads became jammed; tanks waddling up to jumping-off points; motor-lorries dashing forward with ammunition; sweating horses dragging guns into concealed positions. Then, with the dawn, illusive solitude—everything camouflaged, the Robin Hoods vanished.

A strange fearlessness was abroad, a cruel stealth, an inhuman pitilessness. It was as though every man, from sanitary orderlies to generals, had become possessed. No one thought of death as personal; victory was the thing that counted. It was almost as though immortality was the goal toward which these secretive assassins were striving. When would it begin, this opportunity for extinction?

It began with the earliest hint of dawn on a luscious August morning. Stars were waning. Mists hung caught in copses or stole like white shadows over wheat-lands. The sharpness of wine was in the air. In the enemy trenches yawning sentries consulted watches, thankful that their spell of duty was nearly ended. Suddenly from the crest above them thousands of whistles sounded, and with scarcely a pause, a hurricane of shells descended, burying them, staving in their dugouts, hurling them into eternity, scorched and blasted. Confusion became despair. Discipline was abandoned. When the sun peered rosily above the horizon, the German army at that point was a rabble. The break in the line had occurred. The element of surprise had conquered.

From the Allied crest, where yesterday nothing had stirred, the heaviest concentration of artillery in the war's history lengthened ranges, spreading hell throughout the enemy's back areas. Over the ridge the infantry came pouring, shouting jokes, bayonets gleaming, caps perched jauntily, like boys excited by the prospect of a rat-hunt.

In the first half-hour of the bombardment, while the enemy had been still feebly retaliating, both Jack's major and captain had been knocked out. As senior lieutenant he had taken command. He'd often wondered how he would act were such responsibility thrust upon him. Now he wondered no longer; he had risen to authority like a hunter clearing a hedge. Perhaps part of his newly discovered self-reliance was due to anger—unreasoning anger at his major's and captain's death. His men were filled with the same passion—eager to exact revenge. The certainty that they would back him up spurred his confidence. And then there was another incentive, deeper and more reverent, that fate, not wholly blind or illogical, was lending him a friendly hand.

By nine o'clock the retreat was beyond range of his eighteen-

pounders; he had to cease firing lest he should be accused of shooting short. While he was impotently cursing the lethargy of his commanders, a runner arrived with orders. On reading them he was astounded—so astounded that he held the runner while he telephoned brigade headquarters.

The orders meant precisely what they said, the adjutant informed him. His unit was to become a sacrifice-battery. He was to hook in and breeze off in pursuit of the routed enemy till his ammunition gave out or he was recalled. As regards supplies, when his rations for the next twenty-four hours were exhausted, he must beg, borrow or steal till Brigade caught up with him. With regard to water, he must be careful, since the Huns were likely to have poisoned most of the wells. His instructions were to take on all targets, such as machine-gun emplacements, nests of snipers, and the like, which were impeding the advance. Probably he would be firing over open sights and coming into action at the gallop before the day was ended.

"But supposing my ammunition lasts, how far am I to go? Till I reach Germany?" he asked facetiously.

"Not quite so far as Germany," the adjutant laughed. "It's a death-and-glory stunt, but there's to be no capturing of the Kaiser single-handed. A second runner is on his way to you with the latest batch of maps. When you've reached their limit, you'll naturally have to halt."

"Naturally." A gunner without maps is as useless as Samson when his eyes had been put out.

As he let fall the receiver, he was grinning. His chance at last! What wouldn't he make of it? He felt sorry for Archie Sears. Already he was imagining Alison clinging to his arm: "And to think that I almost refused you, Jack, and that you were the one to do it! I'm so proud—"

They were off, descending the shell-pocked road that led steeply into the valley they had disputed. The smoke of battle had not yet cleared entirely; it drifted, taking on weird shapes, standing upright, stooping, crawling. Overhead, the sun shone brilliantly; bits jangled; the rumbling of limbers made a bass-drum music. At the foot of the valley lay a village. Yesterday it had been pretty; today it was a heap of ruins. Stretcher-bearers were at work, mostly German prisoners, blue-eyed and blond-headed, who staggered wearily back and forth under the threat of vigilant rifles. In what remained of the church a first-aid dressing-station had been established. At the door the wounded formed a patient queue, absorbed in their pain, uninterested in what was passing. Farther on, along a ditch, a preliminary harvest of the dead had been neatly collected, identification-disks showing, like bundles ready for posting. Appallingly perfunctory, this business of glory! At the beginning recruiting-posters, bands playing, girls blowing kisses; at the end a shallow grave, a perspiring burying-party, an improvised wooden cross on which your name and rank were recorded. Jack twisted in his saddle, gazing back at his men. Evidently they didn't share his faculty for introspection. Despite proofs to the contrary, they believed themselves invulnerable. Then a new fancy: perhaps he too was temporarily invulnerable. His love for Alison protected him. Ahead the road was obstructed by broken transport, which the enemy had abandoned in fleeing. He consulted his map and concluded that his going would be faster if he took to the open country. He gave the order to trot. For more than an hour they bumped and jolted through flowering fields, guns leading, firing-battery and first-line wagons strung out behind them. He dramatized his emotions—the heroic showing they made, himself in command—a young Napoleon. He wished that Alison could see him. She'd never quite believed in him as a soldier. To be honest, he'd never quite believed in himself. He looked too mild for this game of slaughtering. But she would have to believe in him when next she met him. First lieutenants weren't awarded D. S. O.'s or V. C.'s for nothing. Which would it be, a D. S. O. or a V. C., he wondered.

Throwing his horse on its haunches, he gave the signal to halt. Ahead lay a village. It might still be occupied by snipers. Drawing his revolver and accompanied only by his orderly, he galloped forward to reconnoiter. Not a rifle cracked. A brooding silence. Flowers in cottage gardens. Doors wide. When he peered across their thresholds, another note was sounded—recent panic. Chairs overturned. Cooking-utensils scattered. Partly eaten meals on tables, above which flies buzzed and quarreled.

He sent a message back by his orderly that the village was safe to enter.

Where was the enemy? Would he spend his strength in pursuing, but never in overtaking? For a moment his self-confidence wavered. He couldn't have come faster. He had proof of that when the battery filed past him; the teams were foam-flecked and drooping.

Sergeant-major Jelks rode up and saluted. If he might be allowed a suggestion, the horses ought to be rubbed down and watered.

"We've got to be careful about water in captured villages," Jack told him. "Brigade warned me that it was likely to be poisoned."

Sergeant-major Jelks adopted the patient air, half-deferential, half-paternal, which all sergeant-majors employ when addressing young officers. In his opinion this was a case in which Brigade's advice ought to be disregarded. Horses were h'animals—they weren't locomotives. If they weren't watered reg'lar— His unfinished sentence was eloquent of the disasters that might follow. And then, a horse was endowed with instinct; he would turn up his nose at water that was poisoned.

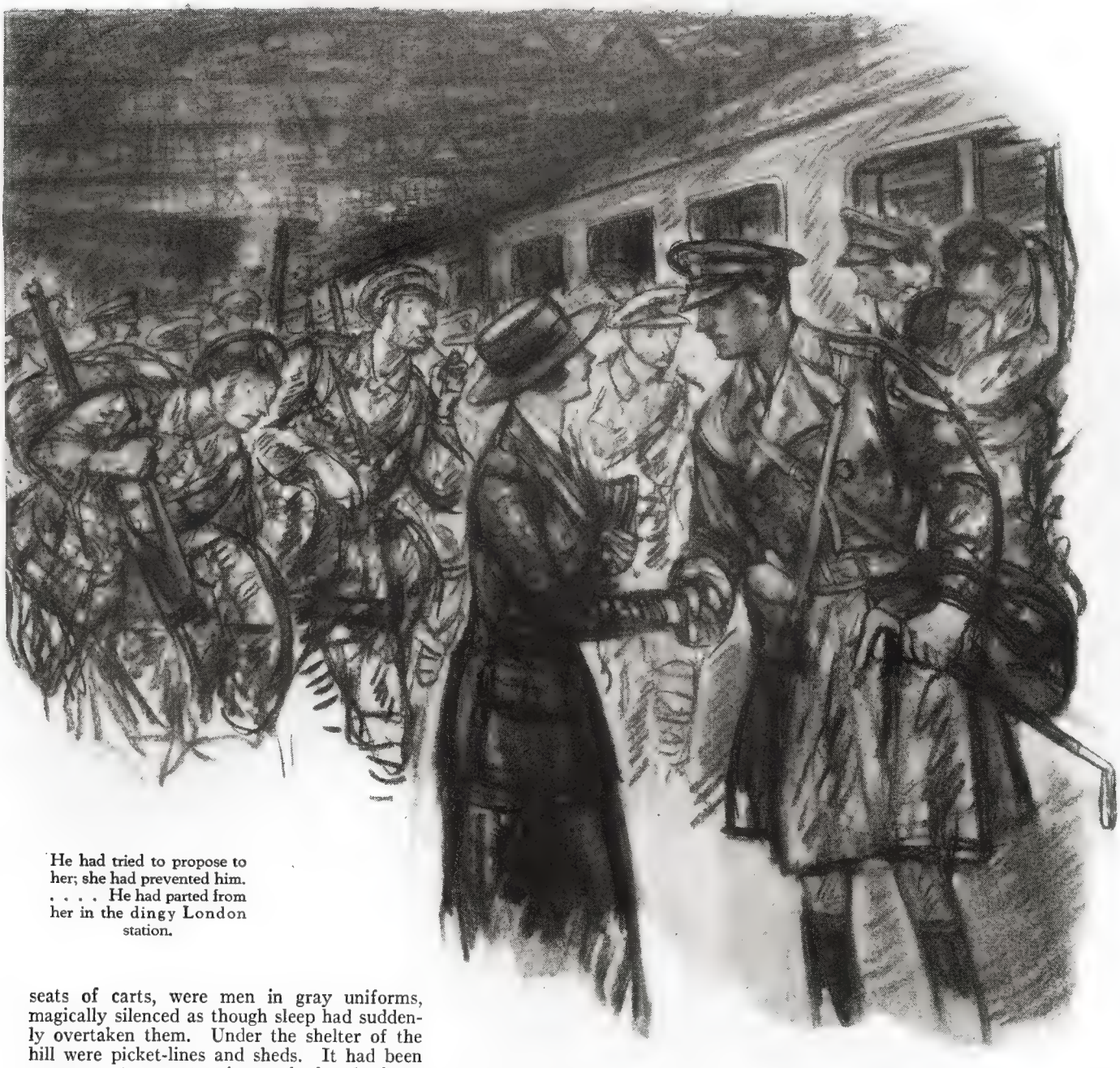
Jack, having never owned a horse till he joined the army, surrendered to the wisdom of an expert. But he was firm about the men; they at least must stick to their bottles and drink sparingly in order that they might make the supply they had brought with them last.

A well was found and an hour conceded for the regimental routine of grooming. Before the hour was ended, Jack received word that a dead German had been discovered at the well's bottom. He made a speech to the men, enlarging on the inhuman practices of the enemy and emphasizing the reason for his stringent orders against refilling water-bottles.

On leaving the village they followed a rutted track. In farms which they passed, not a cock crew, not a dog barked. The country had been completely denuded of inhabitants, pillaged and deserted. Signs of fighting vanished. The August peace of the early afternoon grew sultry.

They proceeded at a walk. Reserves of strength would be required later. The slow progress of their going resembled that of a route-march. It couldn't be helped. As Sergeant-major Jelks had said, horses were animals; they weren't locomotives. Jack was very conscious that his sergeant-major's eyes were judging him. If he gave the order to trot, he would cancel his respect.

They were entering a ravine through which the track ran winding, the very spot for an ambush, when on rounding a bend, where the gully widened, figures were seen distantly moving. Thrilling to the alarm, Jack stole forward with a scouting party. On closer inspection the figures proved to be riderless horses. Evidently all of them were wounded. Some limped about grazing; most squatted on their haunches, their forefeet supporting them, in the attitude of dogs. Dumped on the grass like sacks, or crumpled on the



He had tried to propose to her; she had prevented him. . . . . He had parted from her in the dingy London station.

seats of carts, were men in gray uniforms, magically silenced as though sleep had suddenly overtaken them. Under the shelter of the hill were picket-lines and sheds. It had been an enemy transport unit, caught by the long-range barrage of the heavies. Strange to think that gunners whose accurate aim had produced this havoc would never witness the drama they had wrought!

Just beyond the sheds the ravine sloped up and ended. Jack halted his battery and was setting out to reconnoiter, when he was conscious that eyes of men he had fancied dead, were turning. A hoarse murmur. Fingers pointing to parched lips. His hand went to his water-bottle; then the memory of the well that had been contaminated hardened him. He sent for the sergeant-major:

"The battery remains mounted. No man leaves his limber or his saddle. If they do,"—he smiled at his historical reference, well-knowing the man he was addressing would find it Greek,—"they'll be imitating Sir Philip Sydney at Zutphen. You remember, of course: 'Thy need is greater than mine.' Well, in this case it isn't, and there's to be no giving away of water."

As he galloped off, he accused himself: "Damnable! Heartless! If Alison were to see me now, she wouldn't recognize me."

What he really meant was that he was becoming the sort of man whom women admire.

Beyond the ravine a lovely level of parkland stretched for miles, billowing up into a wooded crest against the far horizon. But it wasn't the loveliness of the scene that inspired him. It was the spiteful rattle of machine-guns. At last he had caught up with the enemy; they were fighting a desperate rear-guard action. Peering through his glasses, he could see plainly what was happening. The main body was still retiring, but was leaving behind in copses, hollows and wherever there was cover, pockets of stubborn defenders. Of all the Allied forces only planes, tanks and cavalry were in sight. The tanks were lumbering like grotesque ducks, dragging their bellies and quacking bullets. The cavalry were cantering forward, as though they were polo-players—then suddenly wheeling toward a puff of smoke and charging. The planes sailed serenely, as though their sole interest were that of spectators. Watched from his distance, through binoculars, there was nothing dreadful about war. Even when riders fell and horses staggered, it seemed sporting and impersonal. He guessed the range to those retiring battalions which swarmed like ants. By hurrying his battery forward five hundred yards, he would have them comfortably at his mercy.

It wasn't till he blazed away a third of his ammunition that he realized he probably wasn't fulfilling his mission—and that quite certainly this was no way to win a decoration. Every shot had been effective; he had watched results through his glasses and had felt rather proud of the exactitude of his corrections. The error was that he was only massacring belligerents who, for the time being, were relatively harmless. The enemy he ought to be engaging were those who had been left behind in pill-boxes and strongholds, against whom the cavalry were throwing away their lives. This suspicion had just dawned on him, when an airplane flew over, dropping a written message, to which were attached streamers to attract his attention. The message proved to contain the map-location of a target at much shorter range than any he had been engaging. The only detail appended was that it was a machine-gun nest, which neither tanks nor cavalry had succeeded in obliterating. Without delay he turned his guns on it,

but discovered that he was unable to observe his shrapnel-bursts. A cold sweat spread over him—a paralyzing hesitancy. The airplane-observer might have misjudged the target's map-location, in which case it was highly probable that he was killing soldiers on his own side. If that were the case, it would mean a court-martial. Fine news for Alison—that he had been tried for inefficiency! He was taking no chance of disgrace in his quest for honor.

"Cease fire. Limber up," he ordered.

AT breakneck pace he started off to the rescue. This was the V. C. job for which his heart had craved. He rehearsed the scene that awaited him in imagination. Reckless of danger, he would gallop his guns into the open and give: "Halt. Action front." A dozen rounds, and the obstacle which tanks and cavalry had failed to conquer would crumble. Huns would pour out, arms uplifted in surrender. A colonel, who was opportunely a witness, would congratulate him: "Smart work, my lad. You saved the situation."

Nothing of the sort occurred. A battery of horse-artillery had arrived ahead of him and paid the price. Their teams lay scuppered on the summer hillside, the drivers dead and crushed beneath them in falling. Two of their guns had been abandoned, either because they were damaged or had no teams to draw them. The survivors had moved on in this combat with specters.

There was no one to upbraid him. For aught he knew, the course he had chosen had been wise. Yet the doubt remained that, had he been less covetous of glory, had he been content to continue firing from the background, some, if not all, of this toll of death might have been avoided.

"Walk march," he gave the signal disconsolately, feeling that the only reward of going forward would be to find that others had forestalled him with their sacrifice.

The battle was rolling away from him. It seemed that his chance had forever escaped him. The ground was becoming rougher. The battery crawled laboriously. He had the sensation that the men he commanded were criticising his futility in advancing. If he made no better use of future opportunities than he had of the past, why not camp where they were till Brigade overtook them? Nevertheless, with the courage of despair, which may have been the weakness of obstinacy, he pressed forward.

The sun was setting as he came to a precipitous cleft in the hills and with difficulty pushed across it. On the farther side a wood barred his progress. Manifestly his wise choice was to go round it, rather than waste time in seeking a path that might lead through it. He had reached the extreme point of the wood's tongue, which brought him into the full glare of the sunset, when he was greeted by a volley of rifle-fire. Giving the signal to right-about-wheel, he sent his battery thundering back to cover.

What to do next? His ambition had been to make contact with the enemy. Again he was too late; within an hour daylight would have failed. Prudence dictated that he should at once recross the cleft in the hills that lay behind him. To attempt such a descent by night, especially under pressure, would almost certainly end disastrously. He opened his map-case. To his dismay he discovered that he had pursued beyond the limits set; he had marched clean off his last map into an uncharted country. Judging from the fact that the enemy's volley had been unreturned, no protective screen of any service friendly to him lay in front of him. He had outstripped the advance and without maps was as useless as Samson when his eyes had been put out.

To stop where he was would be suicidal; to withdraw would be to publish his faulty leadership to the rank and file. There remained an heroic alternative—to drag the guns through the woods to the farther side, where from partial cover and undetected till the dawn, their muzzles would threaten the still demoralized enemy. The superb devotion to duty of such a strategy decided him. He would be found in the morning, cool and isolated, expending the last of his ammunition in dispersing counter-attacks. His disobedience to orders would be forgiven him. The highest decorations were won by disregarding orders. And then, Alison—Whatever the risk, to fail through overdaring was infinitely preferable to retirement.

INVITING nobody's advice, briefly stating his plan, he summoned his signaling-sergeant and, slipping from his horse, plunged on foot into the wood to reconnoiter. The wood might be an enemy stronghold, in which case he would end in a German prison or never come out alive. Thinking these thoughts, he glanced back as the leaves closed behind him. He was saying farewell to his battery. *His* battery! The battery he had led, his first command. The beautiful horses, their heads drooping, casting long shadows across the gilded turf. The beautiful guns with their hungry snouts and silver rifling. The beautiful men who had backed him up loyally to so little purpose. He had led them into a mess. They had begun to suspect it. It was up to him to make the adventure end triumphantly.

Silence underfoot. Everything dead. Dead men in gray uniforms scattered under bushes. Shelters blown to atoms. Trees uprooted. Overhead, like April rain, the desultory yet persistent patter of bullets. He must be careful about those still, gray corpses. Earlier in the day he had mistaken ones just like them for dead—those men who had turned glazed eyes on him, begging water. Any minute, when he had gone by, one of them might rise stealthily and level a revolver at his back.

The darkness deepening beneath trees caused his pulse to quicken. For no obvious reason he began to analyze his conduct. Why had he so recklessly risked the lives of men who had been intrusted to him? He hadn't coveted the decoration for purposes of self-glory, but as a bribe to Alison—Alison, who had sometimes found him amusing, but who had never owned that she admired him; Alison, who had only to look at a man,—scarcely that,—to walk down the street in front of him, to make him wild about her. Till he had received that letter, he hadn't considered Archie Sears his most serious rival; Archie Sears and he, with their short leaves between long hells of fighting, were both likely to be food for worms before they were free to marry. The rival he had dreaded had been some suave desk-soldier with military car at his disposal—the kind of chap to whom war meant the latest cut in riding-breeches, and who estimated his efficiency by the shine on his buttons. You could always sweep Alison off her feet with swank; that was why he'd been so keen on this decoration business. Her last love-affair was always her best; for her, love was a toy. She belonged to the most recent man to enhance her value. All he had asked of Fate before he went west was that he might make her proud of him.

HAVING reached the farther edge of the wood, he parted the leaves cautiously and found himself peering on a treacherous stretch of country. Applying his glasses, he fancied he spied through the shadows an activity which betokened hostile infantry massing.

The wood was untenable for artillery. The plunging of horses would give his presence away before he'd fired the first round. He must hurry back and retire his guns across the precipitous valley before twilight had completely faded.

At that moment something happened. Perhaps a ray of the sinking sun betrayed him by flashing on the lens of his glasses. His arm was wrenched, as though it had been twisted from behind. His binoculars, as his arm flew out, were tossed from his hand. An instant later a second agony, like that of a red-hot blade, plowed through his thigh. A sniper had sighted him. His arm swinging limply, he spun around, falling to his knees, and faced his signaling-sergeant. His sergeant was on his back, a scarlet hole, the size of a button, between his eyes—done for.

He himself strove to rise. Couldn't. He had always been afraid of the dark. It was growing darker. Trailing his shattered leg and propping himself with the elbow of his damaged arm, he attempted to drag himself back over the route that he had traversed. Discipline survived; the shoddy incentive of a decoration was forgotten. He must reach his men and warn them. He was their officer—as responsible for them as though he were their father. The father of Sergeant-major Jelks—that made him laugh. Having started laughing, he couldn't stop. He pressed his lips against the earth, for fear the enemy would hear him. He went on wriggling like a worm. It couldn't be far now—not if he was following the right direction.

A blank. When he recovered, he was still in the wood of the murdered. Not a sound. Through riven branches the August moon shone brightly. "O moon of my delight, that knows no wane!" he remembered. The harvest moon, he told himself, gazing placidly on the harvest. Again he started to crawl; his battery would be waiting for him. Pain distorted everything. The dead were stirring, moving almost imperceptibly across his path to thwart him. Blinded with sweat, his head sagging, he propped himself against a tree. He was wasting his little strength. The tongue of the wood had pointed westward; the first whiteness of dawn would give him his direction. He must keep awake and watch for it.

A voice roused him from his stupor: a friendly voice, Oxford in its intonation.

(Continued on page 136)

Cigarette Money

By William Slavens McNutt

who himself is a devotee of the sport which calls forth the best—or the worst—from men, and who knows the humor and tragedy which accompanies every great race that is run.

Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd

Bob Craig, interpreting the move as gun-play, plucked a bottle from the table and struck the man over the head.

A TIPSY reveler seated at a table in the Silver Dell night-club caught an entertainer by the arm and pulled her to him. The girl cried out.

Bob Craig interfered. The drunk got to his feet, furious.

"I'll kill you!" he snarled, and thrust a hand into his coat pocket.

Bob Craig, interpreting the move as a prelude to gun-play, plucked a ginger-ale bottle from the table and struck the man over the head with it. The drunk crumpled to the floor; an hour later he died. Search of his clothing revealed that he was unarmed.

It was established that Craig was a race-track habitué. That went against him at the trial. An afternoon paper discovered and played up the fact that he was the black-sheep son of a highly respectable and moderately well-to-do merchant in a small Middle-western town. The father, interviewed, characterized his son as a worthless gambler, and drew a wordy moral from the scrape in which the boy had become involved.

It was proved, though, that Bob Craig had no previous acquaintance with the man he had unintentionally killed, nor with the blonde entertainer on whose behalf he had acted. It was proved, too, that the man had threatened to kill him, and had immediately thereafter thrust his hand into his pocket as though to draw a weapon. Two well-known trainers and a famous jockey testified that Bob Craig was a sober, decent citizen. The girl did her frantic, pathetic best for him on the witness-stand; but the jury found him guilty of manslaughter, and the judge sentenced him to two years in prison.

A sob sister for the paper which had sprung the story of Bob's family, interviewed him after the sentence, urging that he issue a warning to the youth of the land, citing his own predicament as a proof of the inevitable end of a racing addict. Bob considered the proposition and shook his head.

"No," he said thoughtfully, "I guess not. I've done pretty well, off and on. I got a bad break, that's all. I'm not squawking."

One other interviewed him before he was taken away to begin serving his sentence—Estelle Hastings, the blonde entertainer from the Silver Dell.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked tearfully.

Bob smiled and shook his head. "Guess not," he said ruefully. "The only thing to be done is two years, and that's up to me."

Estelle wept the harder and kissed him. He was an attractive young fellow, this Bob Craig, slim, well set-up, with a ruddy face and clean-cut features, sandy hair and thoughtful nice blue eyes. The girl was in love with him after her fashion. It wasn't a deep love. She wasn't capable of that, and she knew it. That was one of the reasons she wept. Bob patted her head perfunctorily, told her not to feel badly, and started for Sing Sing. . . . .

The blonde from the night-club was waiting to greet him when he was released at the expiration of his sentence. Two years of liberty on Broadway had dealt more hardly with her than two years of confinement in Sing Sing with him. They were a little embarrassed, at first. She assured him that he was looking well, which was not true; and he replied in kind, departing further from fact in doing so. She offered the information that she was working as hostess in a club in the upper forties off Broadway, and then rather timidly asked him what he intended doing.

"They're running at Belmont," he explained simply.

At the station, while waiting for a train, he bought a morning paper and turned eagerly to the racing news.

"A lot of new ones in here I don't know," he said, checking over the entries. "I'll have to bet information till I get a line on these babies that have started running since I've been away."

On the train the girl slipped two one-hundred-dollar bills into his hand.

"Cigarette money," she explained in an embarrassed way.

"Say!" he exclaimed gratefully. "That's white! The trial cleaned me. I'll give this back to you as soon as I hit one."

"Oh, that's all right," she assured him. "Never will be soon enough."

She went with him to the track that afternoon. Scores of regulars on the race train greeted him cordially. On the lawn he was met and welcomed by many others.

They were seated in the grandstand when the bugle blew, calling the horses to the post for the first race. As the parade came into view, emerging from the paddock chute, Bob Craig sobbed suddenly, and a quick gush of tears flooded his eyes. The girl swore sympathetically and held his hand. Craig wept while the horses cantered and pranced to the post; nor did he succeed in checking his tears until the race was run. Then he wiped his eyes and blew his nose.

"Damn' fool!" he said shakily. "That got me."

"Poor kid!" the girl said huskily, squeezing his hand.

"I'm a nut about racing," he explained shamefacedly. "Always have been. Ran away from home when I was sixteen to follow the gee-gees, and I've been around 'em ever since."

"Sure!" said the girl soothingly. "I know. It must've been hell, shut in up there all this time! What about this next race? See anything in there you like?"

Bob shook his head. "No," he said, "I don't think I'll play this afternoon. Let's just sit here and watch 'em run. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit!" said the girl heartily. "That suits me."

They returned to town when the races were over and dined together at the club in which Estelle was working. When they finished dinner, she excused herself, as it was time for her to go dress.

"Be around later?" she asked. "I'm washed up here along about two or two-thirty."

Their eyes met for a moment. Bob smiled and shook his head.

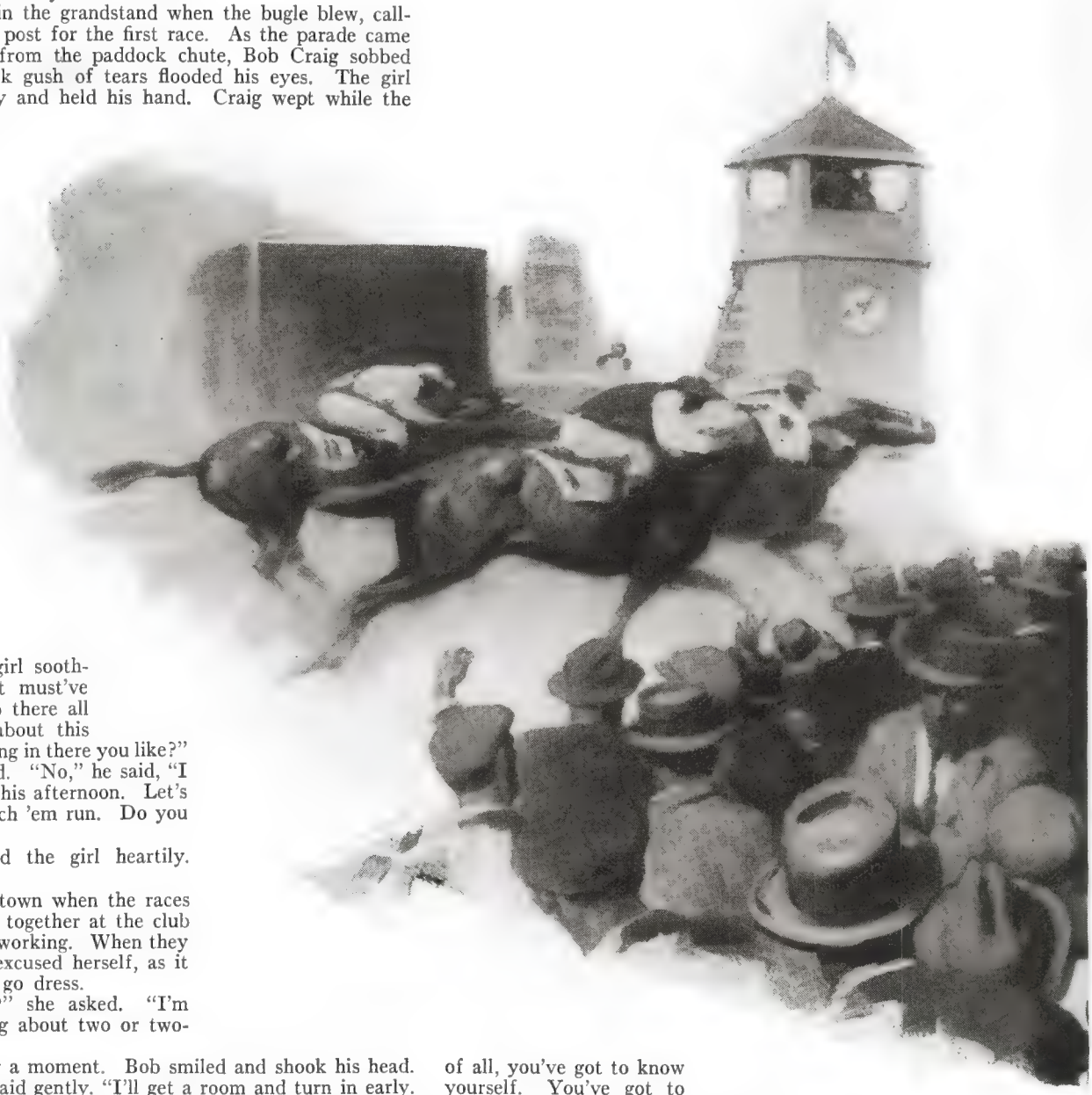
"I think not," he said gently. "I'll get a room and turn in early. I want to go out to the track in the morning and knock around a little."

"Don't be a stranger," Estelle urged. "Pop in on me when you've got time."

She hurried into her dressing-room, slightly disappointed and greatly relieved. She was sorry that she was not to have this quiet personable young fellow for a lover, and at the same time strangely glad of it. If he were not to be a lover, he might develop into a real friend; and while lovers were many in Estelle's life, and easily come by, friends were few and hard to make.

The friendship developed. Within less than a week Bob Craig called on her and paid back the two hundred she had loaned him. A few days later he came for her in a small sport roadster and drove her to the track. He was getting along, picking a good percentage of winners, playing heavily when sound information backed his cool, trained judgment—playing not at all unless judgment and information agreed.

"It's a business," he explained to Estelle. "The most fascinating business in the world, I think. It's fascinating because it's dangerous. There isn't one player in twenty thousand that can work regularly at this business and keep his head. They go crazy with fear or greed or both. In order to beat the game, you've got to know horses and men and yourself. You've got to know what hundreds of horses can do at various weights and distances and track conditions. You've got to know how far and when to trust hundreds of men under thousands of varying circumstances. You've got to guess right as to when the honest guys turn crooked, and the fellows who have been friends get set to toss you. Most of all, you've got to know yourself. You've got to be able to take your own temperature when the fever of greed or the chill of fear gets into you, and never make a decision till you're normal. When you make a decision and win, you've got to wipe that problem off your mental slate right then and there, and start in figuring all fresh again. The same thing goes if you lose. If you let elation or regret over what happened a minute ago bother your bean when you're figuring on what's going to happen in a minute or two, you're sunk."



"Gee!" Estelle exclaimed, awed. "There's a lot to it, isn't there? No wonder so few ever win at it!"

"It's like any other dangerous game," Bob said. "It's hell for the weaklings and suckers and muddle-heads who only get into it because they think it's a lazy man's way to a lucky fortune; and it's the grandest fun in the world for the few guys who are born to play it right, born to play it for the sheer fun of beating it and enough reward to live and keep on playing."

"You're one of the lucky few, aren't you?" Estelle said admiringly.

Bob nodded. "I am," he said gravely. "I play the races the way some men who are born for their jobs paint pictures, or write, or build bridges. I was fifteen when I saw my first horse-race on a little half-mile track out in my home town. I sneaked in over the fence and watched from the infield. As I watched the horses parading to the post, I began to feel right inside for the first time in my life. I was born with a good home, but I'd always been homesick. After I saw my first race run, I knew that I would never be homesick again as long as I was around where that sort of thing was going on. Within a month after that I was a runaway kid picking up a living around the stables. I went hungry sometimes that first year. I was ragged and dirty, and I got kicked round some, but I was never homesick until—you know, while I was up the river. I went clear through the mill. Stablehand, exercise boy, steeple-chase jock. I was too heavy to ride on the flat. Then I worked awhile for a book, served as a mutuel clerk, picked up a string of horses and ran them on small tracks under my own colors. Finally I settled down to the thing I liked best: playing them—picking them and betting on them. It's my game, and I like it."

"It must be great to get by at a game you like," the girl said with a scarcely suppressed sigh, gazing at him a trifle enviously.

"You don't like yours?" Bob asked.

"I love it!" she said. "But I don't get by! Oh, you know what I mean. I'm a smear! Mine's a dangerous game too, and I've messed it up. I might have gotten somewhere if I'd played it right. I had the stuff when I began. Youth and looks and pep."

"You're not so hard on the eyes now," Bob assured her.

"Don't kid me!" she said sharply. "You know what I mean. The going was hard, and I took the easy ways to make it easy. Too many parties, too many affairs. The bloom's gone now, and hope's gone with it. I know I'm never going to be a hit. I'm getting by. I'll get by for a while longer. Two years, five years, ten years! And then what?"

Bob laid his hand on hers.

"Poor kid!" he said sympathetically. "Do you ever think of getting out of it?"

"Sure!" she said. "But what would I do if I did get out of it? Be a manicure? A clerk? No percentage in that for me. Even if I got out and made a go of something else, I don't know whether I could stay away. I'm a flop at my game, but I love it. That's the trouble with dangerous games. Once you've learned to play, it's so damned hard to quit."

Bob nodded. "I know," he said gravely.

"I know you do," she said gratefully. "That's why you're such a lot of comfort to me. You're the only decent guy I ever met who does know what it's all about. Listen, why is it that nice people are so dumb?"

Bob chuckled. "I guess they aren't all dumb," he said.

"Yes, they are," Estelle flared. "All I've ever met, anyhow. The nice ones are all dumb, and the wise ones are all lousy! Honest, you're the one and only nice wise guy I ever bumped into. Listen, promise me something, will you? Don't ever get smeary with me."

"Smeary?" Bob questioned.

"You know. This sex bunk. It would spoil things for us. Don't ever let it happen, will you?"

"That's a bet," Bob promised.

"Check!" said the girl. "Now that's off my chest, I feel better. We're pals, you and I, and I don't want any foolish love business busting us up."

No love business crept into their companionship to break them up, but they were more than pals. The girl delighted in mothering him, and he was both flattered and amused by her fussy maternal interest in everything having to do with his welfare and

"Damn' fool!" he said shakily. "That got me. . . . . I'm a nut about racing."

appearance, his health, his clothes, his hours of sleep, the food he ate and the cigarettes he smoked. Naturally spare, he had lost considerable weight since his release from prison, and this worried her to distraction in spite of his assurance that he felt perfectly all right. She nagged at him insistently to see a physician and undergo a thorough physical examination; and at last, to ease her worry he agreed.

IT was a conditional death-sentence which the doctor gave him. Bob, utterly surprised, listened to his instructions without changing countenance, and left the office thoughtful, eyes narrowed, figuring, weighing evidence, estimating chances and values as he did when picking horses.

Early that evening he dined at the night-club with Estelle and briefly related the bad news.

"I've got a choice," he explained thoughtfully. "Six months around here—a year at the most—and I'm washed up. If I go out into the high desert in the Southwest and keep quiet for a while, I've got an odds on chance of getting well and living to a ripe old age. The sleeper in that scheme is that even if I do get well, I'll have to stay on out there to keep alive. It's six months or a year of the only thing I like, weighed in against God only knows how many months and years without having too much fun. There aren't any race-tracks out where I'll have to go."

"You must go!" the girl urged. "Oh, Bob, you must! You can't die!"

Bob smiled grimly. "From what this pill-tosser tells me about these old bellows, that's the easiest thing I *can* do," he said.

The smile faded, and he met her eyes, his own earnest.

"I don't want to die," he said simply. "I don't want to live out there on the desert either; but I'd rather do that than die. A whole lot rather. Part of that desire is instinct dictated by the first law, I suppose; but a lot of it is the old race-track yen to beat the game. I expect I wont run into any of my own kind of folks out there, and it'll probably be lonely as hell. Nevertheless I want to beat this thing."

The girl was silent for a moment; then she reached across the table and laid her hand on his and looked into his eyes.

"Bob," she said huskily. "Take me with you."

He stared, amazed.

"I mean it," she went on earnestly. "We could get married; or if you'd rather not, I don't care. It doesn't make any difference. Take me with you. Let me go along with you. You'll be lonesome as hell out there by yourself, and I'll be wretched here in New York with you gone."

"You couldn't stand it out there. No shows, no crowds. None of the things you're accustomed to."

"Maybe I couldn't," she admitted. "I could try, though, couldn't I? I want to, Bob. I want to beat the game too, and you know I can't do it here. I'll last a few years more at this racket maybe, if I'm lucky. And then what? You know what. Off a dock if I've got the nerve to go that way; and if I haven't, a steady slide downhill. A pail and a scrub-brush if I last long enough. Take me with you."

"It's a long shot," Craig said. "We're mighty good pals, but neither one of us knows how we'd run in the marriage handicap. We'd both be carrying a lot of weight, you know. Cut off suddenly from the excitement we've lived in. Quiet. Days and nights of it. Weeks and months of it. One day like another. Sunup and sundown. Noonday and midnight. Nothing but the calendar to tell Saturday from Sunday. It's a distance test, and damned tough going."

"I want to try," she insisted, her lips quivering. "I may flop. I'll miss the Broadway thing. I know that. I may flop, but I might come through, Bob. I might come through. And aw, gee, kid, if I just could—"

An expression of tenderness softened his face.

"If we could just last through the early pace without getting killed off!" he said wistfully. "We might come through to win, at that. If we could— Say! There might be something real in it for both of us. If we could just be game enough to last through, we might win something that neither one of us have ever had. A real home and the temper to appreciate it. A real home and contentment. You know we might win that if we just lasted through!"

HE pursed his lips, narrowed his eyes, stared intently at nothing, carefully weighing hope against fact in the balance of his judgment.

"Say," he said suddenly, looking at her direct, "if we did last through to win, and my bellows healed up till I could get a doc to give me the red board on them, would you stand for a kid?"

She stared at him for a moment amazed, eyes wide, lips parted. Then a deep flush covered her face.

"I'm blushing," she said in an awed voice. "Can you see it?"

"Your face is as red as a stop-light," Bob said, chuckling.

"God!" the girl exclaimed earnestly. "If I can still raise a blush, there isn't anything in this world impossible—not even a kid! You bet your sweet life I'd stand for it, Bob. You get your O. K. on the lungs from the doc, and I'll get mine from my own heart on whether I've changed enough from what I am now to give the kid a fair break in the world. Oh, Bob, if I can just be decent enough and brave enough to go through to that and get away with it! Do you think I could? No kiddin', tell me!"

"We've got a chance," Bob assured her tersely. He took a pencil from his pocket and began figuring on the menu card.

"Here's the thing," he went on, all business once more. "We haven't got a chance to win without money. Too many other things against us. Now, then: The bank-roll tonight's about thirty-eight hundred strong. I figure that we need a minimum of forty thousand to go and stay comfortably and give ourselves an even break to win. I figure, too, from what the doc told me today, that I can stick around here for another six or seven weeks, say, and still make the desert in time. They're opening at Saratoga next week. I'll go up there and start shooting for our stake. If I make it there, well and good. We'll get married and grab a rattler sagebrush-bound. If I'm still short the amount when the season's over up there, I'll come down and shoot for it at Belmont at the opening of the fall meet. A month at Saratoga and eleven days at Belmont. That's about my limit. I've got to get what we need and get it between now and then."

"Can you do it, Bob?" Estelle asked anxiously.

"I can or I can't!" he said, smiling. "If I can, I will; and if I can't—well, that's just another plan gone wrong. You can lay your life on the line on one proposition, though, lady. If I miss, it wont be because I wasn't in there trying."

THE try was a masterpiece of acutely intelligent concentration. He went at the job of winning forty thousand dollars in six weeks as Bobby Jones goes after a championship on the links. Concentration and balance. The full use of every value of acquaintanceship and personal knowledge, a careful discard of every hazard that extensive racing knowledge and cautiously sifted information failed to authorize. He devoted every waking moment to the business in hand. Each morning saw him at the track, mingling with jockeys, trainers, clockers, exercise-boys, grooms, owners, turf-writers, touts; watching, questioning, listening, sifting the true from the false, the honestly rash enthusiasms from the calculated cool estimates, through the sieve of his trained judgment. Each afternoon he was out at the track, moving from lawn to paddock and paddock to lawn, watching men and horses, and drawing swift, sure conclusions from their appearance and actions; watching players and layers, trainers and jockeys, owners and betting commissioners, questioning, listening, constantly figuring, estimating, weighing, going for days at a time without making a bet, then plunging when he did invest; for he well knew the first law of the track, which is: "You can't pick it up unless you lay it down." Each evening he spent either poring over charts and records or mingling in the streets, or around hotel lobbies and verandas, with men from whom he might glean information of value.

Racing luck was not with him. At one time his bank-roll was up to sixteen thousand dollars. At one time it was down to less than fifteen hundred. A ten-to-one shot on which he had played a thousand dollars was disqualified for the jockey's rough work in the back-stretch. Another horse at sixteen to one, on which he had five hundred dollars, broke badly but came like a streak in the stretch to lose by a nose. These were his only two long-shot investments at the Saratoga meet. His winnings were made on good sound well-played horses that paid comparatively short prices. When the racing at the resort was over, he was a little better than twenty thousand dollars to the good, a shade above half the amount he had set as a minimum money insurance against failure in his imminent fight in the desert for life and happiness. He must double what he had during the two weeks of racing at Belmont which immediately followed the Saratoga meet.

He returned to New York to find Estelle worn-looking and nervous. Had he not been so absorbed in his study of the racing, he must have realized her dilemma. She was frightened. Afraid of the desert and quiet years of domesticity. Afraid to break free from the hectic abnormality of the life that was burning her up, and afraid, too, to yield to her fears and sacrifice this one opportunity to break away with Bob and have her try at a sane, clean, safe future.

"I didn't know what else to do, Bob," she said. "If it were only me and Jim to suffer, I wouldn't come to you. It's the children."

Bob missed this. He ascribed her nervousness to worry about the success of his betting operations, assured her that he'd make the grade, and thereafter lost himself once more in almost hypnotic concentration on the business at hand.

During the first week at Belmont he did not make a bet. The bulk of the next week passed, and still Bob had not invested a dollar. He was watching one filly, a two-year-old by the name of Brown Klooch. He knew her. He knew everything about her. Knew her pedigree, her temperament, her past performances and present condition. Knew her owner and trainer and the jockey that was to ride her in the Futurity. She was a good filly, game, fleet, dependable. Her owner was a sportsman who wanted to win. Her trainer was an honest horseman who had brought her along with loving intelligent care, rating her to be ready to give all she had in this big event. The jockey was a game, cool veteran who rode to win.

Each day throughout the meet prior to the running of the Futurity on the final Saturday, Bob watched Brown Klooch. He watched her in her every workout on the track. He watched her in her stall. He watched her when she was fed and walked around the stable paddock. On the morning of the day the Futurity was to be run, he went to the barn early and watched her for the space of half an hour. Thereafter he spoke in low tones with her trainer.

"She's right!" the trainer advised him. "If it's in her to win, she'll come through. She'll give us all she's got today. I know that."

Bob made his decision.

"That's good enough for me," he said gently. "I'll put a little bet on her."

"She wont be much of a price," the trainer warned him. "Probably not better than even money. You going strong on her?"

Bob chuckled. "You'd be surprised," he said, patting the trainer on the shoulder. "I'll tell you a little something, Dave. If that filly comes under the wire this afternoon anything worse than first, she'll be carrying my death-certificate right in her teeth."

The trainer sighed, picked a wisp of straw from the ground and nibbled it thoughtfully.

"I heard some talk about how you're fixed," he admitted. "She'll be running today for your get-away money, eh? Well, she'll give you all she's got, Bob."

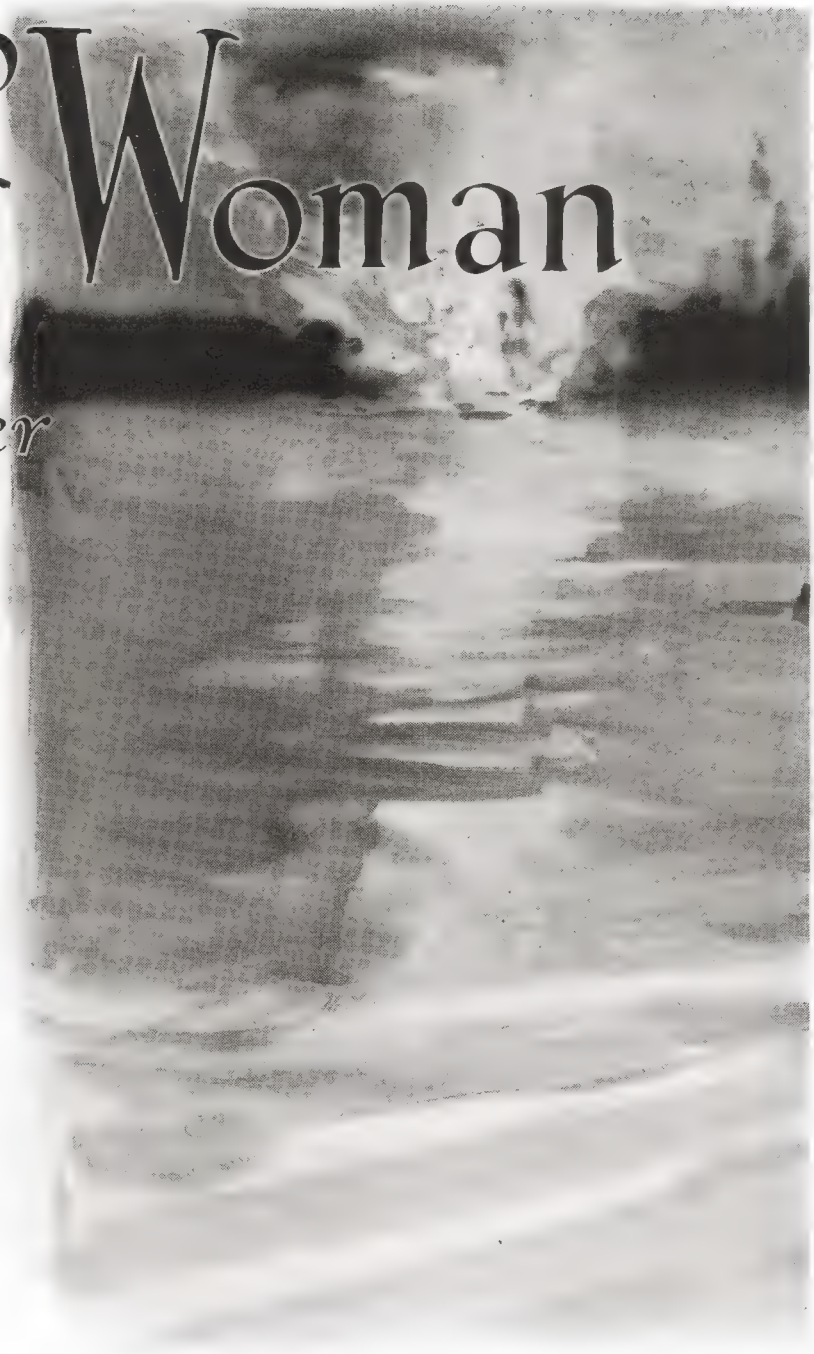
"Fifty-fifty," said Bob. "I'm going to give her all I've got, right down to the last thin grand."

THERE were thirty thousand people in the grandstand and clubhouse and packed on the lawn when the bugle blew calling the horses to the post for the Futurity. Bob Craig sat alone, high in the grandstand. He had played twenty thousand dollars on Brown Klooch to win. If she lost, his total bank-roll would amount to less than three hundred *(Continued on page 167)*

The Wolf Woman

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg



"It'll be better if you can keep moving," she told him.

The Story So Far:

JOAN CAVER'S friends were told that she had been sent to the North Woods because of threatened lung trouble; and she was brought by her wealthy father to his newly purchased North Woods camp, Trail End, and the care of Mary Moyne, till her baby was born. For the man responsible for Joan's difficulties had been killed in an airplane accident. And—she still regarded herself as engaged to long-absent Allan Somer. Indeed, when unexpectedly Somer was reported coming to see her, Joan fled to New York, leaving Mary to care for her baby and to meet Allan.

For Mary—Dynamite Mary, they had called this girl who had for years made her own way and defended her integrity in the wilderness—had agreed to assume responsibility for the child; in exchange Caver was to take her into his own home and give her the education and opportunities for which she had so longed.

Somer arrived at Trail End, accepted Mary's story of Joan's departure and stayed on for a few days. Then Mary herself made the strange journey to New York and the country-house of the Cavers, taking with her, to this place of luxury and liveried servants, the child—and her snowshoes and big revolver. . . . .

To Joan, of course, the presence of Mary and the little boy Martin at Westbrook was a continual reminder; and Allan Somer's friendly interest in Mary aroused a jealousy that presently exploded in ugly fashion.

Caver had legally adopted Mary, and had employed a tutor and social mentor for her, Betty Wilder; now he insisted on Joan's giving a party in Mary's honor. Joan acquiesced—too readily. And the party was all too gay. As a climax, nicely timed, the lights flashed on in the conservatory, to disclose to Somer and the others a notorious gallant making violent love to Mary.

The fact that Mary was responding with a hearty punch to the professional Lothario's jaw somewhat altered the effect. But to Mary this palpable plot was too much. "I'm going back where I belong," she announced; she would take the child too.

While Mary, in white-hot wrath, made ready for immediate departure, Somer telephoned Caver, who was in Washington; and as a result of that conference, Mary found the child missing: with Caver's approval, Somer had ordered Martie sequestered in order to hold Mary with them in New York till her anger cooled.

Tragedy followed, however; for while Martie was in the care of a chauffeur's wife, and while Mary was prowling New York like a hound in search of him, the child fell ill—and was brought back to Westbrook only to die.

It was after this that Joan confessed to Somer that she was the mother of Martie—and that she had been secretly married to Ronny Atwater three days before his death in the airplane accident.

Amazed and grief-stricken, Somer exclaimed dully: "What am I to do!"

"You'll have to do," Joan answered, "just what you had to do from the first. You'll have to choose between me and your wolf-woman from Trail End."

Somer refused either choice, but his wrath was for Mary—and it had an amazing climax. For in his bitterness at the long deception he called Mary an ugly name; she promptly attacked him with her not-to-be-despised fists, and these failing, knocked him unconscious with a heavy inkwell.

So Mary left the Cavers—after refusing an offer of marriage from John and insisting on the annulment of his adoption of her—and went to work for a Russian fur dealer. And Joan married a young man named Owen De Witt. *(The story continues in detail:)*

IT was spring in the city. Striped awnings and window-boxes appeared on the Avenue, and the sound of the riveters high in the iron skeleton of a new skyscraper was as lyrical as bobolinks above a clover-meadow. A soft and balmy breeze wandered up from the Bay, and a daffodil-yellow wash of sunlight filled the parks where old men read papers, and smoke-stunted trees broke into attenuated leafage again. The barrel organs were once more out, and the strawberry peddlers were once more yodeling their wares along the side-streets where the cliff-dwellers once more thought of Coney Island and the Berkshires, of Seabright and Southampton, of Ocean Beach and Newport. It was spring again, with the old unrest tangled up with the old desires, with the ancient ecstasy shot through with the ancient discontent.

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He tried desperately, but it was useless. "It's all right," Aurora Mary was saying; "I'll carry you in."

Some touch of that seasonal unrest weighed on Aurora Mary's spirit as she turned into Forty-second Street and breasted the afternoon tideway of city toilers already milling toward their Terminal and its train-sheds of escape. Still again she found herself wordlessly saddened by contact with crowds. And a new trouble crept into her eyes as she turned north and caught the echoing strains of "La Paloma" ground out by an itinerant street-piano. It took her thoughts back to the boat-landing at Trail End, to ruffled water in the lonely northern twilight, to the pines that brought the sunset near, and the piled cordwood against which she used to lean when she played that same blithely sorrowful air on her bellows-accordion, with Pancake's nose on her knee.

She sighed, without knowing it, as she turned into the office-building where Allan Somer had so impersonally promised to give her an audience. And an unnatural grimness hovered about her full-lipped mouth, for it was still not easy for her to put her pride in her pocket and ask favors of her enemies.

She had hoped to be brusque and businesslike in those new quarters of his, surrounded by the impersonal apparatus of an impersonal profession. But she found the office unexpectedly luxurious in its appointments, and she discovered her own heart-beats to be disappointingly rapid.

He, too, was stirred by the sight of her as she stood before him. She seemed paler and thinner than of old, and the faint shadow under the ivory cheek-bone was not without its spiritualizing effect. But all the earlier sense of vital and wistful womanhood, of softness shielded in strength, was still there. He even resented that latent power of hers to move him beyond his wishes, and manlike, found shelter behind a barricade of formality ironically deferential.

"Your new offices look very appealing," she ventured as she sank into the chair he had placed for her.

"Yes, applied science is proving almost disgustingly profitable," he admitted with his impersonal smile. "It rather makes me feel like a robber."

"But you are happy in your work."

"It's our biggest adventure."

She nodded, unconscious, apparently, of any barb in that proclamation.

"That's what I wanted to speak to you about," she went on in an achieved evenness of tone. "I was wondering if it was possible for me to get my old job back."

He looked up sharply at that. "What job?"

"As camp manager up at Trail End."

It came to him with a sense of shock, but he managed to conceal his surprise behind a mask of diffidence.

"Tired of the city?" he casually inquired. But he was grudgingly admitting to himself, at the moment, that the hooded dark eyes watching him were like woodland pools.

She should have given them the good old Cinderella story with a new flourish or two, the bush-rat's daughter who fought her way into the Four Hundred. But the antique plot had rather fallen apart.

"I'm tired of disappointments," Aurora Mary announced, with her first show of spirit. Somer winced at that, as though its only application were a personal one. "I've been thinking a good deal about Trail End, lately." And the wistfulness of her voice brought a pang of regret to his dully aching heart.

"I've been thinking a great deal about Trail End myself," he said with a salvaging sense of briskness. "I want to make quite a number of changes up there. And I don't see why you couldn't manage them as well as anybody else."

"Thanks," she said with unlooked-for humility. And he almost wished there had been more of the belligerency formerly in her tone.

"It—it will be lonely up there," he ventured out of the none too comfortable silence that fell between them.

"That's what I want," she quietly acknowledged.

"You mean you're tired of agglutinated humanity?" he asked as he turned to his shrilling telephone, curtly answered its call, and hung up the receiver again. But Aurora Mary proffered no reply to that question.

"This is, of course, strictly business," he said as he turned back to the matter in hand. But after expounding his newer ideas as to camp management and outlining his proposed changes at Trail End and wishing her much happiness in her work, he realized, as he stood shaking hands with her beside his opened office door, that it was an arrangement not as unqualifiedly commercial as he had imagined.

For, once she had gone, he was prompted to call her back. He even started after her. But the knowledge that she would not listen to him, that he would only flounder in deeper inadequacies, held him arrested on the way. . . . .

Somer thought a great deal about Trail End, in fact, during the days that ensued. He solemnly and laboriously worked out plans for camp alterations and decided on ever-amplifying improvements. They must have a pressure-tank and running water in the main lodge, an electric lighting system and more comfort-

"I've just wakened up to what a rotter I've been," said the man on the rock shelf. "It's no wonder I've made you hate me."

able furniture. They must have books and music and pictures there; for life, even with these minor consolations of the mind, can be a lonely affair. And they would have to get rid of that odoriferous and inadequate old kicker-tub and supplant it with a specially built light-draught motorboat suitable for northern waters, preferably a cabin-cruiser done in cypress and mahogany, and with velour-cushioned club-chairs, and an electric grill in the galley.

But he did more than merely think and plan. As though in belated and clumsy efforts at amendment, he sent boxes of delicacies up to Trail End, some of them fitting and some of them foolish.

He selected fruits out of season, which were ruined in rough handling, and ridiculously fragile boxes of bonbons which fared ill in the freight-wagons that lumbered from the rail-head up to Duck Landing. He sent absurdly fine scatter rugs and blankets and bed-linen. He sent prints and drapes and new cutlery and silverware, followed by a case of intricate and undecipherable kitchen utensils over which Indian Joe and Kippewa Kate speculated and debated for many a stormy day.

But it was all strictly business. No message and no name went attached to this merchandise. It may have disappointed him a little when its receipt was duly acknowledged in the curt and uncouth script of Indian Joe. But that was about all he deserved. And pride interposed, time and time again, when he felt tempted to write to his new camp manager inquiring as to the newer conditions at Trail End.

When his office was unexpectedly invaded by Betty Wilder, one humid April afternoon, Somer regarded her with a slightly diffident and rather lackluster eye.

"You look a bit seedy," announced his visitor. "Are you working too hard?"

"Just about one-half as hard as I should be," proclaimed Somer as he held a light for her cigarette. Whereupon Betty subjected him to a second and more pointed scrutiny.

"Why don't you follow the crowd and try a change?" she casually suggested. "John Caver's sailing on Saturday to join Joan at Cannes. The Rhinelanders are off to Asheville, and I'm shutting up shop for six or seven weeks with the Brownings at Santa Barbara. So practically everybody of importance seems to be leaving town."

"I may swing down to Port Limon next month," Somer indifferently acknowledged.

"I should think," Betty spaciously suggested, "that one would rather go north at this time of year."

"To do what?" demanded Somer.

"Oh, camping and fishing and all that sort of thing," explained the imperturbable Betty.

"The North has no appeal to me," proclaimed the moody man of science. And the astute Miss Wilder, to all appearances, was ready enough to let the matter rest. It wasn't, in fact, until she rose to go, that she again stepped out of the narrow path of the impersonal.

"By the way, I had a wonderful letter from Mary this week."

"What Mary?" demanded Somer. It was clumsy dissembling, but she let it pass without comment.

"*Our* Mary, of course—Aurora Mary," explained Betty. "She seems to have fitted back into the old niche again, for she writes me that she's happy at her work and wants to start a school for the little Nitchies up on the Pakishan."

"What are Nitchies?"

"Nitchie, I understand, is the North Woods name for the noble Red Man. But isn't it wonderful to think of that girl getting the torch in her hand and so unselfishly wanting to pass it on? And before summer's over, I'll bet Aurora Mary will be moth-

ering half a dozen little copper-colored papooses and reading history books to the half-breed children!"

"It's nice," Somer noncommittally observed, "to know that she's happy."

"It is," admitted Betty, only momentarily arrested by the note of bitterness in his voice. "And one of the things that made her that way was to go back and find her old dog Pancake still alive. Pancake's devotion, she says, is the only unselfish love she has ever had in her life." She paused, as though perplexed by the abrupt hardening of her companion's face. "She had Rusty, of course, but they took Rusty away from her before they could have much in common. And for that matter, I'm afraid we all took something away from her that we can never bring back."

Somer got up from his chair and crossed to the window.

"I'd prefer not talking about those things," he said over his shoulder.

"Of course," she blithely agreed. "And I must be trotting along."

Yet Betty Wilder's vague smile of triumph, as she went down in the elevator, would have been less touched with uncertainty had she been able to study the face of the man left pacing so restlessly back and forth between his imprisoning office walls.

"Morrow," he said as his secretary stepped into the room, "can you come back after dinner tonight?"

"Of course, sir," said Morrow.

"We've got to organize things to carry on for a month or two. I think we can get about everything in shape by midnight."

"Then you're going south, sir, after all?" questioned Morrow.

"On the contrary, I'm going north. And I'm going as soon as I can get my things packed!"

Chapter Eighteen

SPRING comes late to the North, but it comes with a lyrical abandon unknown to more southerly latitudes. It comes like release after imprisonment, like song after silence, vocal with the music of many waters, clamorous with bird-calls, passionately intent on amending its arrears of muted life.

It came to Allan Somer with an arresting sense of familiarity, of half-forgotten history repeating itself. And it seemed doubly familiar as he beheld the battered old kicker-boat heading into the harbor and made out the dusky figure of Aurora Mary in the stern-seat. He could see, as the bark of the engine suddenly ceased and the boat came circling up to the landing-dock, that the woman at the tiller was once more in her khaki hunting-suit. Her skin had darkened a shade or two since he had last seen her, and a trace of the old frontier defiance seemed to lie about the lines of her close-muscled shoulder as she weaved adroitly in to the dock-edge. But the eye that met his was a barricaded one; and her manner, as she greeted him, was restrained.

"Where's the dunnage?" she asked with frank matter-of-factness.

"I couldn't wait for it," he curtly admitted. And a moment later he regretted that admission. It said so much more than he had intended to say. But Aurora Mary was stooping, with no great show of concern, over her gas-engine.

"I'm sorry to be late," she said as he stepped unsteadily though soberly aboard, "but this kicker keeps giving me trouble."

"It's about time," he announced, "that we scrapped this disreputable old tub."

She nodded as she seated herself beside the tiller-stick, facing him over the muffled *put-put* of the engine. "Yes, there's a leak in the feed-pipe, and the engine keeps missing, and it often takes half an hour on a cold morning to get started. But I'm rather fond of the old thing."

"Why?" he curtly inquired.

"Because so much of my life seems mixed up with it," she said with her first perceptible emergence from the impersonal.

"Well, there may be less sentiment about a cabin-cruiser, but there'll be a blamed sight more comfort."

The hardness of his tone brought a quick glance from her, but she ventured no answer to his assertion.

He had thought a great deal, on his way north, of this trip up through the tangled waterways that led to Trail End. He had never openly acknowledged what he had expected of it. But he had looked for something a little different from this. He was once more alone with Aurora Mary, alone in a waste of quiet beauty, yet they seemed as far apart as the poles. And it was his own pride, his own purblind and foolish pride, that loomed like a wall of granite between them.

"You feel I shouldn't have come up here?" he said with a challenging new directness.

"I can't see that my feelings count much," she averred, still unrelenting.

"But you intend to remain my camp manager?" he demanded as they debouched into the more open waters of the lake. Her brow puckered against the strong light as she peered ahead for her landmarks.

"That," she eventually replied, "is for you to decide."

He reached into his pocket and moodily took out his pipe and tobacco-pouch. He had just packed the bowl and leisurely searched for a match when Aurora Mary looked sharply up at him.

"Don't smoke!" was her quick command.

He smiled, still leisuredly, at the peremptoriness of that command. It was like her, of course, to relapse into the uncouth, to climb back to her tawdry little throne of authority. But there were limits beyond which he could not be coerced. The girl in the stern-seat started to say something, even as his match-end rasped against the seat-edge. But her intention never flowered into actual speech; for even as he struck his match, a puff of flame, a puff almost strong enough to be a blast, leaped from the boat-floor up into his face. It smote him like a blow, sending him reeling back over the cross-seat, where he lay stunned.

Aurora Mary, as she saw that curtain of flame shut out their world, knew only too well what had happened. It was the gasoline from the leaking feed-pipe, pooled between the worn boat-ribs, seeping about the floor-boards. It had taken fire from that fatal match-stroke. It was burning now, with the fury of a furnace, in wavering tongues of pale red; and in their midst lay Allan Somer.

Mary did not hesitate; with her crooked arm sheltering her face she leaped to his side. All she could do was to fling him overboard, fling him stunned and choking into the open lake, and leap after him.

The water, still numbingly cold, not only quenched the fire creeping about her khaki jacket but also cleared her brain. She came up alert and watchful, searching for him; but she could get no glimpse of him.

Her heart was tightening in a second wave of terror when she saw Somer slowly emerge to the surface, struggling feebly and ineffectually as he gasped for air. She was beside him, in three strong strokes, with one outstretched hand holding him up as his eyes cleared and his frenzied hands ceased their foolish clutching at her retreating body.

"We must swim for shore," she told him as he blinked with bloodshot eyes at the burning pyre so close above them.

But he was having difficulty, she could see, in moving, and the broken shore-line seemed a hopeless distance away.

"No, no—the boat," he gasped, "when it burns out."

"It will blow up, as soon as the heat gets to the gas-tank," she told him. "We can't even stay near it."

He stared toward the shore again, and then his gaze sought hers.

"I—I don't believe I can manage," he said in a singularly thinned voice.

"It's all right," she quietly assured him, changing her stroke from left to right. "I can help you."

"It's not—not fair to you," he contended. And he even made a futile effort to pull away from her.

"I can manage," she called out, almost sternly. And again his eyes sought hers.

"I don't seem able to swim much."

"I'll do it, for both of us," she proclaimed with a touch of imperiousness. She was already drawing him slowly away from the burning wreck.

"Rest one hand," she commanded, "on my shoulder."

HE surrendered to her will. He surrendered, knowing he had no choice in the matter. Life, he remembered, had the habit of humbling one in the midst of one's pride. He was clinging to a woman, to keep his nose above that chilling surface that could so easily swallow him up. He was conscious, as he felt the slow and measured strokes of the body sustaining him, of something more than the strength of that supple machine. Above and beyond its mere animal endurance was valor, was incorruptible courage, was the crowning gift of mercy. And yet he had sneered at her, he remembered, because in different waters and under different circumstances she had saved the life of John Caver. He had scoffed cheaply at her mock-heroics, had deliberately wounded her with his charges of circuitous self-seeking. And now she was paying him back in the bitterest coin that could ring on the counter of shame.

Then all thought on the matter ended abruptly. A roar of sound

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Every spoonful of it is liquid and solid food in delightful combination. There are the blended benefits and flavors of fifteen different vegetables, with all they bring in nutriment, healthfulness and pleasure to the taste. There is the bracing invigoration of rich beef broth —the "life" and sparkle of really good vegetable soup. Body-building cereals are here in plenty. Fresh herbs give their savor and their appetizing touch.

Selected for luncheon or for supper, here is a dish that often requires very little else to invigorate and satisfy you. At dinnertime, it does yeoman service in providing both food and stimulation to the appetite. And it's so convenient, requiring but the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and a few minutes simmering!

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the twenty-one different Campbell's Soups listed on each label. Delightful variety for your table. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

"That poster reminds me . . . a horseback scene like this would make a good cigarette advertisement . . ."

"Sure, call it *'Thoroughbreds'* and it would be perfect for Chesterfield!"

THEY'RE MILD
***and yet* THEY SATISFY**

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echoed over the quiet water, and by half turning his head he could see, through a burst of smoke and flame, charred bits of timber rocketing up into the air. It was the boat blowing up, as the woman beside him had foretold. He could see, as he looked back for the second time, that it was gone, gone completely. He and this woman beside him, in that emptiness, were the only things afloat.

He wondered if they had a fighting chance. It looked abysmally far away, that serrated skyline with the pointed spruce along the receding blue ridges. It looked unattainable. And he had no way of helping.

"Just a moment, while I rest," he heard the parted lips so close beside him suddenly gasp. And it came home to him for the first time, as she shifted her position and trod water and gulped in a deeper lungful of air, that it was costing her more than she pretended. But her eyes were still resolute.

"Let me try it alone," he cried, wounded by the unfairness of it all.

"It's no use," she warned him. But he sheered grimly off from her, and made yet another effort, a feeble and floundering effort that ended in failure and a strangle of water in his throat. He was glad enough to feel her hand under his chin, holding him up until he could get his bearings and the breath of life back in his body again.

"You must trust to me," she was telling him. She was swimming on her back, as she spoke, swimming low and supporting him by her two hands clutched under his arms, in a clasp oddly maternal. But it was not so easy, in that position, and the effort soon told on her.

"Try the old way," she gasped, as she turned and made sure he was still beside her.

"I'm not worth it," he said with the abandonment of utter defeat. "Let me go. For God's sake, let me go!"

"We'll make it," she contended. "Keep still." The shore seemed nearer and yet it remained dishearteningly remote.

"You can save yourself," he told her, wondering at the numbness that was taking even the power of suffering from him. "Don't you want to live?" he said in thin and tremulous complaint as they forged on, stroke by feeble stroke.

"Not without you!" she answered in the final candor of extremity.

IT seemed momentous, to his dulled brain, but he could not entirely satisfy himself as to the source of its importance. She didn't want to live without him. Yet she had fought him, at one time, had almost tried to kill him.

He thought, a moment later, that she was crying. But it was merely her quickened breath coming from her half-opened lips as her starved lungs fought for air. Then he mistily concluded that she was abandoning him, that she was doing the sensible thing and saving herself. But her abrupt change of position was due to other causes, for she was closer beside him, half way out of the water, with her two arms about his inert body. He realized, at that, that she was standing upright, that her feet were finally on solid ground.

They were saved. They were to come back to life and breathe sweet air and tread firm ground again.

They fell together, like spineless things, on a lichened slope slightly warmed by the overhead sun. They lay there, panting, side by side. Somer could neither stop nor control the absurd tremor in his limbs, but his mind cleared and he became more acutely conscious of his own helplessness as he made an effort to rise to his feet. For Aurora Mary was already standing above him, staring along the broken shore-line that lay between them and Trail-End Camp.

"Can you make it?" she asked. She was stooping over him, helping him in his struggle to rise.

"Yes," he quavered, "I'll make it."

"It'll be better," she told him, "if you can keep moving. We can't have a fire until we get to camp."

"I'll make it," he grimly proclaimed. He tried desperately, but it was useless.

"It's all right," the quiet-voiced woman beside him was saying. "I'll carry you in."

HE fought against that, at first, but she overbore him. He was ashamed of his weakness, confronted by her strength. He even noticed, when she put him down to rest, that her color had come back, that her cheeks glowed, that her healthy young body was warm from exertion.

"I think I can walk now," he morosely maintained.

"You don't need to," she told him. "The camp's just over the hill there."

"Then I'll crawl to it," he persisted when his floundering efforts to keep on his feet merely brought him to his knees. And he started forward on all fours tremulously grim.

He felt absurdly childlike as her appropriative arms once more took possession of him; he felt equally childlike when, a few minutes later, his wet clothing was stripped from him and he was rolled in warm blankets and hot drinks were poured down his unprotesting throat. And when he was put to bed in the white-curtained sleeping-room of the main lodge, Aurora Mary rubbed olive-oil on the scorched skin of his face and hands, and buried him under still more blankets and prepared to leave him drowsily content with life again.

"Are you trying to cook me?" he complained with a wintry effort at humor.

"This is the best I can do toward an Indian sweat-tent," she explained as she piled on another Hudson-Bay four-pointer. "And you must try to sleep."

Yet she could not have left him for long; nor could she have gone far from his side, since even through his troubled sleep he had vague memories of her hovering about his bed. And when he wakened, later on, with a tightened chest and a clearly defined trouble in breathing, she placed an ample mustard-plaster over his ribs where the knife-blade of pain seemed to strike the deepest.

He never knew, when it was all over, whether he had had pneumonia or merely "a bad chest cold," as Aurora Mary lightly and valorously insisted on terming it. But he did know that for two weeks and more he was a very sick and helpless man. He also knew that Aurora Mary was close at his side, day by day, and that it was only grudgingly that rotund Kippewa Kate and the swarthy Indian Joe were permitted their trivial intrusions on those ministrations of mercy which his nurse regarded as peculiarly her own.

"In a week," Aurora Mary one day solemnly averred, "you'll be as good as ever."

"That's not saying very much," he moodily acknowledged. He sat studying the dusky face bent over its sewing. He could see the spiritualizing shadow under the half-turned cheek-bone, the womanly soft line of the rounded chin, the ivory purity of the throat in the revealing side-light, the full-bosomed opulent young body with its inalienable aura of vitality. And the moment, to the watching man, became memorial. It was about the best, he felt, that life could offer, that shadowy breathing figure so companionably close to him.

"I can't see why you bother about me like this," he proclaimed, with an entirely new wonder in his heart.

"I've a blot to wipe out," she surprised him by saying.

"What blot?" he demanded.

"If you don't know," she announced with her old-time frontier frankness, "it's foolish for me to explain."

He sat looking at her for a full minute of silence. And he found it an easy enough thing to do.

"I rather fancy I'm a bird with a blot or two to wipe out."

"You're talking too much," she said with equally defensive solemnity.

"I want my pillows straightened," he announced out of the ensuing silence.

She crossed to his bed and attended to the pillows, frowning impersonally as she did so.

"I believe," he said as he adroitly captured her hand, "that you were born to mother the whole wide world."

"I'd rather mother *you*," was her unexpected retort. And she picked up her sewing and left him alone to brood over that rather inexplicable and enigmatic assertion.

Chapter Nineteen

JUNE, in the North Land, gives only a brief period of darkness to its summer nights. Dawn comes close on the heels of midnight and day merges reluctantly into dusk and dusk once more circles up on the flank of midnight. And at no time is the darkness unqualified and complete.

It had seemed an incredibly long day to Somer. Early that morning Aurora Mary and Indian Joe had set out, by canoe, for Duck Landing, to bring up the supplies awaiting them there. It meant countless hours of hard paddling, and Somer had been outspoken enough in opposing the trip. But Aurora Mary had been equally firm in pointing out that they could not live comfortably without camp supplies, that it was her business to manage Trail End and see that none of her charges died of slow starvation. She was off, in fact, two long hours before Somer was out of bed, and he stood persuaded, as the long and lonely forenoon wore away, that he was dying of a starvation which no corded bales in a canoe-bottom could ever assuage. He essayed an hour or two of fishing, in the afternoon, but finally abandoned the hooking and landing of black bass as a murderous and empty pastime.

When, after supper, he wandered disconsolately down to the boat-landing, he found Pancake crouched there, poignantly motionless and patient, with his dim eyes turned to the open water before him. He too was waiting for Aurora Mary. He too was suffering from the same wordless hunger that gnawed at Somer's heart. That old malamute, he knew, would neither move nor eat until his mistress came back.

Somer lighted his pipe and wandered morosely along the shore to Point Lefevre, where he sat watching the sun go down behind the dark fringe of the pine-lands, listening to the sound of the loons and the leap of an occasional fish.

He was still sitting there, watching the opal-misted water darken into a monotone of steel-blue, when he became conscious of a gray-cloaked figure moving towards him. He saw, at a second glance, that it was Aurora Mary. And his pulse quickened, disturbingly, as she came closer. But even when she stood beside him he neither moved nor spoke.

"Should you be out so late?" she asked. And the sober sweetness of her voice, above the awakened whispering of the birch-leaves, sent a thrill through his body.

SOMER laughed a little, at the concern in her voice, for she carried a rug over her arm, and he knew it was meant for him.

"Why shouldn't I?" he demanded, resisting the impulse to seize the hand half-covered by the trailing blanket-fringe.

"You're not strong," she reminded him. And he laughed, for the second time, at that perpetuated legend of helplessness so dear to the maternal-hearted. But it was a kindly laugh, for he knew an answering impulse to surround her, in some forlorn way, by the love and softness that had been denied her.

"I'm as strong as an ox," he protested.

"And I'm going to sit out here until the moon comes up."

SHE essayed no answer to that, but linked her arm about the slender white bole of a birch, gazing eastward where a faint crown of gold showed above the black line of the spruce-tops.

"There's the moon now," she said in a voice oddly hushed. "The Indians used to call it the Moon of Many Flowers."

He sat silent, watching the misted gold float higher and fill the murmurous summer night with its mild and etherealizing effulgence. That, he told himself, was how love should come into one's life, with the same dark sweet feeling, the same releasing sense of witchery, the same promise of beauty never entirely discerned and never entirely found. It was the world's demand for tenderness, the lark above the ruins, a little cry for light along those shadowy paths man walks but once. It seemed wrong, he felt, that man, who could trace those paths but once, must grope so much of the way both silent and alone. For neither mortal love nor sympathy nor pity could bridge the abyss of his essential loneliness of soul. Across the chasm, now and then, an echo. Through the fog, once or twice, the clasp of a friendly hand. But little more.

The woman standing so close to him, so motionless beside the leaning white birch, must have known the same ghostly call for companionship, for Somer could see a new wistfulness about her mistily radiant face and a new languor about the dark eyes. She had been cheated out of her human share of happiness. She had, he remembered, a tremendous need for tenderness. There were still colossal amends to be made somewhere along that line. He himself had hurt her and made life harder for her. And the time had come for a balancing of that troubled ledger of pride and longing.

Some unseen water-fowl, disturbed in its sleep along the rustling shore-reeds, broke the mesmeric silence with its brief complaint and was still again.

"I've been doing a good deal of thinking, these last few days," said the man on the rock-shelf, "and I've just awakened up to what a rotter I've been. It's no wonder I made you hate me."

"Hate you?" she echoed, oddly perplexed.

"You do, don't you?" he persisted. He could not see his way clearly. She was, he remembered, both proud and unpredictable, like a high-spirited hunter badly broken and abused, craving understanding, perhaps, but intractable in the wrong hands. And time alone could bring her comprehension.

"No, I don't hate you," she said with unexpected candor, "or I wouldn't be here."

He rose to his feet, at that, and stood above her.

"Then I'm glad you're here," he said.

"You must be honest with me," she warned him, almost roughly.

He did not answer her in words. But he lifted her hand, her brown and work-hardened hand that could still seem timorous and womanly, and placed it against his side, where his heart was beating with such betraying wildness. He could see her breath deepen, and catch, and deepen again.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he cried with sudden abandon, "I love you. I've loved you in some blind and groping way from the first day I saw you."

She neither moved nor spoke. But her free hand went up to his shoulder and clung there in a childlike gesture of helplessness.

"I love you," he was saying still again as his arms closed about her. "I love you so deeply I can't quite put it into words. But I can give you all that's left of my life, to wipe out those earlier mistakes, to try and make you happier."

She searched his face, a new perplexity in her eyes.

"You'd marry me?" she questioned, fighting to the last, apparently, against some impulse of capitulation.

"I can't be happy without you," he said, his arms tightening about her. And he could feel the small and abandoned shiver that sped through her body as she suddenly relaxed and went limp on his shoulder.

"I love you," she whispered up to him in the moonlight. "I always have." And her arms closed with a shameless new hunger about his neck.

THE moon was higher when they looked up at the far-off call of a wolf across the northern night. It came to them faintly, but it seemed to awaken something ancestral in the listening woman's heart, to chill the too keen rapture in her singing body.

"I—I wont be easy to live with," she warned.

"I'll take my chance on that."

"I'm a hell-cat."

"With a heart of gold," he corrected. "And I'm not all meekness myself, remember."

"But you could never tame me."

"Life will do that for us. And I've always liked that streak of wildness in you. It may make up for all my New England smugness."

"You'll have to be terribly patient with me," she added, nestling closer in his arms.

"That's easy," he murmured with his lips against the dusky ivory cheek. "It's always easy when you're incurably in love with a person."

"Does it mean we'd have to leave Trail End?" she asked out of the silence that had fallen over them.

"No," he told her, "we'll come back to Trail End every summer. And we'll always live where we can have elbow-room. And every now and then, when we're tired of the city, we'll go off to some far-away corner of the world and you can shoot guanacos in the Andes or black leopards in the Himalayas and have the Sunday papers showing you with an express rifle across your arm and your foot on a rhinoceros and—"

BUT she shook her head at that, with an arresting hand across his murmuring lips.

"That's not what I want, at all," she told him with an abrupt new intensity.

"Then what must it be?" he indolently inquired, not so conscious of his words as he was of the warm body so close to his own.

"I want something, somebody, to take the place of my lost Martie," she said with a feminine soft fierceness that brought him up short, sending the indolent smile from his face.

But it was only for a moment. The shadow fell, and passed, and left him, left him with a more poignant glamour along the moonlit lonely hills so crowded with their ghosts of yesterday and tomorrow.

"Of course," he whispered as he fell to stroking the hand that lay relaxed on his knee. "Of course."

His quietness must have disturbed her, for she turned on him with a new intensity, an intensity touched with wistfulness.

"But you do love me?" she demanded.

"More than life itself," he told her as he cupped the dusky oval of her face between his hands.

"Then kiss me," she commanded. And he caught his breath, contentedly, at the promise that lay in the fierceness of that cry.

THE END.

MONEY OF HER OWN

(Continued from page 65)

yours or hers? Money's so unimportant anyway," answered Lily.

He knew that was rubbish. Lily couldn't have lived without it. But after all, it was the point of view that caught him for a moment.

"It should be unimportant beside other things," he agreed.

She felt her advantage and pressed it.

"It's the person that counts—and how you feel."

He looked at her curiously. Even Lily, thin little Lily, felt that.

"You're quite a girl, Lily."

"I wish you thought so. I wish you'd thought so a few years ago."

They were light enough in tone for dinner-table conversation, but the lightness was strung on truth, and they both knew it.

AFTERWARD, in the noisy, motley evening which meant nothing to anyone except the killing of time as expensively and pretentiously as possible, they stayed together, or drifting into other groups, sought each other again. There was a good deal of liquor, and Philip was less rigorous than usual about the quantity he took. After a little while Lily's blonde prettiness became almost beauty for him. He and Lily danced constantly together, in that informal dancing when partners need not change, and rash things became possible to the girl.

"Oh, you're nice, Phil!"

"Think so? For an evening?"

"You know that's not true. Ever since you came to my dinner before the Cloud party, I've thought so. Carol did run off with you. I was a pretty good sport about that. I wanted you myself."

He spoke a little thickly. "You'd soon be fed up with me, Lily."

"Are you happy?" she asked.

He ignored the meaning of that question, knowing she referred to his marriage.

"How could I help it—dancing with you? You manage your feet so well, Lily."

"You're too loyal, Phil. It isn't done that way any more. You waste it."

No, he wouldn't discuss Carol with her. But he held her closer, and they danced through the French windows and out on the flagged porch. The moonlight was clear, and the night, dipped in lake air, cold. But they were warm. It was good to have some one who cared for you in your arms, some one who blocked up the entrance to that dark hole of loneliness and failure you might have to enter in the end. Alcohol in your brain, a girl who cared a little for you in your arms—the best you could get, perhaps. They danced on.

"DON'T misunderstand me," said Carol. "I don't want to cramp your style, and I realize it's entirely your affair. But still—Lily—"

"You object to pretty nearly everything I do, don't you?" inquired Philip.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't make money enough, and I don't leave the office with the right people, and I don't dance with the right people. Why don't you carry a whip and crack it at me when I make these bad breaks?"

He was ugly. He would be, this morning, of course, for the warmth had gone, and only the dragging sense of frustration was left.

"That's utterly unfair," she answered.

"Oh, let's not look for fairness. Is it all right if I have another cup of coffee?"

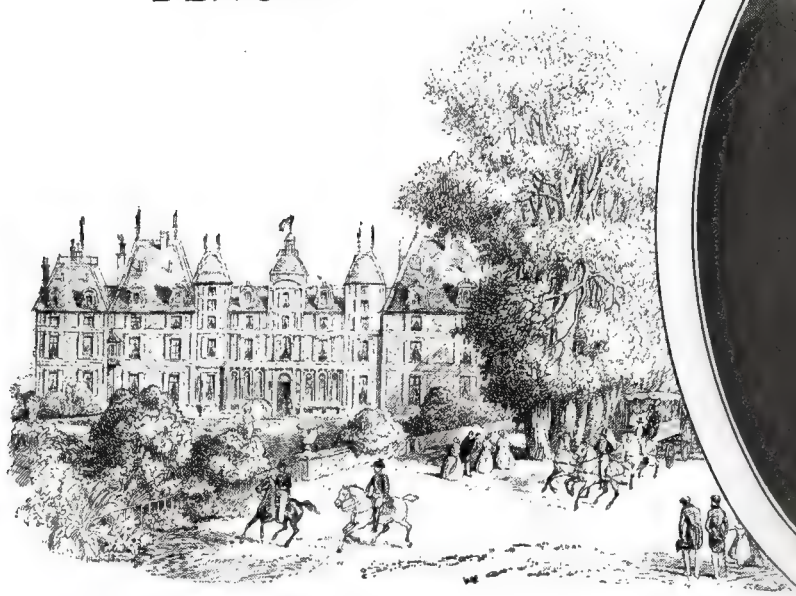
She stiffened at his tone and gave it to him.

"I'm trying to explain to you, Philip, that you don't do yourself any good by carrying on with Lily."

"I wasn't trying to. I'd forgotten the

The Wife of the Pretender to the throne of France

On the art of CULTIVATING BEAUTY



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system of weights and measures, and the double-entry system for the minute. She was exceedingly pleasant—and I thought very pretty. Nice neck."

"You had every opportunity to judge. . . . . It isn't that I care whether you are crazy about Lily or not," lied Carol.

"No. Of course that wouldn't enter in."

"I don't see why you take this horrible tone!"

"What tone? I've only been agreeing with you."

She looked away, and something in the contour of her averted face hurt Philip, brought back the delicacy, the yearning of his passion for her.

"Oh, Lily needs a fellow once in a while," he said, trying to make a belated joke of it. "That's all."

"This is what they all tell you happens to marriage," Carol answered. "But somehow I thought ours was different."

"Different—" The yearning was in his voice now, so clear that she should have heard it. But she did not.

"I've done everything I could," she said, "to make a home. I haven't spared anything." And unconsciously she looked about her.

But Philip had frozen at that look and put the implication in it.

"Yep," he agreed, "you certainly spent a lot of money. But after all, old girl, it was you who wanted the house and lot."

HE was sorry when he went away from her, but he was sullen too, and careless. He felt that he was behaving badly, and that feeling usually incited him to more of the same kind of behavior. He told the houseman, who had brought the car around, that he didn't want it.

The office was soothing—partly because of the routine, partly because he belonged in a certain place and was expected to fill no other. Welch had assumed no manner of authority in spite of his promotion. He was even more friendly, more deferential to Philip's judgment. In the office Philip felt himself adjusted, far more than he did at home and in the social groups to which he technically belonged. Here at Cramptons he contributed. They needed him. Gradually, in the course of the day's events, for it was a very busy day, the difficulties at home slipped into the background, the hurt glazed over, the sullenness disappeared. Carol might not have recognized him, eager, active, important in his work.

His stenographer had gone home ill the day before, and he had a number of letters to get out during the afternoon.

"There must be a girl in the office who isn't busy," said Welch. "I'll see if I can get you one."

"I'd like some one who can type—not a ukulele expert," added Philip.

"McLaren's out of town. I wonder if we could borrow Miss Coburn."

Philip remembered the rooming-house on Holly Street suddenly, and Carol speaking significantly, cruelly.

"Isn't she busy?"

"Not unless she's getting out some work for Mr. Benson." Welch smiled. "They say that Benson's crazy about that girl."

"Kathy?" asked Philip, startled into her first name.

"Somebody told me that's why he hangs around so much. She'd be in luck, wouldn't she?"

"Well, he would, anyway."

"How did you know her?"

"I used to room with her mother."

"Oh—well, if you paid your rent all right, I'll see if she's free to come over and get out those letters."

"My credit's pretty good," said Philip, "at the Coburns', anyway."

THEY were important letters, and he was glad to give them into Kathy's competent hands. But they did not absorb all his attention. Kathy seemed more of a person than ever before. He caught himself speculating on what she might become if there really were anything to that Benson rumor, and above and around his quick dictation circulated the consciousness that she was really very pretty. Put her in the back of a limousine, and she'd out-Herod the ones who had sat there all their lives. . . . . Carol had said—that was a new one, that line of Carol's about him and women!

"Is that all?" asked Kathy.

"Well," said Philip comfortably, "it's all about that. And a good job, too. If we get that space, we'll be lucky boys. I want to get in an awfully good spread in that magazine. I'll show it to you."

He laid the copy on the table before her.

"Would that make you buy our goods?"

She looked up at him, and the praise in her voice was written in her eyes.

"I think it's a peach."

"I think it's pretty good, myself," said Philip, putting it away. "Kathy, I hear you've got the millionaire going."

Kathy laughed and blushed, a pleasant, girl's blush.

"I didn't know they did that any more," remarked Philip.

"What?"

"Got red when they talk about the boy-friends."

Kathy calmly found her compact and looked at herself.

"I'm white as a sheet," she said.

"You're all right. You're good. Do you like him?"

"He's nice," said Kathy.

"Going to marry him, are you?"

"No." It was a slight answer, only a breath of denial coming almost as if blown along by her little sigh.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing. He's all right."

"Isn't there anything to it, then?"

"What are you—the shorter catechism?"

"Sorry," said Philip. "I have an awful nerve. You're quite right. I just thought that it was common talk that he was after you."

"He likes me," said Kathy, "I guess."

"And you don't like him."

"I do. But not enough."

Philip spoke gravely.

"You might, you know, after you took the plunge. He's a good fellow, Kathy. Straight as a string, rich as all outdoors. I like him. He's not an ordinary rough-neck. He's got something underneath. I wouldn't just toss him into the wastebasket with the rest of the circulars."

"I don't."

"Maybe you'd better marry him, then."

"You can't marry people unless you love them."

"Not in general," said Philip with a faint attempt at humor. "But maybe you're just a kid, Kathy. Maybe you've got crazy ideas about love. Maybe you don't know anything about it."

Kathy was standing beside his typist's desk, her smooth head with the shining hair lowered in thought. It was his last sentence that seemed to lift it involuntarily, and her face told him everything, freely, openly, in one sweep of expression.

"I know a lot about it," said Kathy. "Too much!"

He wanted to take her in his arms because she was so brave and hurt, and he didn't want to cheat her because all of a sudden he felt more hurt, more sore at heart, than he had known he could be.

"I guess there are some things we have to take as they come," said Philip at length.

"I know. And I wouldn't cheat him any more than you'd cheat me."

"But after all, marriage—"

She took the words out of his mouth, and strengthened them.

"Marriage ought to be the most beautiful thing in the world. I know about Knute Benson. He told me about himself. He was tricked once. He ought to have the real thing—and I can't give it to him. It would be a lie. It would be sin."

There was trouble in her face, but there was resolution too. Philip was searching for answer when his telephone rang, and Kathy, gathering up her notebooks, left him.

"Just a minute," said the operator. "There you are."

It was Carol's voice, clear, vivid, important. "Oh, Philip, I've just had a long-distance call from Chicago. From Mrs. Owens—Mrs. Peter Owens. She's giving a house-party. Wants me to come. Wants us both, but I told her I was afraid you couldn't get away."

"You told her right."

"She asked me to come alone if you couldn't."

"Short notice, isn't it?"

"I know. She explained that it was her favorite crowd, and some one had fallen down on her—perfectly frankly. But when you think of the people she could get, it's so decent of her to telephone me. It's a simply marvelous crowd of people—the New York Delongs, and—"

"Going, are you?"

"I thought I'd get the four-thirty train. But it means I wont see you again. I'm just firing things into my bags. Lucky I have a few new clothes."

"Anything I can do?"

"Not a thing. Phil—"

"Yes."

"Don't waste a good week-end hating me."

She could still make his heart turn over with that note in her voice.

"I never do."

"Yes, you do. But don't this time. Good-by—can you amuse yourself all right?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"Then go to it."

WHETHER that was challenge or permission he could not tell. She was gone. Her voice no longer made her real at the other end of the wire. For a moment he had a sense of relief. Tonight he would not have to pick up that antagonism of the morning. He knew about the Owenses. They were the kind of people rotogravure editors hunted down, who were always being photographed among their diversions. They were rich beyond calculation, and always getting into print through their casual exploits. It would be rarefied air for Carol, thought Philip. She'd be in the element she sought. But it wouldn't raise his stock any if she started playing with that crowd.

He had Joan to himself that night, and that was sport. Together they broke all rules of discipline. But after she had been put to bed, he was restless. With Carol gone, his place in this house seemed more accidental, more anomalous than ever. He was acutely conscious of the fact that Carol paid for the service which was at his disposal, for all the luxury that surrounded him. An old mood was coming back. This was the way he used

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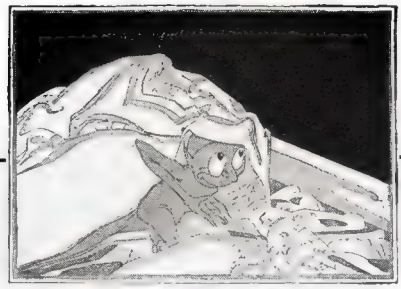
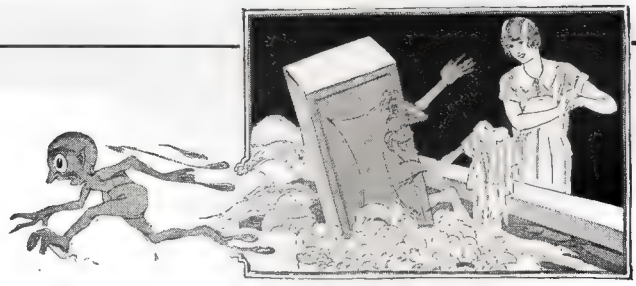
DIRT, *the* VILLAIN, *is hiding in your wash.*
YOU *must drive him out!*



YOU *roll up your sleeves—prepare for a struggle . . .*

But wait! Here is extra help!* FELS-NAPTHA *—good soap and plenty of naptha, working together. He enters your wash . . .

And out comes* DIRT. *For* DIRT *is afraid of* FELS-NAPTHA. *You are saved—saved the work of hard rubbing!



THIS little movie is true. Dirt *is* afraid of Fels-Naptha! Fels-Naptha *does* do away with hard rubbing! For Fels-Naptha brings you two effective cleaners working together—good golden soap blended, by the exclusive Fels-Naptha process, with plenty of naptha.

With Fels-Naptha, you can smell the naptha in every bar. And you know that naptha, the basis of "dry cleaning," is a marvelous cleaner. It dissolves grease. It loosens stubborn dirt. In Fels-Naptha it works hand-in-hand with the soap. The safe, sure action of the naptha loosens the dirt and the rich soapy suds wash your clothes clean, white and sweet.

Make Fels-Naptha your extra helper—and use it *your way*. Use in washing machine or tub—cool, lukewarm or hot water, or, if you choose, boil your clothes. Fels-Naptha washes everything washable, light or heavy. It gets your clothes clean with less effort on your part. Its mild, pleasant suds are kind to your hands. And you can use it all over the house—from keeping window panes sparkling to cleaning the painted woodwork.

Your grocer sells a lot of Fels-Naptha. Get some from him today, and learn for yourself that "nothing takes the place of Fels-Naptha."

FELS & CO., *Philadelphia*

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1928, Fels & Co.

Fight gum troubles before they start!

IT is our diet that undermines the health of our gums. For our food, dentists point out, is too soft, too quickly eaten, to impart to our gums the stimulation that should keep them robust.

That, briefly, is why gums soften, weaken and lose their tone. "Pink tooth brush," the earliest sign of gingival breakdown, is often a warning of serious troubles to come.

How Ipana and massage keep gums firm and healthy

Gum disorders are stubborn—difficult to deal with, once they gain a foothold. Yet, fortunately, they are often quite easy to prevent.

Dentists recommend massage—a gentle frictionizing of the gums, with the brush or with the fingers. And because of its content of ziratol, a preparation very beneficial to the gums, thousands of dentists direct their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste—for the gum massage as well as for the brushing of their teeth.

Test Ipana for thirty days

You'll find Ipana's taste a treat to your palate. And its power to clean and whiten your teeth will delight you. The ten-day trial tube will readily prove these things.

But the better plan is to start at once with a full-size tube from the druggist's. Use it faithfully for one month, and see how your gums, too, improve in firmness and in health!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-58
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

© B.-M. Co., 1927

to feel after his father had died and he was living on Harriet's bounty, as if he didn't belong anywhere, as if it were time to get out. . . . .

He stopped his thoughts with a click. Carol was his wife. You couldn't do that. But against that conclusion, questions rose again. Carol was growing critical of him now. There was nothing he could give her that made any impression against what she could give herself. But there was nothing to be done about it. Carol's fortune was probably steadily increasing. It would have to be lived with, if he was going to live with Carol. And what excuse, what real excuse, had he for grouching about it? She'd been game when he couldn't give her much of anything. Perhaps the thing to do was not to take anything seriously.

HE heard the doorbell indistinctly, and some conversation going on outside. Getting up, he went idly to the hall to see who was there.

"Oh, hello!" cried Lily. "They tell me Carol's out of town."

"Went to Chicago today."

The maid who had opened the door disappeared.

"I stopped in to return a book of hers I'd had for ages." Lily displayed the book in proof. "I hadn't any idea she wasn't home."

Philip knew she was probably lying. Still, it was amusing to see her do it.

"I'm here alone," he said. "Wont you come in? Or is some one waiting for you?"

"I just came over in the electric. I'll have a cigarette with you."

It was transparent enough. Lily did not casually run in to return books. No one ever returned books anyhow, and these neighborly calls were unheard of. He led her into the library, and found her a cigarette. She sat in a deep chair and made an effort at conversation that meant nothing.

"When's Carol coming back?"

"Three or four days; Monday, I suppose."

"So you're on the town."

"I'm certainly not on the town tonight. I'm playing in luck."

"You don't mind my being here?"

"You know better than that."

He did not try very hard to put her at ease, but only watched her, surprised at how much prettier she was with excitement rushing through her, adventure quickening her.

She flung her half-smoked cigarette away.

"I knew Carol was gone," she said.

"Pretty reckless, Lily."

"I know what I'm doing."

"You're being frank," he said, "and brave and exceedingly pretty. But I think it's just as well if you don't stay."

"Then let's go somewhere else." She stood up and confronted him. "I know that you're thinking that I'm a silly, hysterical fool. I'm not. I'm crazy about you, Phil. Why shouldn't I tell you so? What's there to stop me?"

"For one reason, because this is Carol's house."

"I don't see how you stand it."

He could feel his anger darkly mounting, but not at Lily. At Carol, for parading his humiliations until they were common talk.

"Stand what?"

"I don't care if she is your wife. She swaggers so. She doesn't half appreciate you. Carol's out for herself. Everybody knows."

"You can't talk like that, Lily. Not to me!"

She lifted her inconsequent, beautifully cared for hands in a gesture of frustration.

"If you weren't so medieval!" she cried.

He pulled her close to him and bent his head over hers.

"Was that so medieval?" he asked almost viciously.

"You do care for me a little," she breathed, her eyes half closed.

Suddenly he was sick of himself again.

"I'm going to take you home," he answered, and went to get a hat.

She followed because there was no alternative. Philip took her back to her own house and left her at the door. Lily was reluctant to have him go, but she knew she had gained something, enough to build upon, enough to dream about. Perhaps she dreamed while Philip walked the streets and hated himself.

He had come to like the city. He liked the steady honest heartbeat of its industries, the beauty of its location, the tradition of the fortune-hunting pioneers who had laid its first streets. He had wanted to be part of it, as a man becomes who builds his home and brings up his family in any city. And it had been his luck that again something had slipped and he was a rich woman's husband. He was a rich woman's husband, with a chance of intrigue with a still richer woman. It wasn't what he had sought. He had come here seeking honest work and found it. He had even found love. Yet here he was tonight; and if any passing automobile knocked him into the gutter, it would not matter greatly. His wife was not dependent on him; nor was his child. . . . .

Lily wrote him a letter. She had burned her bridges and minced neither words nor meaning. She loved him and was ready to take her chance. She said nothing against Carol, but only too clearly did she outline what dozens of other people, impatient for fresh chances, were doing all the time. He was embarrassed by her letter, and yet he could not help admiring her emergence from what had been a nebulous group life. There was generosity in her words, and daring. She did not care what they did nor how they lived, if he would have her. He felt in her a determination to try to walk over any plowshares that might be laid for her. He meditated a long time over his answer after carefully destroying her letter. Then he wrote two lines.

"Dear Lily: It's no good, I'm afraid. I just haven't anything to offer."

He mailed that inadequacy and did not answer the second letter which she wrote to him. It came to his office on Tuesday, by special delivery, just before Carol came home.

He waited for his wife on the station platform at five o'clock, half dreading her coming, and half impatient for it. There she was at length, surrounded by red-caps and porters and men casting side-glances at her, a slim aristocratic figure, with a face mysterious and alluring.

"Have a good time, darling?"

"Oh, didn't I? Did they get the new bag? I bought one in Chicago yesterday to carry home some things I didn't want to send by mail. That's it. Oh, there's the car. I always forget how good-looking you are, Phil!"

He grinned at her.

"Little devil—vamping me too, aren't you?"

"Who has a better right?"

IN the car her hand suddenly reached for his. "Are you glad to have me back?"

He lifted her gloved hand to his lips. Glad—maybe if they both felt that way, they'd come through this all right.

"I learned so much. One can—even in four days," she said.

"About what?"

"Oh, it was different, somehow. The whole tempo of the things they did and the way they did them. It wasn't just that they were rich, though of course that's the basis. But they move in kind of a large, easy fashion—everything they do. They accept things. They're freer than we are here."

She paused.

"I want to be that way—not to let little things matter. The Owens boy had just

"It was the happiest moment of my life!"

Kansas City, Mo.

"A BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST was held in our city, the winner to receive the title, 'Miss Kansas City.'

"I was run down and under weight. My digestion was bad and I was very nervous—probably due to poor elimination. My physician advised fresh Yeast. I ate it—3 cakes a day, dissolved in water. In two weeks my elimination and digestion were better, my nerves had quieted and my weight had righted itself. My complexion cleared up too. I felt fine.

"Well, I won over 200 girls, receiving the unanimous vote of the judges for beauty of face and form. *It was the happiest moment of my life.*

"I then went to Atlantic City, to represent Kansas City in the National Bathing Beauty Contest. I arrived with the required weight, a complexion the judges termed 'peaches and cream' and an unlimited amount of pep—which I surely needed to stand the strain of a solid week of judging.

"Thanks again to Fleischmann's Yeast, I finished third in the Atlantic City finals. You will always find Yeast in my diet."

MARGUERITE JORDAN.

Wins title, "MISS KANSAS CITY," *in beauty competition*

"I learned to ride as I learned to walk," says MISS RITA LA ROY. *Who will doubt it in the face of the testimony above? Miss La Roy writes:*

"AT AN EARLY AGE I was taken by my father to live on a large ranch. Before I was ten years old I was riding the plains with a .22 automatic strapped to my saddle. Breaking in ponies was a regular thing for me. One year I rode in the annual stampede.

"Then—my father died. The ranch grew unbearably lonely. I came to the city to live.

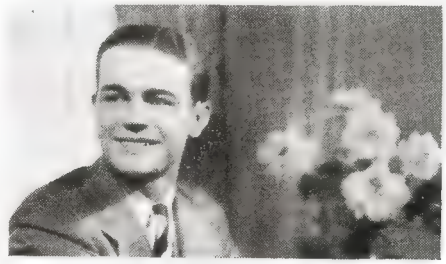
"But in spite of my hardy childhood life I gradually became run down, suffering with constipation and frequent colds. I was beginning to become distressed... Three years ago I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Next winter I didn't have a single bad cold. And my constipation was helped, too.'

RITA LA ROY, *Hollywood, Calif.*

AS fresh as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure health *food*.

It cleanses the intestines. Keeps them active. Frees you from the constipation that saps your vigor and health. Soon your indigestion gives way. Skin troubles vanish. Your whole outlook on life brightens.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. M-52, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.



"I was placed in a very embarrassing position," writes William Blakeney. His letter follows:

"IN MY WORK with one of the largest photographic studios in the world I meet hundreds of people every day. Naturally it was particularly embarrassing to me when my face broke out in pimples.

"Various soaps and ointments didn't help. A boil broke out on my skin. I couldn't sleep. Then more boils, leaving ugly scars—what was I to do?

"The advice of a former classmate was 'Fleischmann's Yeast'. I tried it, and in a month the improvement was wonderful. My skin cleared up. I felt great. Yeast surely was a life-saver to me—I can't praise it enough?"

WILLIAM BLAKENEY, *Newtonville, Mass.*

***Easy, natural*—this new way to health, to greater zest in living**

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.

Are you, too, one of those who have tried treatment after treatment for the skin, yet without any visible results?

Just beneath your skin

is the complexion you envy today in others

HOWEVER marred or imperfect your skin may be, you may not be more than one short week away from a really radiant complexion.

Startling as this statement may seem, it is nevertheless true; and with thousands of women today the facts are being passed along from one to another. It comes down to a simple truth about the skin which physicians will tell you is at the root of every skin blemish and fault.

Tiny glands continually functioning, pores throwing off poisons, capillaries rushing fresh blood in and carrying off infection—here is a delicate balance of forces like the balance wheel of a fine watch. With healthy vigor and activity, comes a clear, clean complexion. Too much or too little stimulation, and there starts that long succession of blemishes and faults that women are constantly seeking to avoid.

This method of daily care

To cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to carry off infection, *and then to stop new infection before it starts*— thousands have learned the daily use of Resinol Soap.

Start today to use Resinol on *your own* skin. Within a week you will begin to notice it has taken on a finer, smoother texture—a ruddier glow. You will notice a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Ointment for serious affections

Resinol Ointment has for years been successful in relieving even stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish promptly. Thousands have wondered at the QUICKNESS of its action. And it is absolutely harmless.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Dept. 7-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

married that notorious vaudeville girl, and the whole family simply shrugs its shoulders and takes it standing. It's stunning—not provincial. By the way, I met some people who knew you."

"Were they in the kitchen or parlor?" asked Philip.

"Idiot! They knew you—at least the man did—when you were a boy. Paul Sinclair."

"Little rat that used to go to Atmore."

"It's perfectly silly the way you've dropped people, Phil. You've just got to change."

He looked at her apprehensively, but they had reached the house, and Carol instantly forgot everything except that her baby was upstairs.

AT dinner she told him of what she had been doing, the people she had seen. He got the picture quickly enough, of the big city-country estate, with the ripest sections of life being bred and selected for it, the things that had the greatest beauty, the most excitement, the most daring and novelty being brought to it. There had been a famous opera-singer in the party, and rich young men and rich old men, and women who had slipped in and out of marriages casually; a few men and women who found it amusing or irresistible to make love to each other.

"They thought—the Paul Sinclairs—that it was marvelous to hear about you."

"You don't say!"

"She hoped we'd look them up in New York. They meant it."

"So we will," said Philip, "when we get around to it, if the mood clings."

Carol dropped that point and went back to a narration of events. But there was something in her manner that he had not felt lately. Perhaps he owed it to Paul Sinclair, he thought. Carol seemed to feel her husband as an asset.

"Who's been making love to you while I was gone?" she demanded.

"Secret."

"Lily?"

"What if she was?"

"I don't care. I can beat her at that," boasted Carol.

"You can beat anyone in the world at it," answered Philip, his eyes suddenly kindled, "and you jolly well know it."

"I've been a wretch to you lately."

"I haven't been so good. But what made my stock go up?"

"Oh, I got thinking how unimportant all the things we fuss over are. And when I saw those other men—"

"Don't spoil me, Carol! Don't lead me on. I'm a hot-blooded boy!"

They were exhilarated. It was not so much what was said between them as that sudden unexpected washing away of barriers. Philip couldn't account for it. He didn't want to try. She was close to him again, without resentments, ready to love him. It was quite enough.

THEY went to Mrs. Carrington's art exhibit that night. It was the last night that it was to be shown, and Carol was a patroness. The exhibit was partly a social gesture, partly real patronage of a couple of men who had gained some recognition elsewhere and were yet local. They had done some interesting work, and Philip liked their war pictures. They weren't faked. He fell into conversation with one of the artists, a battered, skeptical young man who wanted to sell his pictures and get away.

"I'd like to have that one," said Philip. "You know your stuff. I've seen those old Frenchmen in just such doorways. Noble old crooks—you've got it all there."

"That's what I tried to make it. I hope you'll take it. It goes cheap because I need the money."

"I can't buy it, because I haven't the money," answered Philip.

Carol and Botsford, who had turned up unexpectedly, came up to them, and regarded the picture under discussion.

"I hadn't seen this picture," said Carol.

"Your husband likes it," the artist remarked. "He knows when I'm telling the truth."

"The color's marvelous. I know just where I could hang it. —Phil, let's have it."

"Can't be done, Carol."

Botsford looked from one to the other of them, and the artist remarked with perfect indifference that the picture was cheap.

"Well, I'm going to take it," Carol decided. "It's a present for you, Phil."

Philip flushed, and Botsford wore the faintest sardonic smile, nothing that anyone could take exception to.

"Come along, Carol."

"Just a minute. Please mark the picture sold. I'm buying it."

"Lucky, aren't you, Helm?" asked Botsford.

Philip wanted to knock him down, but could say nothing.

He was determined, as they went home together, not to let that unfortunate incident spoil the mood they had found earlier in the evening. She had meant to be generous, that was all, tried to please him; and he had to learn not to let those things get under his skin. Some day—when Botsford was around, preferably—he'd buy Carol the crown jewels of Russia! In the meantime he would keep his temper and his head.

She was so exceedingly sweet, her hand reaching for his as they went into their own house again, as if she felt that she belonged to him. He took her gently, proudly in his arms, abasing himself for that moment's lapse with Lily, glad that he had stopped it from going farther.

"Why you like me I can't imagine," he said.

"I don't care why I do."

HE went across the upper corridor to her room half an hour later, like a boy, like a lover, like a privileged husband, wondering at his luck and intoxicated by the thought of her. There were hundreds of tender memories of her in his mind—the thought of her in the Coburn rooming-house, her courage the night the baby was born, and above all, that leaping joy that she belonged to him. His wife—to cherish—and he did cherish her. He loved her. In the doorway of her room he stopped and stared.

"Isn't that new?"

She was sitting in a low padded chair before her dressing-table, brushing her hair back from her forehead like a boy's. Her image in the mirror smiled at him.

"Like it?"

"Stand up and let me look at you."

She stood up, seeming taller than usual, and exquisitely beautiful. It was no languorous negligee. Scarlet and white, like passion cut in purity, the soft, straight thing she wore, of a fabric so soft and lustrous that Philip knew he was gazing at something valuable.

"Isn't it adorable!" she exclaimed. "And look at the slippers!"

They were scarlet too, and high-heeled.

"I couldn't resist it. I didn't even wait to let them send it. I wanted to bring it home."

"Why?"

"To wear it—for you, silly."

"For me—all this for me?"

He held her close again.

"Oh, Philip, it's so delicious to have the cobwebs out of my brain. I was getting so petty. After all, it's love and doing what you want that counts, isn't it?"

"It's love," he said softly, reluctant to release her.

"Sit down, darling," said Carol. "There are so many things to say, and a whole night ahead. I'm brushing my hair these days. It's getting thin."

"A clean exhilarating feeling . . unlike any other dentifrice"

writes Norman Black of Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen:

I have been using Pebeco daily since 1915. At that time my teeth had gotten in such poor condition that it was necessary for me to have a great deal of dental work done. It seemed that there were small cavities continually appearing and the gums would bleed very easily.

After various experiments I found Pebeco to be the very best and finest dentifrice on the market. As soon as I started to use Pebeco, I became aware of the exhilarating and clean feeling it left in the mouth, absolutely unlike any other dentifrice. I noticed tobacco stains soon disappeared and my teeth became much whiter, in fact a very glossy white, and after massaging the gums with Pebeco night and morning the bleeding ceased. I have not had a cavity in my teeth nor any trouble with the gums in all these twelve years.

I am, therefore, very enthusiastic about your product and cannot recommend it too highly.

(Signed) NORMAN BLACK

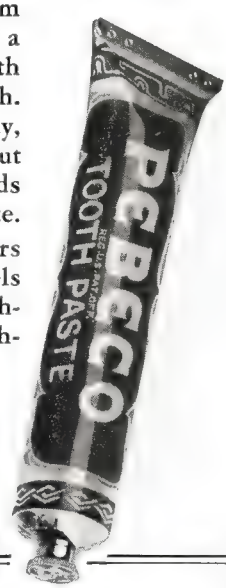
Leaves a good clean taste . . *keeps teeth sound and white*

LIKE A PLUNGE in a mountain pool, the refreshing tang of Pebeco brings a tingle of health and cleanliness to your mouth.

Pebeco's honest, virile flavor comes from its special salt, placed in its formula by a famous physician to stimulate the mouth fluids which are the real guardians of the teeth. They disarm the acids that cause tooth decay, softening of the gums, unpleasant breath. But while we are still young these mouth fluids diminish and our teeth begin to deteriorate.

At the first taste of Pebeco, and for hours after the morning brushing, your mouth feels young and fresh. You smile and talk without self-consciousness. The bedtime brushing gives protection while you sleep.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



Free Offer: Send coupon today for generous tube

Keeps the mouth young . .

Lehn & Fink, Inc.,
Dept. R-11, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER MAY, 1929)

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Pipe Smoker Finds Right Tobacco For "Breaking in" a Pipe

There are many veteran pipe-smokers who have never discovered Edgeworth. These hardy souls are prone to advise new smokers that a pipe must be old before it can be sweet. True, an old pipe is sweet. But how can a man breaking in a new pipe achieve this sweetness? Let Mr. Shera's letter tell you:

Columbus, Ohio
March 10, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Two years ago my wife gave me an expensive pipe. I smoked it a great deal for two or three weeks, put it aside, then began smoking it again. This time it was very strong. Veterans told me that it had been smoked too hard for a new pipe and should be put away.

The pipe was laid away again. A short time ago I got it out and smoked one of the common brands of tobacco in it. The results were disappointing. I told the druggist of my experience with it. He asked if I had tried Edgeworth. I told him I never had. I followed his suggestion, and I am honest when I say that it has restored the sweetness to the pipe, and has made me wonder: Was it the pipe or the brand of tobacco that caused me to lay it away for the long period of time?

As a novice, I prefer Edgeworth; and I am going to stick to it, as I feel satisfied that there is none better on the market.

Sincerely yours,

Philip C. Shera

Men just learning to smoke pipes are not the only ones to discover Edgeworth. Many old-time pipe smokers, who thought they were enjoying their tobacco, have tried Edgeworth and found pipe sweetness such as they never knew before.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 8 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On Your Radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. 1180 kilocycles

The energetic silver-backed brush went at its work again, and Philip sat down to watch her.

"I like the way those people live—people like the Owens'."

"Well, they're only a tiny fraction of the world, Carol. Mustn't forget that."

"It's our own fraction."

"Hardly mine."

"That's such nonsense. You know they are yours. You've got a splendid position if you'd only use it. If you'd remember old friends like the Clouds and the Sinclairs, they'd be so pleased. You mustn't be so hard and fast, Phil—so set in your ways."

"Maybe not," he agreed. "We'll find ourselves one of these days."

"I DON'T want to waste time," said Carol. "I don't want to waste our youth. People don't. They've learned that. All sorts of things happen. I like the way such people as the Owens' walk right in and take the prize things."

"They buy them."

"Well, we've quite a lot of money."

"You have. I haven't."

"Oh, I think that's all nonsense. We exaggerate that situation. You know, the Held girl was there, and she married young John Phipps, and he simply hasn't a cent in the world, and they get on perfectly."

"What does he do?"

"He doesn't do anything. He's the nicest fellow I ever saw—bar one—and he's a good bridge-player and rides like a jockey—they're all crazy about him."

"And who pays the bills for Mr. John Phipps?"

"She does, I suppose. As some one said, she gets enough out of it. She wouldn't be asked about like that unless she had him. She's rather dumb."

"It sounds pretty raw to me. Just another man living on his wife."

"She's crazy about him!"

"Oh, let's forget them," said Philip a trifle nervously. He didn't want this conversation to work into disagreement, and he couldn't see much admiration for the John Phipps family developing in his own mind.

"I want you to meet the Owens'."

"That'll keep," he said cheerfully.

"They're going to Europe in August—either August or late July, depending on when that new French liner sails."

"Are they?"

"They say that boat is the most beautiful one in the world. Did you know that?"

"I'll believe it." Philip got up and lit a cigarette. He was beginning to wonder if by any chance this could be leading somewhere. Better change the subject.

"Joan knows six new words. Imperfect but new. Did she try them on you?" he asked.

"She jabbered like a monkey at me. You know I think this would be the time to have her learn French. When she's small."

"Oh, I think that's unnecessary. Let her get the United States language first, with a touch of native Swede from Inga."

"Well, if I went abroad, I think I'd try to find a nice French girl and bring her back with me—to be sort of governess to Joan."

"Time enough for that. We'll get abroad by the time she's old enough to need to learn French. Ten years or so. Aren't you wearing out your hair, don't you think?"

He put his hands on her shoulders caressingly, and lifted her face.

"Philip—I want to go away with you—we've never been away together. Let's go to Europe."

His lips were deep on hers.

"We don't need to go to Europe," he murmured. "We have each other here."

She shook herself free, deftly.

"They're crazy to have us go."

"Who are?"

"The Owens'. On that new French boat. It's the first trip, Phil—just heavenly *de luxe*, and all sorts of interesting people on it. We could have the most marvelous time. It would be like discovering each other all over again, don't you see? On the ocean—and then Paris—and such friends—Phil, we've just got to go! They told me they'd manage reservations for us if I let them know at once."

She lifted her arms around his neck and held them there, persuasive, provocative. He was dizzy with her—the faint, new scent she wore, the way her hair was flung back over her forehead, the white neck, his heart pounding faster and faster over hers.

"Now, say you will because you love me. You do love me, Phil. We've been forgetting that. I've been so wretched for weeks, for months. Let's get away to a fresh start."

He loosened her arms, but held her hands in one of his gently.

"Darling—how could I?"

"But why not?"

"My work, for one thing."

"That could be managed. You know they'd have to get along. They'd want you back. Let them miss you."

"But even if they would take me back, which isn't sure at all, I haven't any money for that sort of thing, Carol. You know it."

"I have. I'll take care of everything. You wont have to give the money end even a thought."

He dropped her hands.

"It's quite impossible. I wouldn't dream of it."

His voice had changed. It was protective, guarded again, like his manner. He was no longer the lover, the husband adoring his wife, but a man, clinging desperately to something which the woman he desired was begging as return for her favor. He was still dizzy with her presence, eager for her arms; but rising above that was the thwarting which was making him hate her.

"You wont do that for me!"

"I couldn't, Carol. Be reasonable."

"Oh, you don't care for me at all. You don't care! I want this more than I've ever wanted anything else. I've begged you—"

"Don't you see that it's because I do love you that I've got to keep my self-respect? I can't keep it if I go traipsing all over Europe on your money."

"I hate that middle-class self-respect talk!" she cried. "I'm tired of your stubbornness. Of trying to live like a cheap clerk's wife. Why should I?"

"Why indeed? Why not get rid of the cheap clerk? Why not write me off?"

"I've done my best," said Carol. "I've tried to make you happy tonight!"

"Yes, you set the stage pretty carefully."

"You're getting cheaper. More commonplace all the time," she answered.

"I'll clear out," he said shortly, and turned toward the door. "I'm through, Carol. Through."

THERE was something so bitter, so hurt in his voice, that it cut through her disappointment. She caught him at the door, lovely, pathetic, flaming in her scarlet negligee.

"Philip! Let's not be like this. I haven't asked for such a lot. Do just this one thing for me, if you love me—if you even want me."

Philip looked down at her face against his shoulder. Never in his life had he wanted anyone so much. He pulled himself away, almost viciously.

"I'm not your fancy boy," he said, and the slam of the door echoed his harsh, ugly phrase.

With the next installment, in our forthcoming June issue, comes the most dramatic episode in all this engrossing novel.

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LISTEN, BABY!

(Continued from page 39)

in Chicago. . . . . "Snap out of it, kid," called one of the girls, passing her door. "Your public is clamoring for you!"

Margie hurried to her make-up shelf. A dab of rouge on cheeks and lips. Powder. "Is that my face?" she asked her mirror. "Gee, this four and five frolics a day isn't exactly a beauty treatment. If I see *him*—"

On the stage. The resin-box. Margie's small feet shuffled about in it aimlessly.

"Say, what is this—a parking-space?" The girl behind gave her a friendly shove.

"Just Like a Butterfly." Her music. She was on, and into her dance. Might as well cut that back kick. Wonder how the house is at the Royal? "Just Like a Butterfly That's Caught in the Rain." Finish. Chord. Bow. Two bows. Well, the few that are out there are kind-hearted. . . . .

Another one over. In her dressing-room again. The girls were chattering, but Margie did not hear them. Cold cream. Off with the paint, on with the little blue twelve-dollar dress. Look at that hat. Shades of Queen Mary! Must get a new one. A red one to give some color. And the shabby old fur coat. Genuine unplucked Airedale! Maybe *he* wouldn't notice it, though. . . . . Suddenly a thought frightened her. Suppose he was married? She went out with a hasty good-night to the girls.

"What's the matter with Margie?"

"Her feet are still with us," answered one of the girls, "but her mind's on a vacation."

Margie hurried along the street into a gale off the frozen lake. In front of the glittering façade of the Royal she paused. Two enlarged photographs of him smiled at her from the frames on the sidewalk. He hadn't changed much. Handsome as ever. More self-assured, though. Well, that was natural.

AL WEST, THE JAZZ SHEIK, AND HIS BAND proclaimed the billing. In large letters, too, she noted with a glow of pride. Wonder what he'd say when he saw her? She could hear that nice, drawly voice of his: "Dear little girl, if it hadn't been for you, I'd still be trying to knock 'em cold in Shelbyville. You're the little lady that had the brains. I made good, but you helped me get the chance." He was such a modest kid. . . . .

At the door an usher told her that Al West's band had just finished. People were coming out. Must be Jap acrobats closing the bill. Margie came away, disappointed, and as a blast of icy wind swept up Randolph Street, she shivered, clutching the shabby fur coat closer about her. If he knew she was out here. . . . . Well, why not let him know?

THE door-man was pleasant but firm. "If I let in every flapper that comes to see Al West, this place would look like a beauty parlor."

Margie smiled. "Thanks for nothing!" she said. "I'm no flapper. I'm in the business, and an old friend of Mr. West's."

"Well—er—"

"I'll just step inside, anyway," she said. "The wind is colder than a vaudeville agent's heart."

Margie stepped inside.

The doorkeeper became conversational. "This kind of weather puts roses in your cheeks."

"Yes, and lilies on your chest. Just tell Mr. West that Margery Merwin wants to see him."

Her heart was beating a tempo that her feet had never kept time to before. She heard the door-man down the hall: "Hey! Mr. West, young lady to see you."

Then *his* voice: "Yeh? Well, I'll be out in a minute. What's she look like, Dan?"

Margie felt suddenly very warm.

The door-man laughed: "Looks good, Mr. West. Margery Merwin's the name."

"Who?" called Al West. "Margery Merwin?" There was an instant's silence that seemed a century to Margie; then he said: "I don't seem to— Oh, well, anyway, I'm coming right out. Tell her to wait."

She felt cold again, and her knees seemed unsteady. She sat down. If she had had the strength at that instant, she would have fled from the theater.

"Well, for the love o'—it's *you!*" All the charm that later Al West learned to turn on and off like steam-heat was in that greeting. His smile and the sound of his voice did something to Margie. She gave him one of her cold little hands, and he took it in both of his warm, strong ones.

"Listen, Baby," he said. "I often wondered what become of you. I've tried to find you—"

"Where?" asked Margie quietly.

"Where!" Al West was not used to having women ask questions when he was being charming. "Why—everywhere!"

Margie was smiling. "What's my last name?"

He hesitated—and was lost. But he laughed it off smoothly, and Margie laughed too. The hurt was fast disappearing.

"Well, anyway, here we are, and I sure am glad to see you." His brown eyes caressed her. "Let's go grab some food. I got a date, but I'll break it."

MARGIE noticed that he wasn't so shy as he had been when they played the Bijou, in Battle Creek. And his clothes weren't so comic. Not *quite* so comic, though he was wearing a cap, and a tan overcoat with the largest checks she had ever seen. Spats, too. The Jazz Sheik in person.

"Hey, Dan," he said to the door-man, "call the hotel, and ask for Room Five-ten. Tell the dame that answers I gotta see my agent, and can't make it tonight. Thanks, Dan. G'night."

The door-man beamed. Margie was to learn that people usually beamed when Al West turned on his charm.

"If you've got a date," she said, "I don't want to take you—"

"Listen, Baby—you're not taking me. I'm going of my own free will." He slipped his arm through hers. "Besides, I got a lot of things to tell you."

He did have a lot of things to tell her. And they were all about himself. Over the supper-table he talked on the subject of Al West from eleven-thirty until one, A. M., and Margie acquired a good deal of general information regarding his success, his plans, his health, and so forth. On each hand sparkled a diamond ring, and he gestured lavishly.

After the first shock of realization that he was no longer the same sweet boy she had known in Battle Creek,—was it a thousand years ago?—Margie attempted a bit of gentle irony:

"You've got no grudge against yourself; I can see that."

"Did I tell you," he went on, "about the swell notices I got in Omaha?"

"I don't think you left out anything." She smiled. "I suppose it's no secret that you got Paul Whiteman looking for employment?"

"Oh," he said seriously, "there's room for both of us."

Margie gave it up. After all, what was the difference? Small time or big time—they were all hams. Just a question of salary. The most conceited woman she had ever known in vaudeville got twenty dollars a week, handing Indian-clubs to a juggler.

And he *was* attractive. Sitting there opposite him, she had ceased to listen to his monologue about himself; she was thinking what long eyelashes he had, and what beautiful

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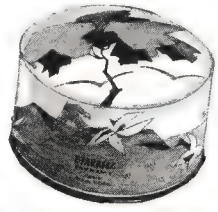

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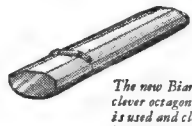

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white teeth. Well, he might be only a two-a-day band-leader, but he was Prince Charming to her. There would never be anyone else like him. No use kidding herself about *that*.

"One-thirty," she announced, coming out of her trance, and interrupting his count of how many offers he had had already this season. "Ask the waiter for the bad news, and let's go."

At the elevator in her little hotel he said: "I'll come up a minute."

In the two years since she had seen him, he had acquired a way with women. Al West, the boy with the personal touch. Well, Margie wasn't going to be like all the rest. From that moment forth she determined to out-think him.

"Not tonight." She affected a yawn. "I'm tired. Four shows today—"

"Say!" He was instantly contrite. "An' I never even asked what you're doing! You must think I'm a ham."

Margie smiled up into his eyes. "I think you're grand!" And she stepped into the elevator.

The grille clanged shut, and the car carried her upward, leaving him standing there astonished. Women didn't usually walk out on him like this. He was too quick on the exit stuff himself.

"Listen, Baby," he called up. "When'll I see you?"

"Tomorrow night," floated down the shaft.

"What time?"

"Eleven-thirty. Good night!"

"G'night, Baby."

"Say—" The night clerk was annoyed. "If you want to rehearse the balcony scene, hire a rehearsal hall. This is a decent hotel."

"Yeh? I *thought* it looked kinda empty!" Al put on his cap at that certain big-time angle, and swaggered out.

Monday night they had supper. Tuesday night they had dinner and supper. Wednesday and Thursday the same gastric program. It was becoming a habit. In the taxi going home that night he grew sentimental, and Margie exercised all the self-control of her determined young person lest he discover how much she longed to be crushed in his strong arms. But other women—plenty of them—had spoiled him, and she would not be one of them.

"Listen, Baby," he said. "I hate to see you hoofing your little life away."

"Don't worry about me." She patted his hand. "I called up Max Mindel today. Remember him? Well, he's got a swell job now with Sullivan and Crane. I'm going to see if he can put me in one of their big movie houses here—you know, where they have 'presentations.' I get tired of leaping from town to town."

"Gee!" Al West sighed. "I wish we could be together—"

"Next week," said Margie, "there'll be some blonde with a baby stare on the bill, and you'll forget me all over again."

"Listen, Baby—I'll never forget you!"

"Don't sign anything till you see your lawyer," Margie laughed.

ONCE more they stood in front of the elevator in her hotel.

"This is as far as I ever get," he complained. "Listen, Baby—how about lunch tomorrow?"

"I'm lunching with Max Mindel."

Al West frowned. "As I remember him, he was a good-lookin' little runt—"

"Max is one of the nicest men I know," defended Margie. "And he's not very little—he's as tall as you are."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it," he snapped. "Good night!"

"On your way out," smiled Margie, "don't get caught in the revolving door!"

Just a spoiled child, she mused going up the elevator. Listen, Baby! . . . . He was only a great big baby himself, and he needed somebody to take care of him.

Over the luncheon-table next day Max Mindel handed her the menu.

"What would you like?"

"Well," said Margie, "I may not be a headliner, but I got just as big an appetite!"

His large, dark eyes smiled. He was the new type of theater man, well-dressed, quiet-mannered, suave. And palely handsome.

Margie, being a daughter of Eve, knew that he was attracted to her. But she knew, too, that he was very shrewd.

Toward the end of luncheon he said casually: "I saw your specialty dance last night."

"Yes?" She was trying to appear very calm.

"One-fifty a week at our new Babylon is worth two-fifty on the road."

"Two hundred might be," said Margie.

"I could get you a twenty-week contract."

"Two hundred," said Margie.

"You'd only have to change your dance a little bit each week."

"Two hundred," said Margie.

"You're a good business woman," Max Mindel approved. "Call it two hundred, then. Sullivan and Crane are opening the new Babylon in three weeks. So you'll come, eh?"

"I haven't said I would yet. What about your band? The band's the important thing at these big presentation houses. Can you compete with Mosher Brothers' Andalusian? They've got Rufe Wilkes and his band."

"You're a smart girl. We've got a wonderful band for the Babylon, but just between you and me, we're stuck for a leader. We need a guy with personality—you know, one that can do specialties, and arrange different stunts each week."

"I see what you mean." She nodded thoughtfully.

"Now let's go over and sign a contract."

"All right," said Margie.

IN Max Mindel's office she signed her contract. Twenty weeks at two hundred a week. Not so bad. But she wasn't thinking of herself.

"You remember that boy Al West, I wrote you about once?"

"Yes. What ever happened to him?"

"Why, he's playing the Royal."

Margie was looking at her contract. Max Mindel's eyes were like search-warrants.

"He's got an act with a band. One of the girls in our act saw it. She says he has Rufe Wilkes looking like a cripple when it comes to class and personality. He might be a good bet for you. Why not go over and give him the O. O.?"

The slightest shadow of suspicion flitted in and then out of Max Mindel's keen mind.

"Not a bad idea," he said. "I'll walk along with you."

In front of the Royal they parted. Max Mindel pressed Margie's hand. "Don't forget to give in your two-weeks' notice."

"I wont. And say,"—Margie was looking very innocent,—"if you should do anything about Al West, don't for heaven's sake tell him I suggested it. He might get the idea I was interested in him, and they tell me his line of ladies forms on the right. I'm not so hot in a crowd. So long!"

Margie walked away, but she did not turn the corner until she saw Max Mindel step inside the Royal. She was whistling when she entered the dressing-room.

"For Gawd's sake, aint you got no dressing-room manners?" complained the red-haired girl.

"You know whistlin' means somebody's out!" The tall blonde was almost in tears.

"Calm yourselves, ladies. Somebody *is* out, but not down. I'm leaving the night life of Monte Carlo to whoever can stand it. Take a look at the leading lady hoofer of Sullivan and Crane's new Babylon Theater!"

"No?" They were incredulous.

"Well, Ziegfeld says to me last night,"—the tall blonde stood up beautifully naked,—"'Lily,' he says, 'The Follies aint doin' so well. Come and be glorified.'"

"All right," laughed Margie. "Read that—if you can read!" She flung her contract into Lily's hand, and undressed to a chorus of: "Well, for cryin' out loud! Twenty weeks! Can you tie that? She must know where the body's buried!" They crowded around, noisily congratulating her.

Smiling, Margie painted her young face, and hurried into her costume. But when the girls trooped out, she lingered behind, her eyes closed, her hands clasped fervently.

"O God," she prayed, "please let Al be a riot this afternoon!"

HE had been in the habit of phoning her at the theater between the second and third shows, but today no call came. Margie was worried. Then she remembered that he had walked out, mad, last night. Jealous of Max Mindel? It made her laugh. Yet the thought was comforting. After the last show, she ate a lonely little supper, missing him more and more. Was he out with some other dame? Had he heard from Max Mindel? Before tumbling into bed, she prayed again for him, and fell asleep to dream of him.

The next day was Saturday. He did not telephone, and during the long afternoon Margie's worry crescendoed to panic. They were both leaving town tonight—in opposite directions. Suppose she never saw him again?

But when she went out to dinner, he was waiting for her at the stage door, and her heart performed a Pavlowa leap. If he had been angry, it was all forgotten now.

"Listen, Baby! Whatta ya know—I just had an offer from Sullivan and Crane to take the band at their new Babylon—an' my name in electric lights."

"No!" gasped Margie, tingling with pride. "Did you sign the contract?"

"Did I? Twenty weeks. I guess I'm not there! You should've heard me talk to this guy Mindel. He tried to make me believe he hadn't read my notices. When I asked him how he happened to come after me, he just looked wise. But one of the boys in the band saw him standin' in front of the Royal, lookin' at my picture. Anyway, I'm all set. You watch me."

"Gee, I'm happy," bubbled Margie. "It's wonderful!"

"Listen, Baby—you were right when you said agents are no good. I did this all myself."

"Sure you did," purred Margie.

He forgot to ask about her plans, so she didn't tell him of her contract with Max Mindel. That would be a little surprise for him. She merely mentioned that she would be in Chicago in two weeks, and he told her that would be great—she could come and watch him rehearse the new Babylon band. When they said good-by at the station that night he kissed her, and Margie closed her eyes with the ecstasy of it. When she opened them again, she saw that Al, though he held her in his arms, was gazing wistfully at a winking electric sign advertising balloon tires against the night sky.

"Listen, Baby—"

"Yes?" She clung to him breathlessly, expecting a word of love.

"Listen, Baby—I'm gonna have my name over the theay-ter in lights as big as those!"

MARGIE played St. Louis and Milwaukee. Al West played South Bend and Joliet.

The two weeks passed quickly for Al. He talked his way through them, telling the world what he was going to do to Chicago and environs.

For Margie the two weeks dragged like a life sentence. She missed him outrageously. Missed the sound of his voice: even when he was talking about himself, it was music to her ears. "Listen, Baby—"

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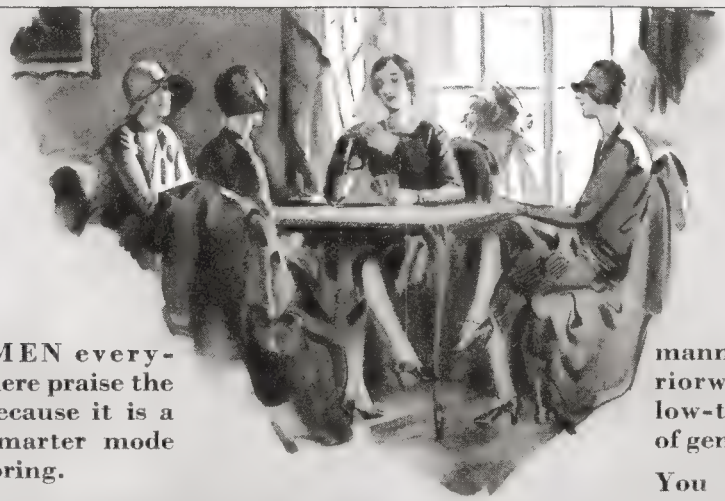

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came. It said that he was a panic in Joliet. No mention of Margie in it, but she carried the telegram for days in her purse. Then one night when she lay asleep, dreaming that Al West and Max Mindel were fighting a duel with saxophones, the phone beside her bed rang shrilly. Margie leaped to it.

"Listen, Baby—" *His* velvet voice! "I miss you something terrible. Whatta ya know about that?"

"Oh!" She was tremulous with happiness. But she mustn't let him know. Indifferent—that was the game to play with him. "Why, Mr. West!" she laughed. "I certainly am surprised to hear your voice. I thought you'd be married to a blonde lady acrobat by this time."

"Listen, Baby," he laughed back. "You wouldn't worry about me if you could see the dolls on the bill. The youngest one's a fancy diver that got her start in the Johnstown flood!"

They talked happy nonsense for several expensive minutes; then, "I'll see you in Chi on Monday?" he asked.

"It's just possible," answered Margie, smiling to herself. "But if you *do* see me, don't act surprised. Remember!"

He wondered what she meant by that. But on Monday morning when he walked down Randolph Street he was not thinking of Margie. His appointment with Max Mindel was for eleven A. M.

"Never do to be early," he muttered. "And if I walk up that alley again, the doorman'll think I'm doin' sentry-duty!" He paused and studied the skeleton framework of the big electric sign, visualizing how *Al West* was going to fit into it. Six letters. Easy—and room for a star at each end.

At five minutes past eleven he sauntered through the stage-door with an assumed carelessness. Max Mindel was on the stage, talking with a man and a woman. Al strolled toward them.

"Take your time," he advised himself. "Don't let this guy Mindel know you're nervous. Now speak—you know, kind of offhand. . . . . Hello, Mr. Mindel!"

Max Mindel turned around. "Oh, hello, West," he said coolly. "I think you know Miss Merwin, our *première danseuse*. And this is Jake Reusch, our stage-manager."

It was Margie! Al stared at her. She was wirelessing messages with those blue eyes of hers.

"It's a long time since Battle Creek, isn't it, Mr. West?"

HE gathered the idea that he was expected to help her out. Poor little kid—probably she wasn't very sure of her job. And with *his* drag—

"Well," he beamed expansively, "it certainly is nice, your bein' here. Anything you want, just come to me."

Max Mindel looked rather surprised.

"Oh, thanks," answered Margie. "I know we'll get along fine. Now I'll be on my way. Good-by, Mr. West. I'm going to let you get your numbers set without me to bother you today. I'm at the Regina Hotel. If you should want me for anything, just ring me up. Good-by, Mr. Reusch. Good-by, Mr. Mindel. Oh, no, please don't come out—I know you're busy. See you tomorrow!" And she was gone.

They watched her go; nothing was said about her, but in each mind a thought stirred uneasily. Twenty weeks!

"Jake, what time did you call the band?" Max Mindel's voice was quiet, but it grated on Al's ears.

"Two-thirty this afternoon in the Odd Fellows Hall across the street."

"Where did she say she was living?" Al took off his cap and passed his hand across his brow. It was damp.

Max Mindel regarded him sharply. "The Regina Hotel," he answered. And it was almost as if he had added: *"Why?"*

"I'm not crazy over this guy," Al was thinking. "He better watch his step with me!" Aloud he said: "I'll be there to take the band at two-thirty." And he marched out of the theater.

Max Mindel turned an amused smile on the stage-manager. "Temperamental, Jake. We'll have to keep his dressing-room filled with flowers!"

Al walked up Randolph Street, scowling blackly. There was something phony about this deal. Why had Margie just now pretended she didn't know him so well? Because she didn't want Mindel to find out—that was it! What was Mindel to her? He stormed into a cigar-store telephone-booth, and called the Regina Hotel.

"Hello?" Margie's voice.

"Listen!" No "Baby" this time. He sounded very much annoyed. "If there's any monkey business with that guy Mindel, you an' me are through—see!"

"Why, Mr. West, how you do go on!" Margie laughed, but she was thrilled at the angry jealousy in his voice.

"I mean it!"

"Shame on you," said Margie. "Max Mindel and I are just business acquaintances."

"Well, keep it that way," he answered sulkily. "But if I catch him makin' a pass at you, I'm gonna sock him. I don't care if it's on the corner of State an' Madison!"

"All right, Big Boy," answered Margie sweetly. "And now how about lunch?"

A FEW days of rehearsals, and Al West's personality had spread through the band like a rumor. The band boys liked him. They knew that though he couldn't read a note of music, he could play every instrument until it quivered. His rhythm was the last word. And the last word was *hot*. As she watched him waving the baton at rehearsal, his head and shoulders, his whole athletic body vibrant with tantalizing tempo, Margie's heart behaved queerly.

"When I look at him," she told herself, "I need smoked glasses!"

One night at supper she dropped a gentle hint that his race-track clothes, though all right for Orange Drink Alley, were not the proper attire for a jazz king.

"How do you mean, honey?" He was interested.

"Well, that overcoat you're wearing belongs on a man with a trained animal act," she pointed out. "And only rail-birds and bootleggers wear caps. You ought to be diff'rent."

He said nothing, but the next day he was wearing a dark blue overcoat and a derby. Margie smiled to herself.

Two days before the opening, she came to him after rehearsal.

"You know what you ought to have?" she said. "A name for the band. Just a band don't mean anything today. Advertising is what makes it. There's Benny Kotzimoff and his Hot Harmonizers. That's what I mean."

"Listen, Baby—you get your own dances ready." He patted her hand. "Your boy friend don't need no trick names or electric lights to put *him* over."

"I've got it!" exclaimed Margie. "How does this sound? Al West and His Jazz Joy Boys!"

He listened thoughtfully. "Not bad," he admitted. "I'll think it over."

On Sunday morning she came down for their last rehearsal. Over the entrance of the Babylon blazed a huge electric sign: AL WEST —AND HIS JAZZ JOY BOYS.

"What d'you think of it?" Max Mindel stood at her elbow.

"Al's a wonder," she replied.

"That name is worth thousands," enthused Mindel. "He came in yesterday and tossed it off as if it was nothing."

"Maybe it's no effort for him to think of these things," said Margie.

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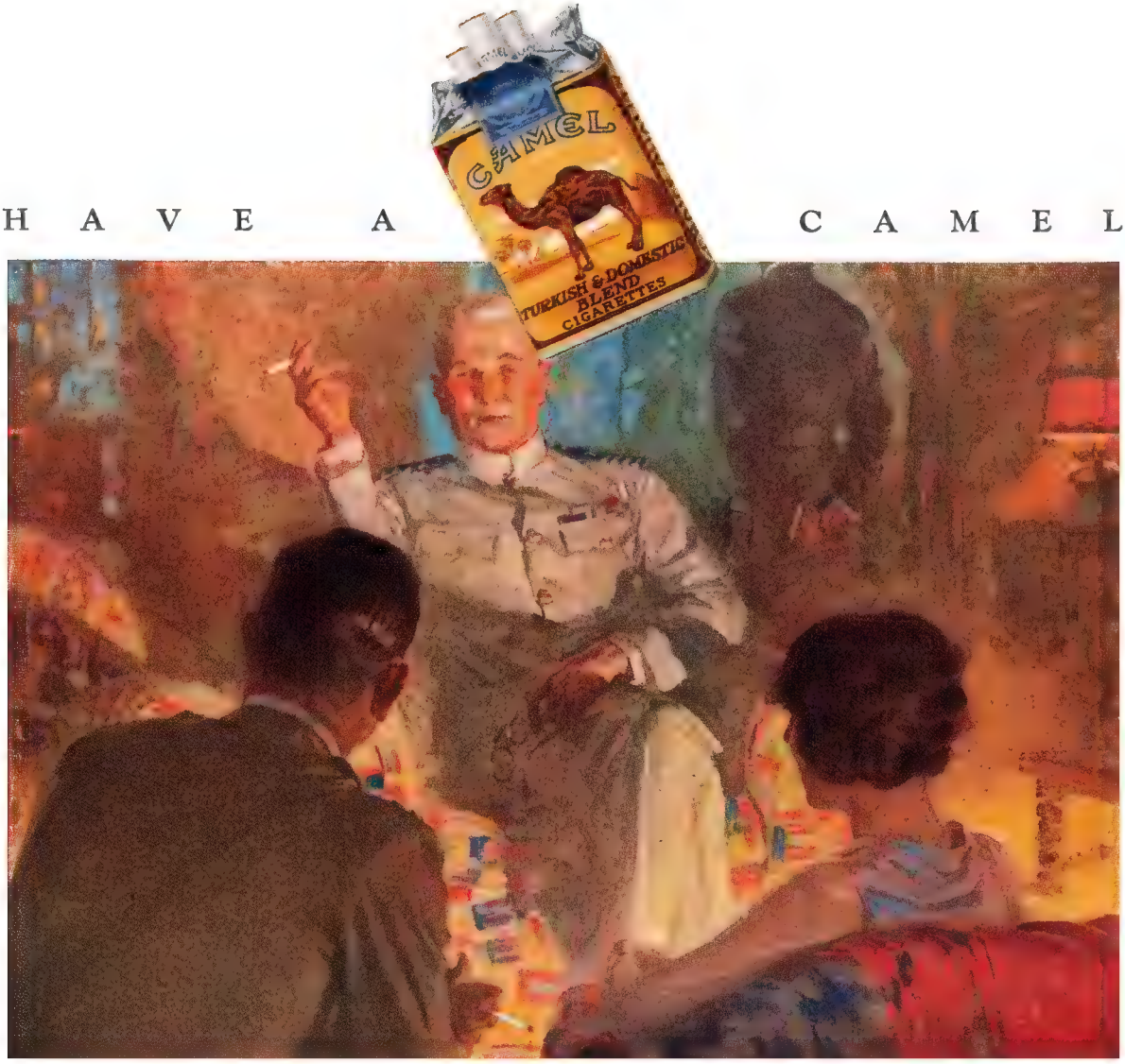

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The Babylon opened on Monday with a bang. Messrs. Sullivan and Crane had outdone themselves. There were immense crowds at every one of the five shows, and carnations for the ladies.

To the newspapers Al West and His Jazz Joy Boys were just another band; but to the clientele of the new Babylon, they were a riot. Overnight Al West became an idol. Men didn't mind him, and women lost their heads and hearts over him. He had It, Those—everything. Over at the rival Andalusian, Rufe Wilkes, who until the début of Al West had been hailed as the Grand Duke of Jazz, tore his hair. He had plenty left, however. Several letters from fickle fans arrived, suggesting that Al West had proved that a guy could play great jazz and still not cheat the poor barbers out of a living. Al West was the talk of the town.

Margie was elated. Al appeared more pleased with himself than ever. "I told you so," he modestly admitted. "Listen, Baby—they can't stop me!"

Margie went to lunch with Max Mindel once or twice, on occasions when the newly crowned jazz king had apparently forgotten to ask her. Mindel was more courteous and attentive than ever, but he said very little about Al West's triumph.

"One of the cuckoo things about this picture business," he remarked to Margie, "is that nobody comes to see the picture. Outside, there's a line of people halfway down the block, standing in the rain, waiting to get in. And most of 'em don't even know the name of the picture we're showing. What they want to see is some guy waving his arms in front of a jazz band."

"But Al West's a sensation," she said.

"He'll be all right," replied Mindel, "if his head doesn't get so big there's no room on the stage for the band. How that fella hates himself!"

"In this business," defended Margie, "if you don't tell people you're good, they wont believe you."

"You like him." His eyes searched her face.

Margie felt herself blushing. "I—I think he's a swell musician."

"We'll see how he lasts," said Max Mindel shrewdly.

THE first week passed with echoing applause. The second week there was a slight let-down, and Margie uneasily recalled Max Mindel's skeptical, "We'll see how he lasts." Somehow the "presentation" did not seem to click as the opening week's had. Margie herself worked harder than ever, and her new dance pleased the audiences, but the other acts on the bill were coolly received. Margie knew the reason. Al West had been careless in rehearsing them, in putting the show together. The Jazz Joy Boys and their magnetic leader were a hit again, but not a sensational hit. Something was wrong. And Margie knew what it was. Al West appeared to be resting on his laurels. Watching critically from the wings, she noticed that he had become casual, wasn't trying as hard. Off-stage, his attitude was patronizing to everybody, including Margie. His pockets bulged with newspaper clippings about himself, and in conversation he managed to convey the impression that the Babylon had been built for the special purpose of providing an elaborate background for Al West.

Margie had grown accustomed to his childish vanity. When she felt like screaming, "Can't you talk about *anything* but yourself?" she merely sighed. She was in love with him. Once she interrupted him to inquire what he had planned for next week's show.

"Listen, Baby—don't you worry," he told her. "They'll take what I give 'em—an' like it. I got 'em eating out of my hand. A hundred fan letters this morning. All from women. Why, say—"

That was his strongest weakness—women. Margie had found it out the first week, watching him strutting among the other girls on the bill, like a rooster in a barnyard. And there was that wide-eyed little blonde Eva La Rue, one of the Eight Dancing Dolls. Margie had observed how she played up to him. "Oh, Mr. West, you're wonderful!"—in a baby voice. That was what he wanted, somebody to tell him how wonderful he was.

ON Saturday night Max Mindel asked her to supper, but Margie refused. Saturday nights she always went some place to dance with Al.

This evening, however, he didn't come around to her dressing-room after the show, and as she went out she heard one of the Dancing Dolls say that he had gone to supper with Eva La Rue. Back in her lonely little hotel room, Margie lay awake half the night.

The next day after rehearsal Al came around to take her to dinner, debonair and complacent, as if nothing had happened. And Margie did not mention Eva La Rue. Margie was a sport. If she was quiet during dinner, it was because her mind was troubled with graver problems than a baby-faced dancer. She knew from the slovenliness of the dress rehearsal that the new show would not make the grade.

On Monday afternoon her fears were realized. The show was a flop. And a new movie cathedral like the Babylon couldn't afford a flop. By evening the attendance had begun to fall off. Margie saw, with a sickening feeling, what overconfidence had done to Al West. In his own mind he had already become a great artist, condescending to give the public a treat.

When the silver curtain rose on the band, the first saxophone, little Louie Nupplebaum, was conducting. Al himself walked on smiling after the opening number, to take the baton. Big-time stuff. The applause, however, was not uproarious. Everyone noticed it but Al. He appeared just as pleased with himself as if they had stood in the aisles cheering and throwing roses.

On Tuesday business dropped again. Wednesday it dropped lower. There was no queue waiting in the rain outside the new Babylon now. Max Mindel was called on the carpet. He came away looking worried. Margie was looking worried too. Around the theater everybody looked worried—everybody but Al West.

On Thursday the blow fell. Between the second and third shows Margie went out with Max Mindel to get a sandwich.

"After next week," said Max Mindel, "there'll be a new band-leader at the Babylon."

Margie's heart skipped a beat. "Whatta you mean?"

"West has got to go. He's terrible."

"But—you can't fire him. He's got a twenty-week contract."

"We'll stick him out in one of our suburban houses till his contract's up. He's through. He thinks he's so good personally that the rest of the show doesn't matter. And you can't tell him anything. He knows it all. I've never met such an impossible fat-head in fifteen years of show business."

Margie was staring down at her plate.

Max Mindel reached across and took her hand. "Don't you worry, little girl," he said gently. "Your job is safe. Next week I'm going to feature your name in bigger letters."

Next week! And Al would be gone.

AFTER the last show that night, before taking off her make-up, she hurried to his dressing-room. He had said nothing to her about supper, and when he opened the door, she saw that he was putting on his dinner jacket. He called it an open-faced reefer.

"Why, hello, honey—"

"Al, I've got to talk to you. It's important."

"Listen, Baby—" He seemed embarrassed. "I—ah—I got a sort of date—"

"Break it." She had never talked to him this way before.

"Why, sure—"

"Tell her,"— Margie tried to keep the contempt out of her voice, —"tell her you've got a business appointment."

Across the table in a quiet restaurant she faced him gravely. "You've got to put over a wow next week. You've *got* to."

"Has Mindel been kickin'?"

"Sullivan and Crane," said Margie coldly, "are going to put in another band-leader if business don't go up next week."

"Why,"— he looked more surprised than hurt, —"why, I've knocked 'em cold at the Babylon!"

"You've *left* 'em cold."

"Papa's little ray of sunshine!" He tried to smile.

"I'm not fooling, Al. It's your last chance."

His smile faded. "Listen, Baby—I don't see—"

"That's just it—you don't see! Do you want to save your job?"

"Why—sure. " He was worried now.

"Will you do as I say?"

He nodded, gulped. "Whatta ya want me t'do, honey?"

She began to talk, and for the first time in many months, Al West listened.

IN such a vast "presentation" movie theater as the Babylon, the band-leader is hired for his personality. Beyond that his duties consist in rehearsing the band, and "readying" the vaudeville acts for the show. Al West had been neglecting these duties. On Friday the different acts on the bill were surprised to find an extra rehearsal notice on the call-board. Al West went over their numbers personally, and by his side sat Margie Merwin. Al did the talking, but he was taking his cues from Margie. They gave audiences to a dozen song-pluggers. New and snappy musical numbers were selected. All the material was carefully gone over, and the acts rehearsed as they had never been rehearsed before. There were complaints, but Al West was hard-boiled. Extra rehearsals Saturday, and again Sunday; and Margie was at his elbow every minute, whispering a thousand suggestions that Al uttered as his own. She was tired, but game. She was fighting for her man.

Of all these frenzied preparations Max Mindel remained unaware. He stayed away from the theater; for he knew Al West was doomed. And he wasn't sorry.

On Sunday night Margie was too tired to go to supper with Al—so dog-tired that she fell asleep in the taxi, riding home. And Al went to supper with Eva La Rue. . . . .

The new show on Monday was a wow, a riot, a panic. As luck would have it, the feature picture was good, but the "presentation" exceeded even the wildest dreams of Messrs. Sullivan and Crane, and all their relatives. It was such a sensation that two of the military ushers, standing at attention, so far forgot themselves as to applaud—and were promptly ordered to the guard-house. All the acts clicked like clock-work, but Al West and His Jazz Joy Boys topped the bill. Never had such jazz been heard in the Loop. As for Al West himself, he seemed like a new man—in fact, like several new men, for he was all over the place. And in their grand finale he did the old stunt Margie had first seen him do in Battle Creek: tap-dancing along with his easy, smiling grace, and borrowing all the instruments, in turn, from the band-boys. (It was Margie's suggestion that he revive it.) And the applause was tumult. He took ten bows. Ten bows on a Monday afternoon! Max Mindel was amazed beyond speech. This fellow Al West was established now, for all time.

Margie dressed in a flurry of excitement and ran down to his dressing-room to congratulate him. The door stood half open, and she could hear voices. Jake Reusch, the stage-manager, was speaking:

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"You sure put it over, Al!"

"You tell 'em!" Al's voice, with all the old braggadocio. "I told you I'd hand 'em a couple of howls."

"Where'd you get all these swell new ideas?"

"Right outa the old bean! Why, say, any time you want some *ideas*, just come around. I can do this kind of stuff with my left hand!"

Margie stood still. The disappointment of it! He had learned nothing. A little puff of success, and he was as much of a ham as ever. Jake Reusch came out, passing without seeing her. As Margie moved forward, she heard another voice. There was some one else in his dressing-room. Then the door swung open a little, and she saw Eva La Rue standing there.

"Oh, you were *won*-derful, Al!" That baby-talk voice!

"You tell 'em!" He smiled down at her, the old handsome, conceited smile. And taking her upturned face between his hands, he kissed her.

When he looked up, he found himself staring into Margie's eyes. She had not moved. *He* moved—very quickly. He seemed embarrassed.

"Hello—uh—honey! How was I?"

"Just now? You musta been great." Margie's eyes were as steady as rain. A little colder.

HE suddenly found several threads that needed to be brushed off his coat. "I—I mean the show."

"Marvelous! Those ideas of yours were brilliant."

His face was crimson. "Well, of course I got to thank *you*—"

"Oh, no!" Her sharp voice frightened him. "You haven't got to thank anybody!"

"Now, listen, Baby—"

"Don't 'baby' *me*. Save that for little Eva, here!" Her eyes burned with scorn. Little Eva looked scared. "Only, look out, Uncle Tom—for the bloodhounds!"

"Will ya lemme explain—"

"Why, *you* don't have to explain anything to anybody. *You're* doing the world a favor, just letting 'em look at you. *You're* perfect! Al West, God's masterpiece!"

"Listen, Baby—" He reached a trembling hand toward her.

"Don't touch me!" Her voice broke. "I never want to see you again!" And she was gone.

BLINDLY she groped her way toward the stage door. Max Mindel was waiting.

"What's the matter?" His manner was tender, concerned. "You look pale—"

"That's the way I feel!" Her lips quivered. Tears misted her eyes. "Take me somewhere, Max—anywhere—I don't care!"

Thirty seconds later Al West rushed to the stage-door, still in his make-up. The doorman said that Margie had just left with Mr. Mindel. Like a wild man Al fled up the alley. He wore no coat or hat, and it was snowing—but he did not seem to notice. They were nowhere in sight. He leaped into a taxi, and incoherently gave the addresses of several restaurants that Margie was in the habit of frequenting.

But Margie and Mindel were not at any of the restaurants, the excited apparition with make-up on his face was told. Several people jeered at him. He did not hear them.

"Mindel," he kept muttering to himself. "My God—she's gone with Mindel! He wants to marry her—"

Back in the taxi again. Groggy. "The Regina Hotel."

He did not wait to telephone up. He sprang into the elevator. "But she wont be there," he groaned.

He hammered on the door. No answer. "I knew it! She's gone—she's gone with Mindel."

Then the door was opened, and Margie stood there. She had been crying. He brushed past her. Mindel was not in the room. He shut the door and leaned against it. She stared at him, saying never a word.

"Listen, Baby—" he choked. "I been a terrible dumb kluck. I—I can't get along withoutcha. Oh, woncha gimme another chance!"

A tremulous pause; then Margie spoke, very quietly: "I suppose I'll be giving you another chance all the rest of my life."

"Listen, Baby—"

She was in his arms, being rocked like a real baby.

"We was meant for each other. I knew it in Battle Creek—only I didn't know I knew it Listen, Baby—"

"Say it again!" Margie clung to him, sobbing happily.

"Listen, Baby—"

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

(Continued from page 59)

sound. I figured I'd made an awful rip in international courtesy and felt cheap about it. Then I snapped to. I gave her a hundred-franc note so they could all see it, and they ordered quick enough then. A traveler for a wool house made a speech; the chief of police made a speech; and the man with the stiff leg put his hand on my head and said something about Lafayette. I didn't get a quarter of it, but we had a swell time.

AT nine o'clock the chief of police took me to the address Helen had given. Her friends were evidently important, because he kept turning to the house and saluting and talking very fast. When he left, the tears were running down his cheeks and flooding his voice.

An old man with a shawl showed me the drawing-room. The liquor had made me poetic. Helen was dressed in black. Her hair looked like an oriflamme on the tip of a black lance. Of course it didn't really.

"Do you want to sit in here or go out in the garden?" she asked.

"Don't be silly." So we went out in the garden and sat on a bench beside a lead cupid whose wings never could have lifted him.

"I hope you'll be nice to me, for I'm going to hurt your feelings," she said.

Not too good a beginning for an evening. You could see she'd practiced it a lot and it came hard.

"I've been in love with Buster for almost a year now, Danny."

"That's a swell reason for letting me kiss you! Because I look a little like him?"

She looked rather hurt. A woman loves to explain a complex situation. I was sorry for spoiling her big scene.

"My dear girl, people have been doing nice things for me ever since I was that high because I happen to look a little like Buster." It was the truth. I even got through chemistry because Dr. Richards admired Buster. Than which there was never greater charity.

"Don't you see, Danny dear, if I married him now, we'd be sunk forever? You can't reform a man after you marry him." Her sincerity made her shiver. She was a peach, all right. "He's got all the ability in the world. Did you know he can write marvelous stuff?"

"Can't he, though? He was so darned busy with his real job that he never really worked at it, though."

"It's a shame not to make him do the really fine things he can do," she said. "There are so many millions of people who can run a little farm. I wont let him think I'll marry him while he's wasting his life this way."

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1 ***A new, form-fitting shape*** **— non-detectable under the most clinging gowns, because corners are scientifically rounded and tapered to fit.**

2 ***Softer wrapping, fluffier filler*** **eliminate the discomforts of chafing and binding.**

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"But if this makes him happy, what about it? That's the main idea. Go ahead and marry him."

"He's not happy. He's not happy. I know he's not happy."

There wasn't much to say to that.

"Oh, and Danny, when I saw you get into the car in London, and you looked so much like him, and I was so terribly lonesome for him—well, I just let myself go and pretended it was him." She became sort of savage: "I've never let him kiss me. I can kiss you without being afraid of myself, you know." Right on the point of the jaw, that one. Smacko!

I had a good idea all of a sudden. I'd had it back in New York when people were saying mean things about Buster being through, having shot his wad, couldn't come back and all that sort; but this was a new slant to it.

"Look here, Helen, you promise me you'll never say a word to a soul about it,—not to Buster especially,—and I'll tell you something. Buster's been working on a book for some time. I've read what he's done, and it's a knockout. He wont put his name to it, because it's too personal. It tells why he shut himself off from his own people and came to live here."

She was cheered up and eager.

"Is it really good?"

"Good? It's a knockout. And believe me, I can smell quality a mile off."

"Oh, Danny, that makes me happy! Wouldn't you like something to drink? I've got some American cigarettes in the house."

I love women when they reach that stage of contentment when they have to give you something.

"I promise. I wont say a word. I feel so sort of exalted that I could almost kiss you."

"Go to it," I said. "It's a swell idea. That's the reason I came here."

She did, at that. But it was too Chautauqua-like to save the evening.

"You sit tight," I said. "And when the book comes out, if he doesn't ask you, you ask him."

"Why wont he go back? Tell me that much at least."

"You wait for the book. I can't tell you."

You bet I couldn't. I'd have given twelve thousand five hundred dollars to know that, myself.

THE next night we spent at Mont Richard. There was a tunnel that went seven miles from there to some place else. It may have been twenty miles. No one had ever been in it or knew where it was, but it was a comfort to know about it. We went up into the castle. There was a room high up over the cliff where some famous courtesan had been imprisoned or had jumped out of the window. As a matter of fact, I believe that was at Poitiers. The tunnel was at Mont Richard, though. There was a funny thing about that castle. As we went away from the town, I sat on the tail-board of the truck; and the further we went from the town, the nearer the castle seemed to come. The other buildings got hazy and indistinct, but the castle came looming up over us and made you dizzy with the idea that it was going to topple over on you. I asked Buster some more about the tunnel. He thought some one had once said it so everyone believed it after that. Now it's the truth.

Thursday noon we reached Buster's place. A man came out and told him the dog had died. That seemed to please the man. It was a good dog.

There was a river behind the house with trimmed poplars to hold the bank. There was an artesian well next to the cow-stable that operated a hydraulic ram. The oxen were white, and so big that they made you think of prehistoric animals, and All-American guards. Powerful without knowing what it's all about.

The house was whitewashed stone and the rooms nice and sunny. Buster said it was terribly damp in the winter when there wasn't anything but rain. I believed him. He paid forty-two hundred dollars for the place, including the cellar. It sounded cheap enough, but he had to pay in francs and that was the trouble. When I figured that, we reckoned he'd been stuck about four thousand dollars. He said that wasn't a bad proportion for France. They left him his shirt and drawers, which he said was unusual. He bought the place from a woman.

I WAS hot to get on with the new book. It seemed to me that in Buster's situation lay the theme for a story. I'd publish it anonymously and then start the rumor that it was done by Buster. Gossip like that, once under way, can't be killed. The more he denied it, the firmer his friends would grip the thought that he had done it. They all wanted to believe achievement of him, anyway. I'd made enough money for my publishers to keep them absolutely quiet. It would redeem his reputation with a lot of people who said he was through. What of it? We all get through, sometime. And he was awfully big while he was going. I was just as proud of him now as I was then, and it hurt to have people cracking innuendoes. It hurt me. It didn't hurt him.

Right from the start the book was a flop. I'd get the typewriter all oiled up and more paper than I'd use in a month laid out nice and straight, and then I'd go to the window and see Buster across the garden putting up new wire on the chicken-run, and everything would be all off. Sometimes it would come, but it was flat, with none of the flicker and sharp lights that were part of Buster. It was terrible stuff.

Buster had one letter from Helen. I saw it on the table in the hall. He didn't mention it, so I couldn't very well. Of course I never told him I'd seen her in Beaugency.

He evidently knew I was having hard sledding with the book, for he took to turning in early, and that gave me time to work at night, for I certainly wasn't doing much in the daytime, what with following him around.

"Lay off it, Danny," he said. "Just loaf here and get all set for it when you go back. Take it easy."

"The hell with that!" It made me mad that I couldn't turn out the kind of stuff I wanted when I was living under the same roof and getting back that closeness with him that was the best thing I ever had. Talk about being through! I figured I was through, all right.

Eight weeks after we arrived, it was Buster's birthday. I'd been in to town to arrange about having some one make a gallon of strawberry ice-cream. Cream and fruit and sugar. Without any flour. Real stuff, like we used to have on Sundays. It took me two hours to make those frogs understand I didn't want cold cream in a jar. When I didn't want the jar, they suggested tubes. It was excellent in tubes, they assured me. The mayor's wife preferred it in tubes. I showed them by Choctaw that what I wanted was to eat. They got the head chemist out, and he said the ingredients were pure. It was quite all right. He had never heard of that particular craving, but if I must eat it, theirs was the most edible on the market. It would only inconvenience me temporarily. Then he apologized for warning a confirmed cold-cream eater. . . . . It was swell when we got it, though. Buster can eat a gallon of ice-cream any time.

We had a jeraboam of 1884 claret, and fried chicken and the ice-cream. The new dog sat up in his corner, and we threw the bones to him. Afterwards we both sang tenor to "Bring the Wagon Home, John." The old woman who cooked had put a crucifix in the middle of the candles on the cake. It hurt her to waste all that illumination without some benefit.

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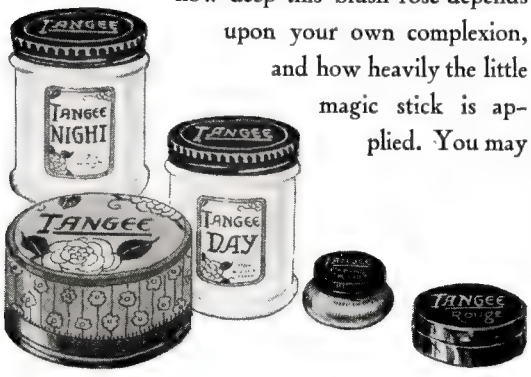

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Buster was shy with that nice hesitation that powerful men have when they try to say something personal.

"I had a letter from Helen sometime ago. She asked me if I wouldn't write a book telling why I quit my job in New York and came to live here."

"Yeh?"

"She said I could publish it anonymously, and no one need ever know that I wrote it except her. She said if I'd write, she wouldn't mind my farming it here."

He pounded out a big chord on the piano and sang, *"Boom-boom-boom!"* the way they do in the Carnegie Hall studios. The dog got up and made his mouth all ready to let go, but then decided not to.

"It's a good idea," I said.

"You wouldn't mind? You wouldn't feel I was stealing your stuff?"

I gave him the old army razz—that one that sounds like tearing a sheet. Poor Helen, she had it bad! She couldn't follow instructions worth a darn. I saw that Buster and I were finished. Imagine my going to visit my brother when his wife had been the slickest petting I'd ever had. A nice cozy household with her saying: "Oh, Danny, do take some more lemon pie." And me saying, "It's the best lemon pie I ever tasted." Two thousand feet in the air, and her eyes like Sorolla's sea-water! Not a chance.

THAT'S what he'd been doing at night instead of reading in his room! The job was done; he let me have the manuscript. I read the first lines while he was putting the dog out. I heard him stop on the stairs, and thought he was coming back, but he went on up after a minute. I could hardly breathe while he hesitated. I knew I'd lost something when he kept on.

I finished reading at four-thirty in the morning. The thing rang like a bell. The story marched straight ahead and never let you down. It was Grade A Pasteurized all the way. I cried once. I hadn't cried since Renée Adoree was looking for the boy with the camions going by in "The Big Parade."

It was Buster and me. I never knew how much I had lived under his shadow at home. He had, though. He'd seen me completely dominated, unable to do anything for myself while I followed him around. So he got out of the country. As a matter of fact, I did start to do stuff on my own after he'd been away two years. I never figured it was his sacrifice—I thought it was my growth.

I put the empty jeraboam on the manuscript and went upstairs. The hall was dark. I stopped outside Buster's door. Not a sound. His bed creaked.

"Is that you, sweet old kid?" he said. "Better get your clothes on. It's cold."

There was some light in his room. The east window was pretty bright. The room smelled of corduroy and plug tobacco.

"That book'll go a hundred thousand, Buster. It's wonderful."

He grinned and blew his nose on a red bandanna handkerchief. Then he put his feet out of bed and felt around for his slippers that we always called *"Mauretania"* and *"Lusitania."*

"That's the trouble with women, Danny. Things will never be the same with us again."

"After—after you're married, you mean?"

"You bet."

"I guess you're right. Look at the sun. It's going to be hot."

"You're hootin', it is. Let's go down and make coffee before that frog cook gets up and puts chicory in it."

"Slicko! It's been swell weather this past week, hasn't it?"

"Swell. Bring the cigarettes, will you? It's swell out there with the sun coming up. We'll carry our coffee out in the garden. Have you ever eaten figs with the dew on them?"

HEARTS AFLIGHT

(Continued from page 45)

"Not a word, Jim. Thank heaven, not a thing is known about it."

"Does that mean—you're free then to leave here?"

"No. It means I've got to stay here."

"Does that—your trouble not being in the papers—does it have any bearing on the hunt for you? 'They' wont stop?"

"Just the opposite, Jim; they'll push it harder than ever."

"I don't understand that: you're glad it wasn't in the papers, and yet because it wasn't, you say the hunt'll be pushed harder than ever!"

"It's this, Jim: if my trouble had become known, it would have done terrible injury to certain people and I'd have been the cause of it; and I'm glad I'm not guilty of that."

Dorn asked: "Your telegram does not help you?" Joyce shook her head.

"I sent it to let those, who might be injured, know that I was alone and would never breathe a word to hurt them. Now—now if this story becomes known it wont be my fault, because I warned them and promised to be quiet if they'd let me alone."

Dorn thought: "They wont let you alone. They're offering twenty thousand dollars for mere information. They'll tighten down the hunt for you."

He said: "Well, let them hunt. You're two hundred miles up from the grade, with an outfit to last till snow flies. And I'm the only person in the world who knows where you are. They'll never find you. That's that!" And again he swept her fears aside.

SHE invited him: "Jim, do you have to return to work right away?"

"No, I don't. I'm comfortably ahead of my schedule." And while he was about it, he paved his way for other visits: "In this cartographing we're limited to so much territory and so many air hours a week. A pilot can get tired without knowing it, especially us, flying a machine and operating a complex camera at the same time. I guess the Bureau figures that if a person's nerves are jumpy he might crack up a twenty-thousand-dollar plane. Working by myself, with no one to keep check on me, I've gone over the limit and piled up a margin. So whenever I want to take time off, I can."

"Then you'll stay for breakfast—and a while afterward! There's a hundred things on the island I want to show you, and we can have a long talk."

About herself? Would she explain away old Bergelot's, "Can never," and Soft-shoe's blunt, "That's out"?

She said: "We'll get breakfast and then portage the packages to the cabin. Somehow I was expecting you this morning. I got up early and had caught seven of the nicest half-pounders—" She stopped suddenly and glanced down the shore-line at the jutting boulder. "But, my heavens! I—"

"Now what?"

"I had them on a string and I was standing on the end of it, and when I heard your plane—" She checked herself again, flushing.

"We'll find them, Joyce," Dorn managed to say, but his heart was pounding at the thought she had been excited over his coming. "Seven trout on a line, trying to go seven directions at once—they wont get much farther than seven diplomats at a conference."

He slipped out of his cumbersome leather coveralls and hung them on a branch; then cut a long pole and they went down to the rock. He snagged the string of trout directly; and thereupon together Joyce and he prepared and shared breakfast. No fear in her marred the delight of this morning;

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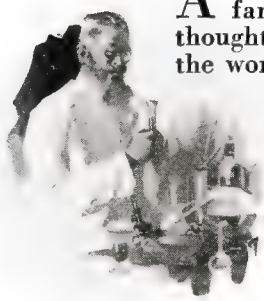

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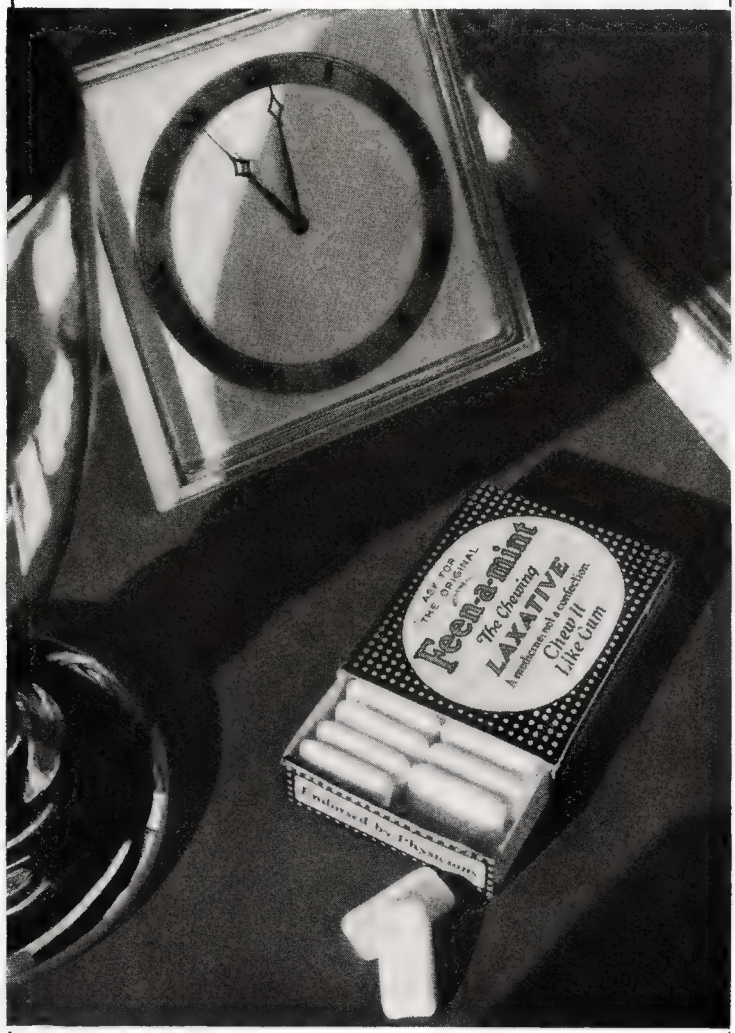

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when he recollected the enemies awaiting him in the south, he recalled, too, his own last provision against them: Eight hours ago at Eagle Nest, he had wired to Edmonton and ordered a machine-gun.

AFTER breakfast she insisted on helping him "portage" the bundles to the cabin; and when all of them were piled on settee and chair and bunk, she made a ceremony of guessing what was in each package before he untied it. She did not suspect that those things had cost Dorn a month's pay. He would never hint he had used his own money; but as he watched her, eagerly delighted over each package, he thought: "I've bought clothes for her. She'll be wearing clothes that I bought."

When everything had been inspected, she gathered several bundles in her arms and disappeared into the tiny room and Dorn sauntered out, knowing what she intended.

He could laugh now at remembering those hours in Edmonton when he had felt imprisoned and oppressed. Here he was free again in the largeness of a beautiful wilderness. The downflow of air from the snowfields had not started yet; the atmosphere, clear and sparkling, was so still that one could hear the whistling of marmots across on the mainland. Up on the fiery mesa three goats were browsing in a patch of aromatic mountain lettuce, while the rest of the band were cooling their flanks in a snow ravine. High above a naked pinnacle a golden eagle flew in and out through wisps of cirrus cloud, and faintly Dorn heard its screaming *chak-chak-chak.*

While he waited for Joyce, a yellow-haired porcupine or "Siwash touch-me-not" came grunting past, humped and surly, an ambulating prickly-pear; it turned its porcine eyes upon him for a moment, and then plodded phlegmatically on; and long after it was out of sight he heard in the padded silence its *ugh-ugh-ugh,* regular and slow as the adagio beat of a metronome.

During the few days of his absence a wonderful change had taken place in the feathered kingdom. In this northern habitat where seasons were compressed into weeks, the tempo of life beat swift, especially swift and strong during this Chippewyan Moon-of-the-Brown-Eagle-Mating. All the birds were now paired, and were feverishly building nests.

When he heard a twig snap, Dorn turned. Ten feet away in a splash of sun Joyce stood looking at him, very grave and demure.

She was wearing the woods-suit he'd bought her—trim-belted jacket and short skirt of velvety corduroy and dainty laced boots that came nearly to her knees, with just an inch or so of brown wool sock showing between them and the hem of her skirt.

On her breast she had pinned a nosegay of bog orchids and avalanche lilies.

Dorn realized: "She stopped in that sun on purpose. I've got to say something or she'll think I'm a stick. And if I tell her the truth, she'll think I'm a wolf."

He walked up close to her. "They're awfully pretty—and sweet," he commented, awkwardly compromising between clothes and girl.

She laughed gayly. "Come; let's go tramping; I'll be guide. I oughtn't to have strutted and made you perjure yourself. But do you think 'they'll do'?"

Her question was a thrust at him for his callous remark in his tent that first night.

"Step back a couple of feet," he requested, and when she obeyed, wondering, he drawled: "Yes, they'll do—do fine. But d'you know, on that limb above you now—if that isn't mistletoe I never saw any, and you—you're standing square under it!"

She glanced up. Her pretty lips parted in a gasp. She turned in mute confusion and fled. . . . .

At the south end of the island they sampled the white strawberries but found them tart and unripe. In the open plots they tramped through patches of bluebells and larkspur and moccasin flower, and saw an old lynx-wallow in a bed of evil-smelling valerian.

"This island covers only ten acres, Jim, but it's got marvels enough to last a lifetime and here you'll find our whole northland in miniature," she told him, and led him on and on through the mossy wildwood. She bent down a branch to show him the nest of a rare warbler, and overhead pointed out the two birds—a plain female and gorgeous little male of red and black and yellow, twirling around a limb hunting scale insects. "That species winters in California," she explained, with no air of trying to appear wise, "but no one ever knew where it breeds. Will you bring me a small camera, Jim—if you happen up this way again?"

A fox den, which she found, was littered about with squirrel tails, the feathers of a luckless fool-hen, and a dozen carp. Dorn was puzzled how a fox could catch lake fish. But Joyce knew: when the big lake-bottom trout came out to feed at night they chased the carp schools close in ashore, and the vixen caught them by wading into the shallows, standing still and grabbing them when they nosed past her legs.

Dorn demanded: "That's something you never got out of a book; that's something no white man ever taught you; where did you learn it, Joyce—and all these other things?"

"Down at Titan Pass there's an old Indian. He was our guide. He taught me. I guess he caught me young, for I've never forgotten what—"

"Old Luke!" Dorn stated. "Luke Illewahwacet! That's who you mean." He reflected: "I can trust old Luke with the secret of her living here again. If I need help, he'll be an ally." And as they went on, he considered: "No wonder you're bushwise as an Indian, with old Luke for a teacher! No wonder you gave Kansas the complete slip that night in the cedars!"

SEVERAL times during their tramp Dorn suspected that she had a secret purpose in leading him on and on through her wildwood. It was true enough, plain enough, that she found the most eager kind of delight in the little mysteries of her island; but he wondered whether she was not desperately trying, by this means, to avoid the "long talk" she had promised him.

Fifty paces inland on the west side of the island, a diminutive spring welled up and cut a three-inch channel down through the moss to join the lake. It sparkled and purled over its granite pebbles and cascaded down its four-inch overfalls with a sound as sharp and clear as the tinkle of glass oscilla. From the lake edge she led up toward the spring, making him creep the last few yards on hands and knees. He wondered what all the caution was about. As they lay on either side of the streamlet and looked into the crystal basin, he saw what.

A tiny trout, a gleam of rainbow no longer than Joyce's little finger, had forged his way "up-river" past all those tremendous overfalls and rapids, and had preëmpted that spring as his habitation. He saw an incautious move of Dorn's, and darted to haven under a bracken frond. Presently when they lay very still he came out again, lordly as a great bass in a lake, and sailed serenely around his domain—master and overlord of all the wrigglers and pollywogs and eft-things of the tiny pool.

Dorn glanced across the basin, and he

We have printed many of the best animal stories which have appeared. We promise one of the finest of all,

"The Queen Wolf"

by ARTHUR CARHART & STANLEY YOUNG

in an early number

laughed: "Majesty will be majesty, Joyce, even in a hatful of water."

She looked away from him, and made no move to rise and go on. He caught the fragrance of crushed mint where she lay. Studying the delicate profile of her nose and her exquisite lips and that aggressive small chin, he considered: "How little I know about the external things of her life; just her name and the outlines of her girlhood. And yet I know her better than any other person I ever met."

He lit a pipe, meaning it as an hour-glass to measure the time he could stay.

He had become aware of a subtle change in their intimacy after that incident of the mistletoe. He thought, "She must at last have realized that I'm a man and she's a desirable girl." But there was no distrust of him; none of the cold, hard suspicion with which she had gauged him that first night.

DURING the silence, he suspected that her promise was harassing her. When his pipe burned out, he said gently: "I know what you're thinking about, Joyce. You would rather not tell. I don't care to lie; of course I'd like to know. But that is freely up to you. You must have a good reason—"

"Yes, I do have good reason. And it's not that you'd stop coming here and looking after me, if you knew. You'd never do that. You'd see this through."

"Then what is it?"

She replied without looking up. "I want—I want to keep your respect as long as I can."

He was so startled by the bitterness of her low golden voice that for a moment the meaning of her words was lost on him. Then he realized that she was touching upon the thing of which old Bergelot had warned him.

He looked at her steadily a few seconds, and said sharply: "I don't believe you could lose that!"

He saw tears suddenly in her eyes, but she did not answer him.

He arose and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Will you go along with me to the cove? I have to leave now."

They walked under the great pines to the other side of the island.

As he pulled on his gauntlets, he repeated: "I don't believe that your secret discredits —*you!*"

She said, before she turned away and left him: "Then I'm sorry, Jim. You—you have an awakening ahead of you."

HE dropped down upon Titan Pass from the west. It was not wisdom to come out of the north and betray the direction of her refuge to any suspicious eyes that might be watching the *Silver Hawk*.

Old Luke Illewahwacet was waiting for him at the water edge.

"How!" Dorn greeted him. "What *wawa* new? Bad-egg 'breeds keep gone, huh?"

He took out his billfold and paid old Luke for his faithful watching. From the haggard look of the old Indian's eyes he knew Luke had "slept on foot" those four days and nights.

Luke nodded to his question about the 'breeds. But as he stepped into his birch-rind canoe to go home and get some sleep, he jerked a thumb over his shoulder toward the tent.

"Two men—they say they good *tillicums* to you . . . . They waiting there."

"Friends of mine?" Dorn asked, suspicious. "Who are they?"

"Un't know," Luke grunted, shoving off. "One man he look like *hiyu* chief; big auger something, him."

Two men. That was no terrific odds, if they were enemies.

He slipped his automatic from jacket pocket into the pocket of his leather wind-splitter, and started up the path to his tent.

He was in a savage mood. For two hours he had been hearing Joyce's voice as she

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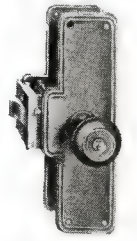
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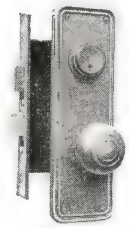
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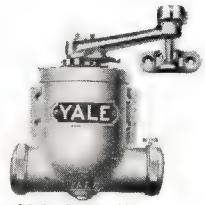

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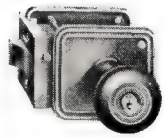
Yale Mono-Lock Set
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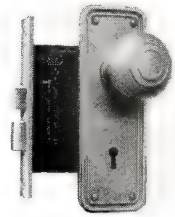
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told him: "Then you have an awakening ahead of you." He was in a mood to welcome enemies. . . . .

Two men came out to meet him. At sight of them Dorn's eyes hardened and his fingers tightened upon the automatic.

One of the men was Soft-shoe.

The other—

Dorn looked at him steadily as the pair confronted him, and he realized that not only had his enemies tracked him down but that here he was face to face with his chief foe—the embodiment of the power and the money and the purpose behind this hunt for Joyce McNain.

Chapter Five

ONE April seventy-odd years ago, five years before the American Civil War began, seven white men and a Blackfoot *méti* started up the Fraser River into the Siwash wilderness then called New Caledonia, on a trip of tremendous significance in the history of the Pacific Coast.

They were miners, buffalo hunters, trappers; men typical of that era when bison herds thundered over the Great Plains and hard-riding Sioux were a terror in the land.

They had spent one season along the lower reaches of the mighty Fraser, "hawking" flour gold from sandbars and mud flats. They had wondered where that flour gold came from. They had seen the Squamswaps and Chilcooets bring nuggets big as a hen's egg out of the interior. The 'breed had roused their imagination with the story of a fur-trading trip he had once made into the Fraser headwaters: of creeks running over golden beds, of a lake whose sands were glittering yellow and whose pebbles were pure gold. Working their tom-rockers and sluices, the men had turned their eyes northeast, day-dreaming of a rich mother-lode somewhere on up-river; and when April came around they set off to penetrate that wilderness and find that fabulously rich gold-field.

Their leader was a masterly Californian, a nameless Argonaut who had wandered upcoast keen for new adventure. The second in command was "Hell-Roarin'" Carter, a lad of twenty-three, a lusty, laughing giant with the sunset in his hair and fire in his belly and a character as sterling as the gold he hankered for.

Up past the grinning totem poles of hostile Siwash villages, on north to the great bend of the Fraser, following the river east and south to its headwaters, the two cedar canoes pioneered; and they came at last into their El Dorado—the region later known as Golden Caribou; and along a stream called Massacre Creek or Millionaire Creek they staked themselves claims, the cream of the cream, where a man could stir the pea gravel with boot-toe and pick up nuggets with thumb and finger.

But on the very day of their discovery the Siwash trapped them in a narrow gorge and rolled a boulder slide down upon them; and only the leaders escaped—"Californy" and "Hell-Roarin'" Carter.

Without muskets or food or boat, the two indomitables started back to Fort Vancouver, running a seven-hundred-mile gantlet of hostile tribes, following the river trails afoot, stealing canoes and shooting downstream at night, till they reached the coast and spread word of their stupendous discovery and led the Caribou Rush back over the trail they had blazed.

AFTER partnering together several years "Californy" and Carter went out to Vancouver, split a poke of three millions and drifted apart. "Californy" married a Boston girl stranded at a Grey Nuns mission on the Fraser; and he took her name—McNain. He was the grandfather of Joyce McNain.

"Hell-Roarin'" Carter took his pick of that famous shipload of girls whom the authorities brought over from England. His oldest son, a shrewd hustler in on the ground floor of a booming region, multiplied his inheritance several times over in lumber, coal mines and Victoria real estate; but the old sterling character was lacking. His father's name was too plebeian for him so he added his mother's name to make it Carter-Snowdon; he married late in life, and he selected one of his sons after the fashion of primogeniture to inherit the entire family fortune and keep those ramified monopolies intact.

This Henry Carter-Snowdon, grandson of "Hell-Roarin'" Carter, was the man whom Jim Dorn confronted outside his tent at Titan Pass.

He was now in the prime of his early forties, tall and splendidly built, a man of superb powers both physical and mental. Quietly dressed in gray tweeds, he gave little sign of his wealth. In his younger manhood he had been splashy with money and inclined to speak broadly of mistresses; but now he had outgrown the ostentation and had learned that in a province where the Anglican element was strong and the moral code high, this talk of "affairs" was frowned upon by his own social circles and by the public at large.

He was the last of the old "Hell-Roarin'" Carter stock. His three brothers, one older and two younger and all of them childless, had gone to France early in '15, not to return. It was during the summer and fall of '16, when the Canadians were showing their fine worth at Cambrai and along the Somme, and British Columbia regiments were being used as spearheads of those fierce thrusts, that Henry achieved two long-standing ambitions—the merger of a huge sweep of coal and iron mines and the establishment of a shipping company which carried the products of his timber lands to China and Japan.

Since then, with his schemes for natural resource exploitation rolling on of their own momentum, he had been reaching out into other fields for power and dominance.

VAGUELY Dorn remembered having seen a newspaper picture of this man confronting him, but he could not recall where or in what connection. In his cool estimate of his enemy, there was something of admiration. This big stranger was at least a human being, susceptible to emotion; not a cold-blooded alley-wolf like Soft-shoe.

The latter stood a respectful pace to one side of his chief. His jaw was bandaged where Dorn's knuckles had laid it open.

"You're Dorn the cartographer," the big stranger stated. "My name is Carter-Snowdon." He reached out his hand, and his clasp seemed friendly enough.

The name was all Dorn needed to place him. It awoke a score of memories. In his wander days he had worked in a Carter-Snowdon shingle factory and had bummed many a ride on "C-S" narrow-gauge railways. Here was the man whom hundreds of straw bosses spoke of as "the Big Auger."

Dorn thought: "He's the H. C. S. that Joyce sent her message to. It's his power and his money that's behind this hunt for her."

Carter-Snowdon went on: "You escaped from Edmonton rather cleverly. But my man here remembered seeing a news picture of you. Some airplane rescue down in the Lillooets, I believe. He searched through back files in the library and identified you by that means. I presume you know why I came to see you, Dorn."

Though there was a noticeable condescension in Henry Carter-Snowdon's tones, he spoke quietly and decently. He seemed to want a peaceful settlement. At any rate he had not brought along a squad of policemen or tried to force negotiations at the muzzle of an automatic. Dorn thought a moment before he replied. He wanted to answer decency with decency.

He thought: "Maybe I can come to an

understanding with Carter-Snowdon. Maybe I can smooth out Joyce's trouble for her."

He answered: "You want to know where Miss McNain is. She came to me for help. Under the circumstances I gave her help. I have reasons to believe she did nothing illegal. If you can prove to me you've got a right to know where she is, I'm ready to talk to you."

His words caught Carter-Snowden by surprise; he whirled on Soft-shoe.

"I thought you told me this fellow knew all about her—"

"I didn't pry into her trouble," Dorn interrupted, nettled by "this fellow." "Since she's a girl, I gave her the benefit of the doubt. But I'm giving you also a chance to put up your side of it."

"Giving *me* a chance!" Carter-Snowdon was half-amused by the words; at the equality implied by them. Then he sobered. "She's my ward. Our families were connected some years back. When her father died, I took her over."

"You say she's your ward. Then you can explain what made her pitch off as she did."

Carter-Snowdon thought for a moment, Dorn watching him. "I rather believe it is just a cheap bid for notoriety. She plans to stay out of sight awhile, then come back with some sensational story; kidnaped, held prisoner by the Indians—some narrative of that sort. It's been done before. She's young, flighty; inclined to ape others. You understand I don't want anything like this connected with *my* name."

Dorn knew the explanation was false from start to finish. Vividly he remembered her fear when she had stood under the electric torch of his tent. That terror was real; and she had been glad that her trouble was *not* mentioned in the papers he brought her!

He demanded: "I asked what she has done. I don't care to listen to falsehoods about her. Have you any right to know where she is?"

Carter-Snowdon reddened and snapped: "I don't consider it's any of your affair, my man."

So Carter-Snowdon's apparent friendliness had been based on the belief that the mere utterance of his name would overawe a cartographer, and that a good-sized bribe in addition might settle the matter quickly and discreetly!

Dorn flung down the gage of battle.

"In that case it's none of your affair where she is. You've got some reason for wanting to find her, but it's the kind of reason that you're ashamed to tell a man face-to-face. Ashamed to let be known. Whatever it is, you're a jim-dandy—hounding a girl with your money and your hired snoopers till she's fear-stricken and near driven crazy. You're wasting your time here. If you wont come clean, I don't tell where she is; and you're going to have one heap-hell time finding out."

Soft-shoe produced an automatic, stepped back a couple of paces out of reach of a lunge, and covered Dorn.

DORN was rather amused at this move. In a city alley Soft-shoe might be a capable person, but in the bush he was a babe in the woods. With his own hidden automatic, shot from the hip, Dorn could have cut him down. But that was not at all necessary.

"Now, fellow," Carter-Snowdon commanded, "you're going to tell me where she is. I've wasted five days in these damned mountains already. If you wont talk, we'll take steps *to make you talk*. You had your chance to get something for yourself, but you prefer to play the fool. I suppose it was a nice prospect—to have her somewhere and go visiting."

Here was something new and startling—a smoldering, primitive jealousy. Unmistakable; it was stamped on his ponderous face and his thick lips and on his cheeks minutely

Gastrogen Tablets stop indigestion without starting hiccups and gas

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$$HCl+\tfrac{1}{2}CaCo_3=\tfrac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\tfrac{1}{2}CO_2+\tfrac{1}{2}H_2O$$

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veined with red. Whatever other factors entered in, this man loved Joyce McNain with so jealous a love that the thought of another man having her in his keeping unleashed the primitive brute.

What was their relationship? Carter-Snowdon was married, Dorn knew; in a batch of papers sent to him when he was abroad, he had read of the other's ostentatious wedding to the daughter of an ex-cabinet minister from the Maritime Provinces.

In his aching desire to find out what Joyce's situation might be, Dorn played with studied provocation: "Yes, it is a nice prospect—with her. You said it."

Carter-Snowdon flushed down to his collar.

"You—d'you think she'd have a nobody like you—even if she could? You damned fool, she's rich, well-born, out of your class. She's using you."

Even if she could. For a third time, that warning, that blunt statement!

"You may be hog-plastered with money," Dorn thrust again at him, "but *as a man* you can't stack up so very high in her estimation."

Carter-Snowdon's fists clenched and unclenched. All his baffled and pent-up anger of the last five days broke out, as though Dorn had pulled the key-log in a jam.

It was Soft-shoe, watching the drama with his fish-cold eyes, who saw Dorn's purpose and checked Carter-Snowdon from blurting out the ugly fact which Dorn wanted to know.

"Sir," he spoke up respectfully, "you shouldn't answer him. He's trying to learn from you what she's afraid to tell him. If you please, I'll take him in hand and he'll talk for me."

DORN looked at him fixedly for a moment. Then his eyes traveled to the bush just behind the detective and he made a slight motion with his hands, as though gesturing to some ally of his who was creeping up to get the drop.

Soft-shoe saw the gesture and whirled. Dorn stooped, picked up an iron tent-peg, flung it with all the power of his arm, and then lunged.

The missile caught Soft-shoe across the chest, and knocked the breath out of him. The next moment Dorn closed in, clutched his gun hand, held it up; and his right fist smashed into the detective's midriff.

Soft-shoe slumped against a sapling and doubled up on the ground.

Kicking the automatic aside, Dorn turned on Carter-Snowdon, who was two inches taller and forty pounds heavier; but he carried an inch or two of fat under his belt and he had the white skin of a person who takes his outdoor life with gloves on.

Dorn slanted up to him, blocked a furious clumsy swing, and drove in that right of his hard. Carter-Snowdon was too big, too ponderous to be knocked down by a single punch, but it took all the starch and pomposity out of him, and for once he was a plain human being in fear of his life. He backed up, Dorn following, trying to get close for a second blow.

In his retreat, he stumbled over Dorn's wood-pile and, regaining his feet, came up with a double-bit ax in his hands. As he lifted it, Dorn dived and smashed his right again to the jaw. It snapped back his enemy's head; and a left stab with all Dorn's strength knocked him flat. Dorn stepped over, picked up the detective's automatic and came back. Carter-Snowdon was still lying senseless on the moss.

THEY worked with him, Dorn and Soft-shoe, for several minutes before they brought him around. When his eyes did flicker open, the detective plucked at Dorn's sleeve and walked aside. Curious, Dorn followed him.

"I'm fading out of this trick," the detective said curtly. "Don't cotton to 't. I'm handling his men and drawing some royal long-green, but I don't give a gin-damn how much money's in it. I'm done."

"What do you mean—you're done?"

"Quitting cold on the job. I draw a line. This trick is a little on the off side. I'll keep tab on husbands for the alimony sisters, but damned if I'll help hunt Miss McNain down. I know about her, see. Rest of the men don't know, but he had to tell me. She's a plucky little skirt, spite of all. I can't dope out why she done what she done, but it was the right thing—to get out of that mess she was in. Everything he said about her, that was all hooey. I was about sick of the job before you put up that scrap. Now I'm burned out complete."

The man sounded sincere. There might be a human soul behind those cold hazel eyes. He might have experienced a sudden revulsion for his job. But Dorn scented a trap.

"What do you mean—'in spite of all'?" he demanded. "Just what did she do? What's her connection with him?"

"That's her story and his. *She's* afraid to tell you and *he* don't want it known. I don't double-cross anybody. But I want to give you some advice, if you'll take it. I said once, if you don't pull out of this affair the Dominion isn't big enough to hold you. That's what I mean. You don't know what you're up against. Don't think she knows *all* she stirred up either. You got a battle right ahead of you, and you're going down and out. Hell, he's got fifty men on this job. You can't save her—not with all them out to get you.

"Now listen. I want to give you a right steer. There's only one thing Miss McNain can do. I know what it is. I want you to take her a letter from me. She'll understand what I say. Take it to her right off—don't dare waste time—tomorrow at the latest."

Dorn itched to throw the fellow in the lake, but he was quite as poker-faced as the detective.

"All right, I'll take her the letter. Tomorrow. Go in my tent and write it."

A few minutes later, watching his two enemies shuffle down through the spruces to the boat they had come in, Dorn laughed.

He knew they were planning to trail him tomorrow. Of course the letter was a decoy.

They were after him in an airplane.

LATE that evening Dorn hailed a *méti* passing in a canoe and sent word for old Luke to come over and see him.

He thought grimly of his enemies. "They're an efficient outfit—nailing me there in Edmonton, waiting for me here."

Their next step would be an attempt to capture him. He was quite safe from a bullet in the back, because he was the only mortal who knew where Joyce was, and they had to have that information. Soft-shoe's words, "He'll talk for *me*," were ominous warning. That alley-wolf probably knew methods to loosen the tongue of any man.

Old Luke came, much the better for a few hours' rest. In the twilight the two of them sat down on the moss in front of the tent. With those glittering black eyes watching him, Dorn took out pipe and tobacco, put a mere pinch in the bowl, lighted it and passed the pipe to the old Beaver.

Luke knew the meaning of the act. It was a pledge of secrecy, of good faith between them. Puffing smoke solemnly to the four directions, he handed the pipe back. Dorn knocked the ashes into his palm, scooped a tiny hole at his feet and buried them in Mother Earth.

He said in the jargon: "Luke, up north two hundred miles on an old Carrier trail is lake. Seven islands in that lake, and up above it is meadow where the foolish-bears" (mountain goats) "come to pasture." Drawing an imaginary map on the moss, he pointed out where wilderness lake and island and cabin were. "You *kumtux* place I mean, huh?"

"Before you born," old Luke said gravely, "I pitch tepee on island of big pines; hunt *siam-siam* the grizzly in those mountains."

"*Kloshe,* you know. Luke, you once took white man and young white girl to lake of seven islands. You remember girl, huh?"

"Young *squaw-siche* Joyce? . . . . . Five summers I go with them north to lake; be hunter, guide. I know her when she only this so-high; when she make pies out of mud and papoose-doll out of pine-cone and rag. Over danger places on trail I carry her in these arms."

Dorn thought that surely the old Indian who had known Joyce so well in years past would know something to light up her present trouble. He asked: "You go north with them five summers, huh? How long ago last time?"

"Four Great Suns."

Four years. The signs at the cabin had told him substantially that. Four years since she had gone Outside. He asked: "You hear, know, anything about her since last trip, huh—where she go, what she do?"

Her father had died, old Luke said. He heard that from Bergelot; and they had often talked of Joyce. But since that last trip they had lost track of her. Every Christmas time she sent them each a present —from Victoria, from Montreal, from New York. Beyond that she had dropped completely out of sight.

Dorn said: "Luke, this girl Joyce is living up at that lake now."

The old Indian started like a hit buck. "What? Living at lake? How!"

Dorn related how Bergelot had brought Joyce across to his tent the night she fled from the Transcontinental, and how he had flown her north to the lake, and about his Edmonton trip, and about her enemies who were closing in upon her.

When he finished, old Luke sat chewing meditatively on a sweet-birch twig. When he finally spoke, he talked at greater length than Dorn had ever before known him to.

He mused: "She mountain-born. When she very little girl, hair pig-tails, she lope bush like Indian and climb trees like lynx-kitten and swim like little brown mink; and I teach her see things white man's eyes never see. And I teach her hunt, fish, shoot bow and walk still over forest leaves.

"Then she go away. But always she mountain-born, always love bush. I think outside in white man's big cities she get caught up like leaf in *skookum chuck* and whirled along, but always she hear voice of the mountains; and in end, when she get in some terrible trouble, when she not much want to live, when she have sickness no root or herb can cure, then she flee back—home."

More definitely than that old Luke could not even speculate.

When Dorn asked him, "You'll help me protect her?" the Indian deliberated, like one who does not enter a thing lightly, then solemnly nodded.

They sat till late, Dorn and the old Beaver, talking across a handful of fire; and while the wolf howl quavered down from Titan Range and the song of the mountains arose in the night silence, they laid their plans for the struggle that was tightening down to battle.

WHEN Dorn awoke the next day he found the air too thick and hazy for cartographing. During the morning hours he wrote up his flying log; boxed his precious films for shipment; fixed brackets in the plane cockpit to mount the machine gun when it came; planted a neat dynamite mine with the "earthquake sticks" which old Luke procured over at Titan Station.

At their noon meal he told Luke: "I fly away now six, seven hours. S'pose you go scouting, find out where enemy camp is, how many men."

After Luke had gone, he made up a bundle of things—the camera Joyce had asked for,

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a few camp articles she had overlooked, a moth-eaten bathing suit of his own, a couple of extra blankets for Joyce—and started westward from Titan Pass.

He had a double purpose in his flight that day: to make his enemies believe that Joyce was hiding somewhere in the western ranges; and after he had led them astray, to fly back northeast to her and visit her and learn definitely from her lips whether old Bergelot's "Can never" was true or false.

Sailing along at moderate speed, he noticed far away to the north a heavy thunderstorm covering several hundred square miles and creeping eastward. Underneath his ship a lighter cumulus lay in gray lakes and pools, slowly gathering, taking on a darker hue.

Sixty miles west of Titan Pass he let the *Silver Hawk* fly itself and turned and gazed back along his airy trail. In a moment or two he spotted a small shiny speck hanging in the sky. It grew no bigger, no smaller; but maintained a steady distance. A thousand feet lower than he, it kept dodging in and out of the clouds, taking advantage of clouds and mountains to hide from him.

Reaching out his binoculars, Dorn drew the enemy ship up to him. It was a pontooned monoplane, a light, graceful craft; he could not distinguish its make, but it was a swift machine of the pursuit type.

While he was studying it, wondering if it was speedier than his *Silver Hawk*, he sighted another object several miles behind the monoplane; and focusing on this, he was astounded and dismayed to discover it was a second enemy craft, a big biplane, a slow and heavy ship. He grunted: "Humph! After me in *two* machines! I can wash that biplane out of sight, but that monoplane—"

He judged that he had led his enemies far enough astray, so he turned to the controls and settled down in the attempt to shake off those enemy ships. His anxious question was quickly answered. Ten minutes after he pushed the throttle wide-open, the biplane had fallen hopelessly behind. The pursuit machine hung on doggedly for fifty miles, but it too was not in a class with the *Silver Hawk*, and it dwindled to a pinpoint and vanished.

To make a sure job of it, he cut abruptly north, whipped over a saw-tooth range into a mountain valley, got down under a blanket of cloud stretching from peak-line to peak-line, hummed north thirty miles into the oblivion of the thunderstorm area, and whirled back east.

Two hours later he dropped down the Lake of the Dawn.

WITH thunderstorms rumbling in the mountains like distant battles drawing near, the afternoon was hot and sultry, and Joyce had gone swimming in the cool waters of the lake.

While Dorn was speeding toward the huge glacier, his landmark, Joyce sat on a rock at the west side of her island, where the wolf-foot moss was soft and velvety beneath her and the warm sun beat down, mellow and golden and life-giving.

Her hair flowed down from her shoulders and spread on the moss behind her; she was sitting pensive, her arms about her knees, watching out over the lake where a pair of band-tailed pigeons, graceful and rhythmic as a poem of motion, tilted and volleyed in their airy mating dance.

She was thinking very earnestly—not of what lay between her and Henry Carter-Snowdon, for that was irrecallable now and she considered herself safe from pursuit; but of a new crisis, come upon her all suddenly—her relation with Jim Dorn.

She thought: "I must shield Jim. Whatever I do, I've got to spare Jim. When he speaks of a terrible wreck he calls it a 'crack-up,' and that's what this will be to him if I let it drift on and he comes to like me—more than he does."

A sword, Dad Bergelot had called him, and probably he was a sword to other people. She still trembled to think how severe his standards were and how terrible his judgment of her would be, but she was no longer afraid of him personally, for she knew that the power was not his but hers. She was more afraid of herself, and puzzled by her own feelings. Yesterday when she realized he wanted her, she was not frightened as she should have been, and she had not wanted to send him away.

She accused herself: "I'm a coward. I ought to have told him yesterday. I did hint to him; I said I wanted to keep his respect as long as I could; and he wouldn't believe me."

She could remember almost the exact words in which he had told her about his life; and that set her to thinking she was altogether a worthless creature compared to Jim Dorn. She thought: "I had every chance. and now see what I've come to; while Jim—Jim didn't have a chance in the world."

Dorn had spoken carelessly of his early hardship, but she knew what it meant for a boy in his 'teens to work and live with the rough men of a timber crew, and live all winter in a lonely trapping shack. It had been terribly bleak and hard, but it had built character. She could image him going Out, purposive, with no softness or idleness about him, and joining that picked body of men who flew, and becoming one of them and one of the best of them.

Those early years had built character, but she knew they had been *too* bleak and *too* hard. She could see the effects of them on Jim Dorn. At times she did not think of him as a man who could lift her with one arm, but as a person who needed her care.

SHE heard a singing whine which seemed to come from nowhere and which grew steadily louder until, high above the glacier, she saw the *Silver Hawk* wing in between two heavy white clouds and then sail out into the unbroken blue above her.

As he came spiraling down toward the island, she stood up and waved. Hurrying across the island, she got a blanket at the cabin by way of dressing-robe, and ran on to the cove. Dorn dropped down, taxied close in and paddled ashore with a pack.

After they shook hands, he stooped and unbuckled the pack to show her what he had brought. She thought: "He knew I didn't need them so soon. They're an excuse—unless his work took him up near here." She saw his bathing suit and said: "If you'll go up to the cabin, Jim, I'll wait for you."

She watched till he had entered the door; then turning, she looked at the *Silver Hawk*, wondering just why Jim Dorn had come, and finally, slipping the blanket from her shoulders, she swam out to the airplane. Standing on a pontoon she peeped into the cockpit. She saw some new brackets which Dorn had lately fixed against the sides for some purpose, but his big aerial camera was not there.

"He wasn't mapping. He came two hundred miles—a four-hundred-mile trip—for an hour with me." She repeated the words, "For an hour with me," and her eyes were frightened. There on the pontoon of his plane she came to her decision. "I've got to tell him—before he leaves. I've got to."

She glanced fearfully at the cabin under the great pines, and she experienced a sudden wild impulse to run away and hide.

Joyce could swim like a young otter and

"RAGAMUFFIN"

Next month will appear another delightful story of Oakmead and the sport of kings, by the gifted author of "Little Gill"—

Ewing Walker

floated so easily that Dorn half-believed she could curl up on the water and go to sleep like an otter; and she dived so far that he, with an eye always alert on her, would hold his breath waiting for her to break up out. In a straightaway race she could lead him, her arms flashing overhead, for fifty or sixty yards; but then his sturdy breast-stroke overhauled her, and in a hundred yards she invariably called off the race.

The lake water was too chill for comfort, and a cloud came over the sun. Dorn said: "Shall we go in? I noticed a storm coming. If you'll let me change first . . . . I've got a job I must do."

In the cabin he dressed quickly, and taking the rifle he had left with her, he paddled around to one of the tiny islets. A band of grizzly caribou had been staring fixedly at them from a thicket of devil's club. He shot a yearling, and brought back the choice portions. He was looking out for Joyce in case of some "accident" to himself.

From the damp, felt-lined box where she kept her tackle, she selected trout lures to match the color of shad and mayfly she had seen on the water that morning, and for half an hour she and Dorn fished in a drifting canoe. Rather, Joyce fished. Standing in the prow of the clumsy craft, she whipped the water in and out of the flag lanes, placing her fly to the inch, while he was content to use landing net and watch her and wonder at her magic power over his blue devils and his worries.

On their way back to the cove he doubly anchored the *Silver Hawk* and covered the cockpit with canvas.

Twilight came an hour early when, over the western range, huge inky masses reared up, streaked with incessant white flashes.

THE supper Joyce prepared was a treat for her guest, who was about burned out on his own cooking. She knew how to plank trout on cedar slabs. Across on the mainland she had gathered six-inch shoots of the creeping raspberry, succulent as asparagus. Somewhere she had found a bed of bracken fern whose root-bulbs were quite like potatoes. There was white bread baked in ashes, and a tart of Arctic cranberries, and coffee with cream in tablet form.

Afterwards they drew chairs up to the fireplace, while the storm lashed the pine-tops and the rain came down in wave-like inundations and thunder-crashes struck against the mountain slopes and rolled bellowing across the lake.

"Jim," Joyce's voice broke the silence when the storm had blown by, "have you ever heard of Roger McNain?"

"McNain — California McNain — everyone in northwest Canada must have heard of him," Jim said.

"He was Roger McNain's father, Jim; and Roger was my father. Not spectacular like 'California;' a quiet man, my father, Jim, but a very fine one. In his day he was the guiding spirit of a dozen enterprises and he stood like a rock against political graft and waste of natural resources. He was an engineer and a scientist. Everywhere on all his work he took me with him. I never went to school a day till I was seventeen. He wouldn't let anybody else educate me, but tried to make me his own personal handiwork.

"He was a builder, Jim. And I think he tried, with the patience and loving care of an artist, to make me his best piece of work. But there's a—a danger in what he tried. If he had lived, he might have completed his work. But he died. He'd been my whole world; I was lost and had no one to turn to. I wasn't altogether to blame for what—what I fell into later. I was young and pliable. My mother meant to do well, according to her ideals."

"Your mother?" Dorn echoed. "I thought —you didn't mention her. . . . . I thought she was dead."

"She's still living. In Victoria. But I hard-

Are you playing fair with your wife?

I adored my wife yet I was cruel to her

by a Business Man

WE were a happy family—Grace and I and our two children. For five years everything went smoothly. Then the blow fell.

Unexpected financial troubles — business worries—failing health. Everything seemed to go wrong with me at once. Before I knew it I was confined to my bed with a doctor in attendance.

"Nervous breakdown," the doctor told my wife.

A family crisis

Our happy family had had its share of joy. Now we were to taste sorrow for a change. We had no money, so Grace borrowed from friends. I couldn't work, so Grace worked. Day after day I lay helpless, watching the tired, worried lines grow deeper in her face.

Now that I had time to think things out I realized that I had been cruel to my wife—infinitely cruel in not preparing for such an emergency as this. Why hadn't I saved money? Why hadn't I some reserve to turn to? I deplored my shortsightedness.

Several months passed. I began to get well. My weakness left me. It was not long before I was able to help Grace with the children and the housework. Before the year was out I had a job. I was earning money—paying off debts —making a second start in life.

I start life over again

But this time I decided to make a better start. I decided to figure out some way to end money worries—some way to make sure that my family and I would have money to live on, no matter what happened.

There were special things I wanted money for, too. I wanted money to send my son to college—money so that I could retire some day. How could I provide for these things? It seemed impossible with my moderate salary.

How to end money worries

And then by accident I found the answer. One day an unusual little book called "How to Get the Things You Want" fell into my hands. It told how I could provide a steady income for myself and my family, no matter what happened to me. It told how I could leave my home clear of debt.

Furthermore it told how I could send my son to college. It told how I could retire with an income at the age of 60 or 65. Best of all it told how I could do every one of these things on my moderate salary.

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ly saw her once a season during those seventeen years. She didn't like the bush—she never went with Dad on his locations; her life was in the city—clubs and social affairs. It was Dad and me for it. They didn't separate, because Dad abhorred divorce, and Mother—it's a cruel thing to say, but it's the truth—Mother needed the money he made. So they kept up appearances.

"I went to live with her after he died. She didn't like the way he'd fashioned me. In her eyes I was a young barbarian. Looking back on it, I can see she tried to take down piece by piece what he'd built, and put it together again—according to *her* ideals. The consequences for me— Jim, it's a terrible power a parent has; a power to shipwreck or to build beautifully; and, Jim, I—*I was shipwrecked.*"

SHE flung out the words in a passionate, heart-stricken cry. Dorn was lost in a blind swirl of questions. What had happened to her in those four dark, unfathomable years since her father died? What did she mean by saying her life had been shipwrecked?

"I didn't mean to come to you that first night, Jim. I wanted Dad Bergelot to find old Luke. But he said your airplane was a surer, safer way to escape. I was frightened at the thought of coming to a stranger. for I'd be in his power; but Dad Bergelot persuaded me. He said you were— He didn't use or even know the word 'Victorian,' but that is what he meant. And I've found you so, Jim—in the noblest meaning of the word. You do have ideals that aren't common or even fashionable just now. If you'd ever come to love a girl and your sense of honor said you could not have her, you'd never turn to any ignoble way."

"Joyce, what do you mean when you say, 'If I could never have her?'"

"I mean, Jim, if a barrier stood between you and her—a barrier as immutable and deep as life; if you could have her only by degrading yourself and her—which you would never do and she would never allow you if you would."

Moments afterwards, before Dorn would release her clasp, he asked one question, so there would be no chance of any mistake: "Joyce, do you mean that?" And she said, with deadly calmness:

"Yes, I mean that."

IN the whippoorwill dusk she went with him down to the cove, along the sodden path and through the rain-wet bushes.

At the water edge where Dorn had upturned his canoe, she said: "I wish you would tell Mr. Eby as little as you can about me, Jim."

"You mean I'll send him—here? No, I wont. When there's need of it, I'll come. I'll see after you—till you go away."

Chapter Six

AN hour after dusk that evening Dorn reached home, and there in the dark of the landing Luke Illewahwacet was waiting for him with a report of that day's scouting trip.

Carter-Snowdon's camp had been located two miles west of Titan Pass at Lac des Eaux Mortes. The party there consisted of Carter-Snowdon, the detective chief, three other white men, and six 'breeds. They were making a pretense of hunting and fishing.

One *méti,* stationed as a lookout up along the mountain, kept watch on Dorn's camp and by sun-flash signals reported every move he made. Five white men, plainly operatives, were living at the chalet.

Dorn thought: "Besides all these, Carter-Snowdon has twenty or thirty more detectives within call if he needs them." He asked, "Do you know his men, Luke?"

Five of them, the Indian said, were strangers—strapping, powerful men who looked like French-Babines. The sixth was Joe Yoroslaf, a vicious bush-sneak who hung about Titan Pass and who had picked a quarrel with Kansas the night Joyce came. He was a quarter Bella Coola Siwash, a quarter Chinese; and the rest of his blood harked back to the Cossack *promyshleniki* (professional fur-hunters) of the days when Russia ruled the northwest coast of America. Because he habitually played wolverine to other men's trap-lines in winter, the Indians called him "the Carcajou" or "Skunk-Bear." He never shaved. Dorn had once known another 'breed who had reason for letting no man see his features.

The two enemy airplanes, Luke said, had returned a couple of hours after Dorn had shaken them off; and at the enemy camp a council was held in which Yoroslaf was the man listened to. They had planned something; and when they finished, Carter-Snowdon had patted his man on the back and passed out a small flask of liquor.

That council was the news which alarmed Dorn. Yoroslaf was bush-wise as a weasel and well acquainted with that wilderness stretching northward, and he was one of the few living men who knew about that ancient Carrier trail. Of course this did not mean that he knew anything about Joyce being at the Lake of the Dawn, and the enemy plan after all might be a scheme to capture the white man or the Indian who did know where she was; but Dorn was suspicious of Yoroslaf and keenly uneasy.

Luke suggested: "S'pose I go now during dark, belly up close to enemy camp, make ears long. Mebbe I hear what they *wawa* about?"

Dorn ached to go instead; but he knew that Luke was better in the bush than he. He said: "All right, Luke, you go. But remember: they know you're friend of mine; they know you *kumtux* where Joyce is. You must keep out of their hands."

"Luke was papoose sixty Great Moons ago," the Indian grunted. "S'pose *you* be careful. Mebbe they come here while I gone, while you here alone."

For his perilous trip old Luke laid rifle and *narhkin* aside in the brush and stripped to his girdle, with only a hunting knife as weapon. He pointed to the heavens: "When that star gets where this one is, then I be back."

He left so noiselessly, that one moment Dorn was whispering final instructions, and the next moment he was aware old Luke was gone. . . . .

Alone on his island after nightfall, Dorn went cautiously up to his tent, stepped inside, and by the flare of a match arranged on his table a small battery and coil; and after rolling up the tent-sides in order to hear better, he sat there in the intense dark, his fingers touching a lever and all his senses sharpened.

He knew that so long as he stayed in the tent, his enemies could not capture him. Out in the bushes old Luke had strung up a cunning rattle-bang which would give him warning of their approach; and by moving that lever half an inch, he could blow them clear into the lake. He did not expect them to attack him at all, for he had directed old Luke to make a bold showing with the box of dynamite over at the station to give the enemy fair warning; and the *méti* lookout had undoubtedly seen them laying the mine.

At midnight Dorn began wondering why old Luke had not returned. Several times he had heard from across on the mainland

"NOT TO EVERY MAN"

In an early issue will appear another fine drama of Africa by that able writer and intrepid explorer—

Mary Hastings Bradley

the weird hoot of an owl and the dismal barking of a fox; and he knew these sounds were signals passing between the enemy 'breeds scouting around through the cedars.

A little later he suddenly heard an alarm-bird calling down at the lower end of the island; and the low cluck-ending of the call was *wrong*. Those 'breeds had crossed from the mainland; they were on his own island; they were skulking out there in the black spruce shadows not a hundred yards away!

For half an hour no other sound came to him, till finally out on the lake he heard the sleepy call of a great northern diver. That was old Luke signaling his return. Through interminable minutes Dorn waited, expecting every instant to hear the Indian fumbling at the flap-front of the tent.

But old Luke never came.

DOWN near the landing a long yell rose suddenly, high-pitched, inarticulate and ending abruptly, and then a thrashing of underbrush, and snarling oaths.

Dorn leaped quivering to his feet. That yell had come from old Luke's throat. He had been ambushed, attacked; he was fighting for his life against those French-Babines. That cry had been a cry of warning. Seizing his electric torch, his automatic, Dorn brushed through the flap-front and ran down the dark path.

Thirty steps from the lake edge he stopped and listened for sounds of the struggle, and heard none. More cautiously he groped on to the landing and stood there in the black silence, listening intently. No rustle or whisper from the bushes around him. Whatever had happened, it was all over with now.

Whirling, he started back up the path, meaning to circle down through the spruces to the lower end of his island; there the alarm-bird had first called; there the 'breeds had landed and left their boat, and they would take old Luke there if he was a prisoner.

A few paces inland Dorn heard a rustle in the path ahead of him and stopped dead-short, realizing that those French-Babines had cut him off and were creeping upon him; and when he heard the padded sound again, closer, nearly upon him, he snapped on the electric torch for an instant and whipped up his automatic.

Eight feet ahead of him in the path he beheld the form of a man—a squat, hairy-faced 'breed, his eyes glistening like the beady raindrops on the bushes. As the light surprised him, the man cried out and lifted his arms in surrender; and Dorn could not shoot; but he snapped out the light as a shot flashed from the bushes beyond.

Dorn replied to that, but it was blindly, at random. The bushes rustled again; he heard the padded footfalls of several men. They were past, and he could not follow without walking upon the revolvers of the rear guard. The 'breeds had, undoubtedly, old Luke alive and a prisoner, and they were taking him to their camp at the Lake of Dead Waters, where after their own fashion they would seek to obtain from him the information so valuable to the rich white man.

Dorn crept away and circled. "I'll follow and try to get Luke away from them," he decided. "But if I hear a plane go up, that will mean they've got what they want—they know where Joyce is; and I'll get into the air."

He went back to his tent and made a few hasty preparations. Then he stepped down the path to the landing and recovered old Luke's rifle; and paddling across to the mainland, he skirted the station clearing and hurried on east, lone-handed, following a trail through the black tamarack, toward the enemy camp beside the Lake of Dead Waters.

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WHAT IS A WIFE?

(Continued from page 51)

amounting to much, except those relating to the cookpot or the fashion in dress. In the impoverished home she was an automaton who went through the motions of daily toil in a dreary, soul-destroying manner, as much a drudge, in her way, as her sisters of the unenlightened lands. In the home of luxury she was an ornament, a plaything, a fragile specimen of bric-à-brac, who was not expected to have much more brains than you would find in the object she typified.

These were the two extremes of her sphere; there were intermediate degrees too numerous to mention. I don't deny that in spots she had ascended to her proper realm, but the instances were individual, isolated and without much significance. In any event, there were few husbands, exceedingly few, who deemed the judgment of their wives at all worth while in the processes of a strictly he-world, whether those processes were ditch-digging or affairs of state. A wife was a physical part of a household, but detached from its nerve organism. If, in one kind of a home, she did the chores, or if, in another kind, she primped and looked pretty, like a dressed-up doll, she was fulfilling all the recognized duties of wifeliness. The one thing she was required not to do was to intrude in the more important affairs of life, which were regarded as the exclusive and sacred domain of the husband. It was a venturesome woman indeed who would presume to break through that forbidding *"No admittance"* sign hanging over the threshold of the masculine realm.

All that has changed. The dawn of independence for women has brought as the greatest of all blessings the dawn of independence for wives. A marriage contract has ceased to be an instrument by which a woman agreed to forgo her inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. As a lord and master, the husband is an extinct species. In the new era of wifedom she is not only permitted to think, but encouraged to do so. It has been discovered that she has a brain and is actually capable of using it; and though this is disconcerting to some, even in this advanced period of civilization, the evidences of it continue to multiply daily.

ONE curious feature of my convictions on the subject is the fact that I have never been much impressed with the so-called feminist movement. After all, it is still pretty much of a man's world, and there remains a lot to be attended to in the way of reshaping long-established custom before he surrenders certain privileges which have always been looked upon as the rightful heritage of his sex. I have in mind particularly the fact that the husband is still the breadwinner in the great majority of homes. As such he is entitled to do the major portion of thinking along breadwinning lines. When he passes from this rôle, if he ever does, it will be time for the wife to preëmpt him as the major domo of their household ways-and-means committee.

A sharp distinction is to be made between the new independence for wives and the usurpation of husbands' prerogatives. On the one hand, we have equality and companionship and understanding between two persons who have cast their lot with each other for better or worse—which is ideal. On the other hand, we have an untenable situation similar to the inevitable abuses and excesses of one-time serfs upon whom unlimited power has been thrust suddenly—which is impossible! And yet the two things may readily be confused, for no matter how disagreeable the thought may be, it is from a state of serfdom that wives have really emerged. It is the wise wife, conversant with the liberation of her kind, who draws the line of demarcation and does not get her issues mixed.

Wives change in character with the eras. Today we have an abundance of the so-called flapper wives—young girls wise beyond their years in the ways of the world when they enter matrimony. A flapper wife typifies almost everything that, a generation or two ago, a wife was supposed not to be. She abhors pots and pans. She wears short skirts and smokes cigarettes. She is much in evidence, athletic, plays golf and tennis, plays a strong hand of bridge—most husbands will dispute the latter statement—and chats readily with her husband's friends on politics, finance, literature, art or any other subject of mutual interest, including prize-fighting. Her admirers call her a regular fellow, her critics a brazen imp.

I cannot subscribe to the thought that because of the flapper wife and the period she symbolizes, civilization is headed straight to ruin. In fact, I like her and her times. For if the wife has ceased to be a chattel in the home, there to look meek and obey the will of her husband, she has at least become a great companion, and without the old fear of trespass is contributing to the world the natural wisdom of the feminine mind. Which makes her what I have already mentioned—the power behind the throne.

By Emily Post

A WOMAN is like a gardenia—handle her, and she blackens. She is the mother of the species—of the race; and it is the inviolable law that she must pay the price for everything she does. The double standard of conduct—one set of rules for men and another for women—is a code fixed by nature itself, and will never change as long as civilized people remain civilized. Note this significant fact: with all the newer freedom and independence for women, with all our increased tolerance toward frank discussion and our growing contempt for hypocrisy, with all our ready acceptance of flapperism, plus its short skirts and cigarettes and worldly wisdom, a tarnished woman is what she always has been—namely, a tarnished woman.

Naturally the wife of today is different from the wife of yesterday. The world has undergone violent changes in recent years, and her transformation has gone on apace, a normal and healthy remolding to fit her for the new rôle convention has shaped. She is not a success, this latest edition of wifehood, fresh from the presses of human species. But neither was her old-fashioned predecessor of prim and prudish ways; and if anything, the modern type is an improvement. The quicksand in which the newer generation flounders is the fact that it is as selfish as it can be. Nobody, speaking generally, wants to do anything which is not one hundred per cent pleasing to his or her tastes. A modern wife's conception of her obligations is in most instances merely a set of bylaws incorporating the things she would like to do. And the omissions are quite conspicuously the things she ought to do.

The finest type of wife is the one who says to herself: "Marriage is a contract; and the basic theory of contracts is that it provides mutual benefits; otherwise it is worthless. Wedlock implies specific duties on the part of both parties to the contract. What is my part of the bargain? It is to strive in every way for my husband's betterment, to help him in his work, to make his home life attractive, to encourage association with the friends whose companionship he enjoys, and above all else, to build his character." Then she goes ahead and does it. Unfortunately there are entirely too few wives of that kind,

and entirely too many who demand everything and return nothing.

Somewhere between the patient Griselda, who leans backward in her effort to be a good wife, and the other extreme, who is not fulfilling a single obligation, is a compromise typifying the true ideal. The experience of generations shows us that the prim, the prude and the drudge will not do; and the weight of intelligent thought is against the flamboyant model offered in modern times. But it is an excellent omen of progress that this transition has come, for it demonstrates that evolution has been speeded up and that we are groping around for a solution, instead of remaining smugly complacent. Deep-seated in our consciousness is the knowledge that there is the nucleus of good sturdy material for the creation of a race of wives who will measure up to the highest specifications, who will accept the responsibilities of the contract with courage and wisdom, who will give ounce for ounce in return for what they receive, who will be bulwarks of moral strength in the lives of their husbands, and who will bring their children up in the way they should be reared.

In this transitory period we shall see much of the wife who thinks she is "neglected" and thus salves her own conscience for accepting the attentions of the "other man," that sinister individual who is always at hand to adjust himself to these domestic emergencies. We shall have our full meed, too, of the delicatessen wife, likewise a symbol of the times, whose daily régime is so burdened with cocktail parties and night-club activities that she just can't cook her husband's meals, but must purchase them in ready-made form at the neighborhood store. It will not be a rapid-fire refining process. There will have to be a great deal of readjustment before we have a proper quota of wives who possess sufficient versatility to combine the broad outlook of this day with some of the fine old feminine traditions of the past. Bear in mind that there is still a wide gap between the old and the new—that whereas the old-fashioned wife used to put up preserves, the new-fashioned one puts up hooch.

IT is my judgment that the matrimonial salvation of the future rests largely in the hands of children of divorced parents. To them, more than any other single group of persons on earth, has been given the opportunity of studying at close range the defects of marriage. They are wondering what is the matter with marriage and are searching for stability. In the bitterness of their fate it is the great leavening influence—the silver lining to the cloud—that they have been charged with this vital task of working out the most important problem the universe knows—happiness in the home. Upon them and upon the girls who have added to the qualifications of their sex what may be termed the masculine point of view, I place dependence for the ultimate attainment of our goal.

The growth of divorce is unfortunate, but its evils are offset in part at least by the fact that it puts a premium on the retention of love. The easier it is to obtain a divorce, the less we shall look upon the marriage contract as an irrevocable deed to the possession of human property. It has always been said that the unmarried woman is spurred to exert her most subtle charms and display her greatest attractiveness through fear of losing the man she loves. The accessibility of divorce puts the married woman in a similar position. And that in turn is a tremendous factor to stabilize the marital relationship.

As for the moral standards of the day, I summarize my own thoughts on the subject by expressing the opinion that nothing has been more instrumental in stimulating a healthier tone than the popularity of the one-piece bathing suit. We are doing away with sham and pretense—that's all.

LAURA LA PLANTE *(Universal) and the bathroom especially designed for her blonde beauty.*

"Lovely smooth skin bewitches everyone"

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UNIVERSAL *director*

"LOVELY *smooth skin has a witchery that the public certainly responds to. Screen history has proved that the trickiest make-up can't fake beautiful skin under the glare of the close-up.*"
—William Beaudine.

AND the girls who have become stars—what incomparable skin they have! For knowing that their career itself depends on this beauty, they guard their "studio skin" jealously.

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All the great film studios have made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in their dressing rooms.

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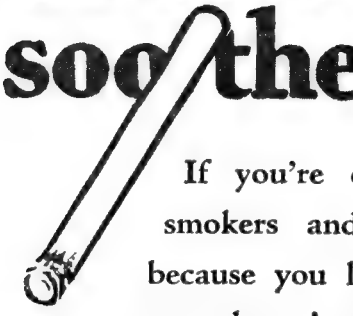
"I've used famous costly French soaps and know that Lux Toilet Soap is made the same way—it gives my skin the same marvelous smoothness."—
Laura La Plante

Nine out of ten screen stars use it

LUX *Toilet* SOAP · 10¢

after smoking-
Black Jack
soothes the throat



If you're one of those pioneer smokers and smoke a cigarette because you like it—fear not the raspy throat! After smoking, chew Black Jack! It soothes the throat and freshens the mouth. Licorice is a famous throat-ease, and in Black Jack gum it's *really good.* Try Black Jack, the world's most popular licorice-flavored gum.

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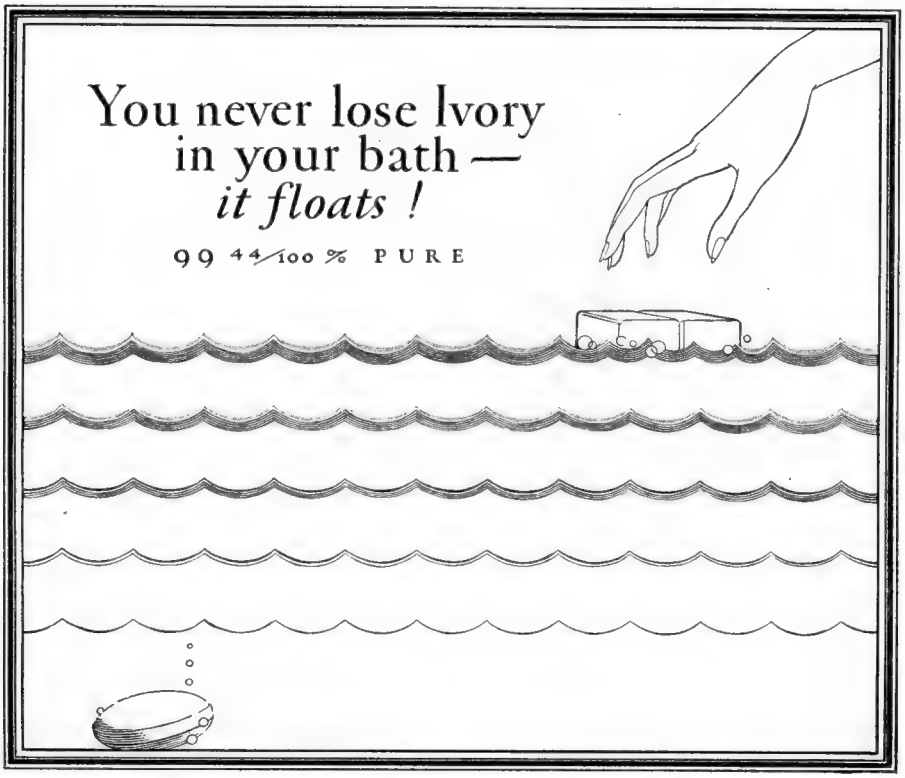

IN THE

(Continued from

"Done in badly?" it inquired in a husky whisper.

He pulled himself together, turning sharply. The voice continued close beside him, as though an adept at ventriloquism were playing a joke: "I can't come to you. I can barely see you. I heard you muttering outside. I'm in a splinter-proof, partly below ground, in the bushes just behind you. I'll guide you with my voice."

Even with directions, "A little more to the right. Now straight ahead. You're still going too far to the left," the splinter-proof was so deep in shadow that it was difficult to find. Jack gained it exhausted, and rolled more by accident than good management into its impenetrable blackness.

"We're at least safe here," he ventured, addressing the whisper and whispering out of caution himself. "A counter-attack would pass clear over us. The only thing that can get us is a direct hit from a shell."

The voice remained silent. Jack continued nervously, "I had no idea our fellows had reached as far as this. I thought I was the first."

Still no reply. He fired a question, "You're a cavalryman, aren't you—an officer?"

"Yes, an officer."

"So am I—a first lieutenant of field-artillery, acting major. Like a damned fool I led my battery clean off the map. My men are waiting for me on the other side of the wood. God help them, unless some one has the savvy to retire them."

A groan this time.

"You're hit too," Jack guessed with sudden sympathy. "Why didn't you tell me? But of course, you believed you'd told me when you said you couldn't come to me. I've only one hand that's any good, and my right leg's shattered, but perhaps I could help you."

"Don't worry about me," the stranger whispered. "Have you water?"

"Plenty."

Jack unslung his bottle, intending to pass it. Then, with a thrill of horror, he corrected himself:

"I'm afraid I haven't. Some confounded bullet—probably the one that smashed my thigh—has let every drop run out."

"Don't get the wind up." The voice became compassionate. "I've enough for both of us."

THROUGH the darkness something was passed to him. He slaked the thirst which was torturing him by reason of excitement and wounds.

"A Hun bottle," he noticed. "Do you think it's pure?"

"Why not?"

He recounted the warning Brigade had issued and his experience with the contaminated well.

"The dirty blighters had thrown the corpse of one of their own chaps into it."

"That doesn't follow," the voice objected. "The owner of the corpse might have been fed up with the war and have chosen drowning as the handiest means of going absent."

"Unlikely." Jack combatted the suggestion. "It's a thousand to one his body was tossed in to spread dysentery among our troops. I got a little of my own back, however, when a few hours later I came across a Hun transport unit which our heavies had scuppered."

With vivid detail he stated the incident in the ravine—dying eyes fixed on him, which he had sternly refused.

"You were conscientious, if you weren't magnanimous," the voice acknowledged. "As an officer you had to consider your men's lives first. Since you honestly believed that the wells ahead of you were poisoned, you did your military duty. But how did you get separated from your battery?"

The question was asked with a curious note

DARK

page 86)

of authority, as though the stranger were some high officer who had the right to sit in judgment on him. His long training in discipline responded. He began with the final accident of his adventure—the sharpshooter who had sniped both himself and his signaling sergeant.

"We're comrades in misfortune." The stranger's voice tripped over a snag, which might have been a titter or a twinge of pain. "I mean by that we're both wounded so ingeniously that we can't assist each other. You have the use only of one arm and one leg, while I'm—well, as you must have judged, I'm rooted. You can't guess how tremendously glad I was when you stumbled in. Everyone's dead in this wood. I—I was lonely."

"So was I. I was in a blue funk with imagining."

WHAT did confession matter to a presence you couldn't see? It was like admitting shame to one's conscience.

"Ever since I was a little kid I've been afraid of the dark," Jack continued. "I've had a terrific struggle conquering it. Not conquering it exactly, because I haven't. Disguising it—that's more truthful. Especially since I joined the army."

How did it happen? One revelation led to another. In the bitterness of his self-condemnation he was stripping his spirit naked. He'd landed his battery in this mess for the love of a girl, that he might capture her admiration. In his unguarded frankness, he let slip her name.

"Alison!" The stranger's tone bespoke surprise. "I knew an Alison. Her brother was an undergraduate with me at Oxford. Keble was his college."

"Her brother was Alec Betteridge?"

"He was."

"How well did you know her?"

The stranger sensed the instant jealousy. "Not very well. I took her punting on the river and danced with her several times. I knew her well enough, however, to be certain that in a matter of love she wouldn't be swayed a hair's-breadth by a paltry consideration." Again that extraordinary accent of authority.

"Perhaps I've been all wrong about her," Jack faltered.

"You have."

"Then, explain."

"You're afraid of the dark," the stranger began in the trance-like singsong of a mind-reader. "There's nothing in darkness to make you afraid, except that it changes the known into the unfamiliar. It's the same with girls: because you've been afraid of them, you've imputed to them all kinds of cruelties. Take Alison, for example: she's gentle. Gentleness is the keynote of her character. If you had really loved her, as apart from desiring her, you wouldn't require me to explain her to you. When she mentioned your friend's decoration in that letter, she did it because she was happy for him. She expected you to be happy."

The oracle droned on. Overhead an intermittent *Strafe* had commenced. Shells went shrieking through the branches. Bullets ripped the leaves like scissors. It might be the counter-attack preparing. The splinter-proof afforded comparative safety. The stranger, if he heard the commotion, refused to be disturbed. His sentences reached Jack in short lengths—snipped off by the clamor. Selfishness to want to marry her. A war-widow—for her what would be left? A fatherless child, perhaps. She was so young. Wait till peace, she had said; try to be understanding. She was right. If he were to be killed after a couple of leaves, what good would he have done her? One wanted to do good when he loved. Then, the other side of the picture: if she were as vain as

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Wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced!

OF course all catsups do not taste alike. For instance there is the flavor which a decidedly individual recipe imparts to Snider's.

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The result is that Snider's, the mulled catsup, has an added zest. This condiment has been well called the wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced — and indeed it has a "bouquet" all its own.

When it comes to catsup many people who apply intelligent choice to the foods they eat, specify "Snider's."

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MARS BLATO

If I lived in the suburbs

there would be trips to and from the station along dark roads; there would be guests to see off in motor-cars; there would be dozens of situations where only a good flashlight would fill the bill.

And I would load my flashlight with genuine Eveready Batteries, to be sure of strong, white light every time I called for it. Yes, *Sir,* the battery's the thing, and Eveready's the battery. Remember this!

Get the flashlight habit. It's just common sense, Man!

It's new, Different and Better

AT LAST a dressing which keeps the hair in place and *acts as a tonic too!* Your physician would recommend the new Glo-Co. It not only conditions the hair, but wars on dandruff too. Even its delightful fragrance is *new.* If you can't buy Glo-Co at your favorite drug store, department store or barber shop, send fifty cents for a full-size bottle to Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Same price in Canada, 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

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LIQUID HAIR DRESSING
As necessary as the morning shave

he thought her, and she wasn't suited to him, why force her against her better sense?

The *Strafe* had subsided. The first faintness of light was spreading. The voice was growing thick and muddled—choked with weariness.

"How did you get to Oxford?" Jack inquired.

"As a Rhodes scholar."

"Then you're a Colonial or an American?"

"How did you guess?"

"Only—"

"I have some rations here,"—the voice roused itself,—"if you can struggle as far as to fetch them."

"You'll need them."

"Sha'n't." The voice faded.

JACK had been making his plans. He could find his direction now that day was soon returning. Duty demanded that he go in search of his battery, though he dragged himself no more than an inch at a time. He turned to break the news of his departure.

"Odd that we should have met. You've done me more good—well, than almost anyone. We've never seen each other, yet we're friends."

He heard his name being shouted. Tried to answer. Remembering his officer's whistle, he raised it to his parched lips and blew it. Nerving himself to the agony, he clawed his way into the open to meet his rescuers. Sergeant-major Jelks was the first to stumble on him. Yes, the battery was safe. He'd led it back across the valley on his own responsibility.

"It's our battery, sir, that's been firing over you all night. You must 'ave 'eard it. It repulsed a h'enemy counter-attack and we've won you a decoration, if I'm not mistaken."

Decorations had ceased to matter. Mustering the last of his strength, Jack pointed to the splinter-proof.

"I've a friend in there worse wounded than I am. Leave me. Carry him out first."

Sergeant-major Jelks disappeared through the bushes, flicking his flashlight. All he saw on entering the shelter was the gray uniformed figure of an enemy officer, stretched out, as though asleep on the flat of his back. Drawing his revolver, he approached him gingerly and stirred him with his foot.

"Get up, you. You're my prisoner."

Assured that he was harmless, he stooped, then felt. Still warm—newly dead!

"Gawd blimme!" he jumped aside.

The man had been killed, not inconceivably by a shell which Lieutenant Jack had given the order to fire.

"A friend, did you say, sir?" He rejoined his officer, chuckling at the richness of the jest. "What you meant to have said, sir, 'ad you been able to clap h'eyes on 'im, was a—Fritzie."

THE YOUTH BUYER

(Continued from page 69)

He grabbed a leather cushion from a seat beside him and hurled it at the head of Dreve!

The exile from Virginia ducked and repaid the attention. Dreve's cushion, much dustier through cheaper associations, winged its way to the box and slammed itself against the Chilean's broad face, breeding a dust-cloud that nearly smothered his companion. Before the fellow had recovered his sight, Dreve had vaulted into the aisle and left the theater. . . . .

The City of the Cid dozed in the morning sunshine. John Dexter Dreve, sitting at the window of his apartment overlooking the Plaza Emilio Castelar, watched the flower women in their tiny stalls made of blue tiles that flashed in the sunlight. The scent of orange blossoms was overpowering. In the splendid *huertas* of Valencia are grown seventy per cent of the oranges consumed in Europe.

The vendors of lottery tickets cried hysterically of fortunes waiting for the buyers of the scraps of paper they thrust into the faces of passers-by. Sellers of caramels fought hysterically with the swarms of bees that attacked their wares; beggars, smoking cigars, solicited in a careless manner; traveling dispensers of *limón helado* and *zarzaparilla* did a prosperous if unhygienic trade.

Dreve's attention was drawn from the happenings on the Plaza by the entrance of Peter, the small, wiry negro who had followed his master into exile and who dreamed nightly of the Virginia that he loved. Peter carried a letter and a package.

"Dis letter is fo' you, Mr. Jack," said Peter, advancing with the tray. "It hab yo' name on it, but de package hab only a 'scripshun o' you. De *concierge* am certain dat it is you, 'cause dere's no one in de hotel 'cept you, dat is a tall American wearin' a Panama hat."

Dreve picked up the letter. The flourished *"Señor Don John Dexter Dreve"* puzzled him. He glanced at the small packet. A woman's hand had evidently written the words: *"For the tall American wearing a Panama hat."*

"Mysterious, Peter, isn't it?" he murmured. "Let's try the letter first."

It was a thick envelope. Dreve, before opening it, examined the crest embossed on the flap. It showed a fox eating a bunch of grapes that he had snatched from a high vine. The word *unattainable* was evidently not in the sender's dictionary.

The Virginian slit the envelope. There dropped from it a railway ticket, a small yellow pasteboard with the words *"Valencia—Madrid. Primera clase."* It had been issued that morning.

Dreve considered the little present. He had not ordered a ticket, and it was quite evident to him that the scrap of cardboard had been sent to him as a delicate hint that his presence in the town was not desired.

"Peter," said Dreve, turning to the negro, who was pottering around the room, "if some one you didn't know sent you a railway ticket dated for the day you received it, what would you do?"

"A ticket fo' a long journey, Mr. Jack?"

"Over three hundred and fifty miles."

"An' Ah didn't know de pusson, Mr. Jack?" demanded the negro.

"Didn't know him from Adam, whether he was friend or foe."

PETER scratched his head. "Mr. Jack," he said solemnly, "Ah jest would come to de conclushun dat de man what sent dat ticket wuz sholy a foe. Yus, sah! Ah'd take it dat he didn't want me roun' de town and Ah'd jest walk up to de depot an' go away."

"Well," said Dreve, smiling at the negro, "some one that I am not acquainted with has sent me a first-class ticket to Madrid."

"A fust-class ticket!" cried Peter. "Ah jest said Ah'd walk up to de depot, but Ah didn't know it wuz a fust-class ticket. Why, Ah'd run, Mr. Jack. Yus! Ah'd take it dat de man who sent it wuz mighty mad, an' Ah'd leave town quick!"

"Thank you, Peter," said Dreve. "I just wanted your opinion on the matter."

The Virginian turned his attention to the small packet that had arrived with the letter. He stripped away an extra sheathing of soft tissue paper and stared at a pair of red castanets. Up before his eyes sprang a vision of the supple La Pasadena whose dance, with its accompaniment, had made him see the romantic *conquistadores!*

Dreve separated the castanets, and from between the two there dropped a note folded and refolded to fit the small space. It ran:

"I am sorry that my affairs brought trouble to you. Please do not bother. The man is dangerous and would resent any interference. I send a little memento of the evening. We are from Arroyo

THOUGH dentists and dentifrices rally to the aid of modern teeth . . . though tooth brushes by the million work briskly every morning and every night . . . though Science, year by year, bestows upon us new weapons for the fight against dental ills . . . *still, something is missing from the picture!*

Where's the help that *Nature* planned? Where's the thing that kept primitive man's teeth in his head—strong and sound—until he died of old age? In other words, where's the kind of diet that benefits teeth?

Missing, alas, from most modern tables! Check up on your own three meals a day if you doubt it. Note that most of your foods are soft—creamy—highly refined. Then recognize your error—and reform!

Replace some of those soft foods with crisp foods that require chewing—that you will delight to chew! Give to teeth and gums the *natural* exercise and stimulation that Nature planned. It's the easiest method—the least expensive method—and the only completely efficacious one! Your dentist will tell you that.

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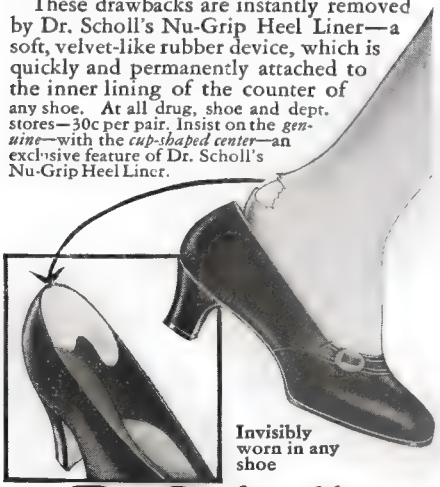

Invisibly worn in any shoe

Dr Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner

Seco Cañon, five miles from Pasadena. Daddy has been duped by the Spanish Prisoner swindle but he still has hopes of getting his money back.

"L. P., 31 Calle de Zaragoza."

John Dexter Dreve whistled softly. The Spanish Prisoner swindle! The oldest and most widely known fraud on the face of the earth had brought the girl and her father from sunny Pasadena to Spain! The old man had been hauled to Valencia and robbed by the genial grafters whose business had assumed such proportions that the Spanish government, unable to cope with the tricksters, had for years distributed at the frontier leaflets in twelve languages warning all foreigners who were entering Spain, with a view of collecting the hidden treasure, that the thing was a gigantic swindle.

The Virginian's mind flung up questions and answers with amazing rapidity. The father had been duped. Of course. The girl had been forced to work. Lacking a knowledge of the country and possibly of the language, she had turned to the stage. There was a verve about her dancing that had appealed to the rather sluggish intelligence of the audiences. The fire and spirit of a new country had been immediately evident. The grace of the old world in combination with the splendid vitality of the new had lifted her from the ruck. Even the little song, chanted in an alien tongue, had "got over" because of her grace and charm.

Peter broke in on Dreve's musings. "Ah is thinkin' 'bout dat ticket, Mr. Jack," said the negro. "De pusson as sent it don't seem to know dat Ah is wiv you."

"No," said Dreve. "Unless he thinks that you would rather walk to Madrid, Peter. I'm going out now. If anyone calls, ask him to wait."

ON the street the thoughts of John Dexter Dreve were of "La Pasadena." She had adopted the Spanish custom of incorporating one's birthplace in the stage name. A sweet and gracious custom.

Dreve strolled down the Calle Pintor Sorolla to the Paseo de la Glorieta, but the beauty of the gardens did not appeal to him at the moment. As he walked toward the *passarelle* leading over the Turia to the sunny Alameda, he hummed the air of her song:

A pigmy tribe will feed us, wild-honey, yams and dates.
We'll never hear of struggles, of enmities and hates,
And Peace will sit forever—

A gray-headed Spaniard, approaching the Virginian, lifted his hat and spoke. "Pardon, señor," he murmured, "there is a piece of paper hanging from your coat pocket. You are likely to lose it."

Dreve thanked the old man, paused and seized an irregular morsel of coarse wrapping-paper, one end of which had been tucked into his pocket after he had left the hotel. Upon the scrap was scrawled a short message in Spanish, and the tanned cheeks of John Dexter Dreve flushed as he read the words. In plain Americanese the note said:

"Don't go too far, Mr. Damfool American. The train for Madrid leaves at two-fifteen. You might miss it, and if you did, you'd probably regret it greatly before the day is finished."

There was no one in sight upon whom Dreve could pin suspicion. On the *passarelle* were nursemaids, soldiers, old countrymen carrying packs, begging gipsy women in full skirts of radiant colors, a blind fiddler playing José Padilla's tuneful melody *"Valencia"* in the city that had given the song its name.

Dreve tore the paper into fragments and tossed them into the Turia. Some one was trying to stampede him—an impolite some one. That "Mr. Damfool American" was a phrase hard to forget—a verbal cocklebur.

Dreve walked along the Alameda, crossed back to the city by the Puente del Real, and through a network of narrow streets he headed for his hotel. One-way streets, most of them, the fact that they were only passable in one direction being made plain to unlettered drivers by little pictures of a horse and cart placed at each corner, the head of the horse turned in the direction of permissible traffic. And beside the Virginian there walked an invisible imp that baited him. "Mr. Damfool American!" cried the imp. "Two-fifteen for Madrid! You'll be sorry if you miss the train."

GLANCING at the gayly painted signs, Dreve discovered the street which "La Pasadena" had given as her address in the note she had sent with the red castanets.

Dreve quickened his steps. He would talk with the girl and the old man who had been caught in the carefully spun web of the Spanish Prisoner. "Two-fifteen for Madrid!" whispered the imp.

Number Thirty-one was old, gloriously old. It was a house that had squatted in the narrow street for untold centuries. Its crumbling walls would make an observer think that it had seen Don Jaime the Conquistador ride by, the golden bat on his shining casque telling all and sundry that he never slept.

The Virginian thought of the days of golden romance as he mounted the worn stairs, the stone slabs cupped by the feet of climbing thousands. They were splendid days; yet as he considered the present, he came to the conclusion that it was distance that gave the past the glow. He thought of the bid of the guano king, the mad fight for the jewels which the girl had kicked from the stage, the free ticket for Madrid, the message on the wrapping paper addressed to "Mr. Damfool American." There was still a kick in the old world.

He paused on the third landing, the names lettered on the doors below having driven him higher in his search. Here a door stood open, and in the gloom of the interior appeared a figure that held the eyes of the Virginian. An American Don Quixote, a tall thin man with stiltlike legs, a high-bridged nose, a weak chin, eyes in which mad dreams flickered.

John Dexter Dreve was puzzled as to the method of approach, but the human pelican in the passage relieved him of the momentary anxiety. Don Quixote stepped forward pompously and bowed with the grace of a grandee. "It is possible that you are seeking me," he said. "I am waiting a message. My name is Miguel Garcia; and I came from California to help a man who has confided to my care his daughter and much property."

Dreve regretted that he was not the bearer of a message. "But you are an American, sir?" the old man demanded.

"Yes," answered Dreve.

"Then you must come in. You may be interested in the strange story that I have to tell. A most amazing story."

The Virginian followed the old man into a poorly furnished room. He sat himself down, and immediately he found himself listening to the tale told by a victim of the Spanish Prisoner.

"That, sir, is the letter that came to my ranch in California on December 5 of last year," he said, handing Dreve a sheet of tinted paper covered with spidery writing. "It was the first I received from the gentleman who chose me to be the guardian of his child and property."

John Dexter Dreve had seen many letters from the Spanish Prisoner, but this differed from the others. This miserable sheet had brought the girl and her father to Spain; it had forced the girl onto the stage of the *Palacio Sinnombre;* it had brought the bid of the South American; it had brought Dreve a free ticket to Madrid! Brought him an insulting note. His jaw tightened as he

thought of that "Mr. Damfool American." The letter was addressed to "Señor Don Miguel Garcia, Blueflower Ranch, near Pasadena, California, U. S. A." and it was one of the finest efforts of the world-renowned swindlers. It began:

"Dear sir and relative:

"I write you from the edge of the grave. I am a prisoner in Santa Paola prison, which is close to Valencia. I am a Garcia, and I am certain that I am your cousin. For that I choose you to do me a great service. I have a daughter of eighteen years. I love her greatly. Ah, how I love my Dolores!

"Now, sir, I have great treasure, but being that I am in this foul prison, I cannot reach it. I call upon you as a kinsman to help. To no one but a Garcia would I reveal my secret. This treasure, which is over one million pesetas—in your money one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—is stored with a company here in Valencia. They do not know the contents of the box in which it is secreted, and I have not confidence in them. For storage dues I owe them nearly one thousand dollars (I have been in prison for many years) and this thousand dollars must be paid before the box will be released. I want you, my kinsman, to pay this money, reimburse yourself with generous interest when the box is in your hands, then pay the remainder to my dear daughter Dolores, over whom I appoint you a guardian. Write me quickly, for I die soon,

"Yours in kinship,

"Juan Hernando Garcia."

It was a clever letter, Dreve admitted as he looked up from the sheet and caught the eye of the old man upon him. What a splendid victim the swindlers had picked!

"I wrote immediately," said the ranch owner. "I offered to come to Spain, pay the money on the box, and accept all the responsibilities connected with the guardianship of Dolores Garcia."

THE Virginian could hardly suppress a smile. The pomposity of the old fool was amazing. He had fallen for the bait with a crash that must have shaken California.

"Here is the reply of my kinsman," continued the sucker. "When I received this, I packed up."

Dreve read the second letter. It ran:

"Dear Kinsman Miguel:

"Your letter proves to me that God has not forsaken me in my hour of need. Come quickly, for I am dying. A man from the storage company will call on you when you reach Valencia. Pay him the money, and he will deliver to you the box in which is the great treasure. If I die before you arrive please be kind to my little daughter Dolores. But you are a Garcia and this I need not tell you.

"Your kinsman,

"Juan."

"And you paid the storage dues when you arrived?" questioned Dreve.

"Yes, sir," answered the old man. "The representative of the company met me at the boat. The amount was greater than my kinsman thought. I paid eighteen hundred dollars. The man to whom I paid the money informed me that my kinsman had died three weeks before, but he had left an order instructing the storage people to deliver the box to me. I now await it. I also await the arrival of Dolores, who is in a convent at Seville. To her I sent three hundred dollars, she having written me that she had some small expenses to meet."

John Dexter Dreve had an inclination to cry at the dreadful pathos of the thing. The poor old sucker lured from his little ranch in

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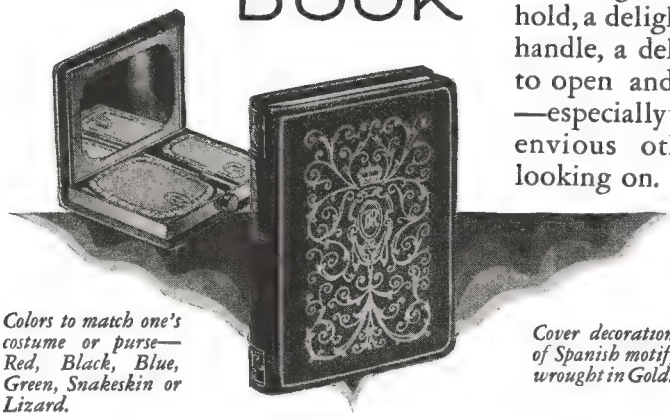

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MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

the foothills of California by the cunningly planned story of a bunch of swindlers!

There came a distraction at that moment. The girl whose chattering castanets had sung of the *conquistadores* came tripping in from the landing. Dreve sprang to his feet, and the old man introduced him. "This gentleman is an American, Juanita," he explained. "I have been telling him of the extraordinary affair that brought us to Spain. He is much interested."

The girl seemed alarmed at the presence of the Virginian. Dreve wondered why. As he talked on commonplace matters, he found the reason. The girl was afraid that he, Dreve, had told the old man that he had seen her at the Palacio Sinnombre! The fact that she danced was a secret from the victim of the Spanish Prisoner!

The old man dozed. John Dexter Dreve and the girl moved out on the landing above the worn stairs. An understanding, curiously thrilling to the Virginian, had developed. So many things were plain to him. The old man had been robbed; the girl was supporting both by her dancing.

She talked of California, of the little ranch in the foothills. It was very small, and it had been left in charge of a man named Hank. Juanita talked a lot of Hank, of Beppo her pony, of the flower city of Pasadena whose sweet name she had taken as a stage title.

Dreve pictured Hank, the tall, slow-spoken Westerner. He wished that Hank had come along. He knew well what Hank would do; the Chilean would possibly have earned a broken neck if Hank had been a witness to his bid for the girl. In the big stretches that run toward the Pacific Coast there is a fine creed regarding the treatment of women—a creed that has thrust the United States into the position of flagbearer to the world.

John Dexter Dreve put out his hand as he said good-by. He asked if she was afraid, asked sympathetically.

THE girl fibbed bravely. Dreve, watching her, knew she fibbed. But pride, pride of the West, would not permit her to confess fear. Tears showed in the big black eyes, but she held them in check. The Chilean was insane. Lots of men were insane. In Spain, she meant. They thought that—that—well, it was different in America. But she wasn't afraid; she was of the West. She was awfully thankful to Dreve, but she'd manage. Oh, yes, she'd pull through. If—if she could save their fare back home to Blueflower Ranch, and to Hank, and at the same time convince her father that he was the victim of a swindler! Convince him gently without hurting his pride.

Dreve, when leaving her, wished that he was Hank, who was a sort of privileged bodyguard, short of speech, but long on actions; Hank, who had saved her life when Beppo ran away; Hank, who had fought the forest fire. Confound Hank!

Walking back to his hotel, the Virginian thought of the old man who had fallen for the letter of the Spanish Prisoner. Clever beggars, those swindlers. Rather thrilling to be picked as a guardian to a beautiful girl who has a treasure-box filled with coin; stuff to make one dream: dark eyes, big and soft—played the guitar, in all probability; orange groves; Spanish moons; mantillas; high tortoise-shell combs; glorious shawls; ankles! What ankles untraveled folk believed the Spanish señoritas possessed!

On the steps of the hotel John Dexter Dreve paused and thrust his hand into his pocket in search of a ten-centavo piece for a tearful beggar. His fingers touched a scrap of paper, and with a wry face he pulled out a strip similar to the one he had found earlier in the day. His angry eyes glanced at the message:

"You mean to miss that train. You'll wish you hadn't! You *are* a damn fool!"

IT was near dusk. John Dexter Dreve and Peter the negro had, during the afternoon, walked through two-thirds of the narrow thoroughfares of Valencia. Not together. Dreve had arranged that Peter was to trail him continuously, not near enough to excite suspicion, but not so far away that he would miss the efforts of the annoying shadow who had delivered the insulting messages during the forenoon.

Up and down went Dreve, standing now and then at street-corners to give the mysterious one a chance. Showing interest in monuments, in building operations, in small street arguments—Peter trailing, watching his master with unblinking eyes.

Dreve turned into a little narrow lane that led off the Plaza del Mercado. The Virginian was of the opinion that the message-giver had tired of his curious game. Possibly he had noticed Peter.

The Virginian had nearly reached the end of the lane when a yell caused him to turn quickly and rush back to the negro. Peter had caught his man!

A small, mean rat of a man that the negro had pounced upon as he was sidling up to Dreve with another message, a blear-eyed weakling possessed of a ghostlike quality that fitted him for the work.

The open gate of a deserted junk-yard caught the eye of Dreve. "Quick!" cried the Virginian. "In here, Peter! Keep your hand over his mouth!"

The negro jerked his captive into the yard. The Virginian slammed the gate. Luck was with them; no one had witnessed the little scuffle. A tremendous silence filled the dark lane.

"Now," began Dreve, speaking in Spanish, "what is the meaning of all this? Who is paying you for this fool business?"

The rat squirmed in the grip of Peter, but no words came from his thin lips. Dreve repeated his questions; the fellow whined in a curious manner, but made no answer.

"Let me tickle him a little, Mr. Jack!" cried Peter. "Ah can make a dumb man talk, Ah can! Ah has a way o' massagin' a man dat is powerful. Let me at him!"

The negro seized the waistband of the silent one, gave it a quick twist, then with his left fist shut tightly he started to massage the prisoner's spine, vigorously, violently.

The prisoner tried to escape the hard knuckles of the negro, in vain. He let out a cry of acute pain. Peter grinned. "Ask him now, Mr. Jack!" cried the servant. "He'll talk now!"

Peter was right. The devilish massage was a tongue-loosener; words tripped themselves up in their anxiety to get out; the fellow became a babbling font of answers. Machine-gun Spanish crackled under the urging of Peter's hard knuckles.

He, the rat, was in the pay of the big Chilean. The youth-buyer of the Chincha Islands had hired him to annoy the Americano. *Si, si!* He was to stampede Dreve out of town. He would answer a million questions if the negro would only stop rubbing his spine!

There was some unholy power in Peter's knuckles, some secret that had come to the negro from far-off ancestors who had played with captured enemies who refused to talk.

"Si, si, señor!" screamed the prisoner as Dreve peppered him with questions. "He wants the dancer! Sí! La Pasadena! He thought— In the name of the saints, ask this devil to stop!"

"He thought what?" questioned Dreve. "Tell everything!"

"He thought you would block him! He wants to kidnap her!" gasped the prisoner.

"I was to frighten you out of town before evening! He—he is going to grab her at her house!"

"When?" roared Dreve. *"When?"*

"Now!" screamed the other. "Now! At seven! *Si, si!* At her house! Calle de Zaragoza! I—I was to watch you! I've told you all! Take this black devil away! Stop him!"

JOHN DEXTER DREVE, with Peter at his heels, rushed through the little narrow streets of the old town. There were no cabs, and minutes were precious. Seven! It was six-fifty-two! Eight minutes in which to reach the old house in the Calle de Zaragoza!

Now and then they stopped for a second to question a bleak-faced native. The Calle de Zaragoza? The fellow would wave his hand at the surrounding gloom, and the Virginian and the negro rushed on.

Peter sighted one of the strange old horse cabs of Valencia. They tore after it, shouting as they ran.

The cabman had a fare, a flat-faced countryman who had hired the vehicle to drive to the house of a señorita that he loved. Dreve thrust a handful of silver at him, pulled him out when the fellow accepted the money, then roared directions at the driver. Calle de Zaragoza, 31!

Peter sprang on the seat beside the driver and took possession of the whip. A much-surprised horse felt the presence of a masterful man. The ramshackle vehicle rolled over the cobblestones, the driver shrieking for a fairway. Down one narrow street and up another! Old streets with old smells!

At a turning where the driver slackened speed, two American sailors, lost in the maze, hailed Peter with a cry of delight.

"Hey, George!" they screamed. "Where's the port from here? We can't jabber this tongue and we're going round in a circle!"

"Jest climb in de cab!" yelled Peter. "Ah is jest goin' to de port after Ah goes somewhere else firstest!"

An imaginative person was Peter. At a chance of getting recruits for the coming fray he didn't hesitate. The two sailors chased the cab, and Dreve hauled them aboard.

"Is that nigger going to the port?" they questioned.

"After we finish a little job," answered Dreve. "There's an American girl in trouble up here and—"

"Trouble?" interrupted the biggest of the two. "What kind of trouble, boss?"

"A girl-buyer means to kidnap her," answered Dreve. "He—"

The Virginian didn't finish. The galloping horse was pulled up on his haunches as the driver sighted the number. Before the door a big automobile purred softly, the chauffeur glancing nervously at the worn stairs cupped by the climbing feet of thousands!

A SWEET fight, it was! The youth-buyer of the Chincha Islands had the girl in his clutches when the four Americans arrived. Her little cries of terror and the wild protests of her father were verbal elevators that carried the quartet to the third landing at lightning speed.

A lamp on the top landing shed just sufficient light to permit the fighters to distinguish between friend and foe. A kind old lamp, it threw a spectral glow over the worn stairway down which went the tide of battle.

John Dexter Dreve picked the wine-fattened hunter of youth and hurled himself at the man with a cry of joy. Behind Dreve was Peter. Supporting Peter were the two sailors. Circled by hired kidnapers were the girl and her protesting father.

Down the stairs went the battle, the Chi-

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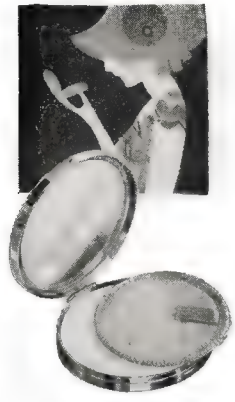

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lean and his followers fighting their way toward the street. Dreve, Peter and the two sailors contested the way, punching, thrusting, gouging! Curses, yells and cries of pain!

Dreve floored the Chilean with a mighty left to the jaw. The fellow rolled down a flight, sweeping Peter before him. A raw-boned scoundrel lifted "La Pasadena" in his arms and attempted to run the blockade. The Virginian fell upon him. Down went Raw-bone, the girl with him.

The Virginian stooped, gathered the girl in his arms, rushed up the stairs and thrust her into the door of her apartment. Then with a whoop of joy he was back in the fray, side by side with the sailors. Great boys, those sailors, both of them of the "To-hell-with-science school." Waterfront battlers, lashing out with their feet if they felt anyone clawing around their ankles, marking time on the face of a foe if they felt him under their hobnails. Port pugilists, distributors of hospital tickets when they got properly going.

John Dexter Dreve led them in a stair-cleaning. It was fists against knives. A blade sliced the right sleeve of the Virginian's coat; the owner of the weapon was knocked sideways, picked himself up and fled. A floored combatant pricked the calf of one of the sailors. The injured man's profanity was appalling.

On the first landing the band of the Chilean broke for the street. Dragging their stunned companions, they made for the door. The chauffeur of the big car howled *"Policia!"* The Guardia Municipal were coming!

Dreve found Peter straddling the body of the Chilean on the lower stairs.

With a strange suddenness the battle was over. Battered and stunned thugs dragged themselves into the car; a police whistle split the silence of the street; the big auto sprang forward. The Chilean struggled to his feet; his hired scoundrels clutched his arms and dragged him aboard. A knife man, half blinded, stumbled after the car, screaming as he ran.

Sitting on the stairs the Virginian laughed. "Mr. Jack," Peter said, "de pocketbook ob dat man Ah wuz fightin' dropped out as he wuz rollin' roun'. Yes sah! Ah has it heah. It am as fat as a possum, Mr. Jack, an' Ah wuz wond'rin' if we could say to de ol' gem'man dat was robbed dat de feller as robbed him got sorry an' sent de money back? It sure am a fat pocketbook. Look!"

John Dexter Dreve looked. Peter's black fingers lifted the flap. A roll of thousand-peseta bills, the nearly square bills of the Banco de España, showed in the dim light.

For a moment the Virginian was silent. Up before him flashed a vision of the Blue-flower Ranch in far-away California. He saw the girl and her father back home, home in the country that they loved—the country that he loved, but from which a cruel fate had exiled him.

"I think that would be a fine idea, Peter," he said quietly. "Let's go up and present it to him. That kidnaping brute will never have the nerve to come back for it." He turned to the two sailors.

"There is a lady from home upstairs," he said. "She would like to thank you for your assistance. Come up."

"POSSIBLY I'VE BEEN INDISCREET"

(Continued from page 49)

"Including the wallow," grunts Breeze.

"As you say," I shrugs. "Possibly I've been a bit indiscreet. I mentioned a little something of your unfortunate affair with the Crown Princess of Beloochistan, which perhaps I shouldn't have, but Miss Dupont wanted to know why you were so sad. Of course, I used no names."

"That was darn thoughtful of you," scowls Emerson. "On the square, what have you told her about me?"

As a matter of fact, I'd been whooping up Breeze as a millionaire American, a war hero, the bearer of a dramatic sorrow and the rest of the succotash that goes so big with the wrens, foreign or domestic. And Emerson does go big.

FOR the rest of the ride I'm a nix in a vacuum of zeros. When an interpreter is needed, I'm called upon, but that's not often. It develops that the Dupont doll knows a few English words, and it's surprising just how few of 'em you can get along on when you let your eyes do most of the talking. By the time we gets to Rome, Breeze has the chick dated up for everything from breakfast in the Catacombs to a plunge in the pool at the Baths of Caracalla.

We all go to the same hotel, which happens to be the one to which Pommefrite's having his mail forwarded. The provision magnate, we learns, is not expected for a week. That's no jolt to Emerson; it's a gift.

"Listen, old-timer," says I, when we're up in our room, "go slow with the Susie. You're here on business, and you can't mix Toasted Nifties with a nifty toast. If I were—"

"Does Celeste go to the head of the class?" cuts in the cuckoo.

"She makes the honor roll," I returns, "but what of it? She's got you tagged for a big dollar-and-cents man from the U. S. A. Where'll you get off when she finds out you're a breakfast-food peddler just about a lap ahead of your next meal?"

"Dough don't interest her," mutters Breeze, but I see that I have given him to think. What with, I don't know.

The Dupont dame having some shopping to do the next morning, I takes Breeze out for a rubber at Rome, but his mind's not on the race. Everything I shows him goes in one eye and out the other. Even the Vatican gets no click out of him. Art being a flop, I tries to appeal to his sense of size.

"There are supposed to be eleven thousand rooms in this place," I remarks.

"How many baths?" comes back the vegetable.

Nevertheless I drags him through the Vatican galleries, beating down the sap's resistance with the assurance that being in Rome without giving 'em the up-and-down would be like being in California without seeing the climate.

"Maybe," I suggests as a clincher, "the Sistine Chapel or one of Mike Angelo's paint jobs'll give you a squiffy idea for a Toasted Nifty ad."

"This," remarks Breeze, halting in front of the Laocoön, "must have been copied from a picture I remember seeing in McGuffey's Third Reader. What's it supposed to show—a dope with the D. T.s seeing snakes, or a waiter and a couple of bus boys leading an attack on the Spirit of Spaghetti?"

"It's a bobo and his sons being strangled by reptiles for sassing the gods," I explains. "Don't you know any of the classic myths?"

"Classic myths?" repeats Emerson. "You mean like the one about being detained at the office—"

"There ought to be a good idea for you in the layout," I cuts in. "Get the slant—Mankind Trying to Escape from the Clutches of Inferior Breakfast-food. You can add a dove to the hand, with a package of Cereal Supreme in his beak."

"Not bad," agrees Breeze, "but the snake has too good a start."

The sculptures leave the flat tire cold, but he does get a bit of kick out of the paintings on account of having seen lots of 'em on

calendars issued by Zilch's Mange-cure. A portrait of Lucrezia Borgia, the lady who said it with cyanide, holds him for a while.

"Did you ever see such a resemblance?" he finally asks.

"Who to?"

"Celeste," returns Emerson. "The same eyes, the same mouth—"

"Tell your girl friend," I suggests, "that she reminds you of Lucrezia Borgia. It'll get you in good—and plenty."

For an hour or more I trots Breeze around the galleries.

"Getting anything out of this?" I inquires at length.

"Yeh," grunts Emerson, "sore feet. How many rooms did you say there were in this hut?"

"Eleven thousand."

"Well," snaps Breeze, "you can see the remaining two thousand by yourself."

"We'll call it a day here," says I, "and amble over to the Colosseum."

"What's there?" demands Emerson. "A six-day bike race?"

"So this is the Colosseum," grumbles Breeze, when we gets there by taxi. "Hell, there's a burned-down brewery in Chillicothe, Ohio, that's got it all over it for a ruin."

"You big prune!" I yelps. "This place is more than fifteen hundred years old. It's where the gladiators fought, where they threw Christians to the lions. Did they throw any Christians to the lions in that Chillicothe brewery?"

"I don't know," says Emerson. "I was only there once for a couple of hours."

I gives up. Trying to get a guy ge-thrilled over Rome, who's got breakfast-food in one lobe of his brain and a French doll in the other, is much too much for me and my favorite nervous system. I'd sooner attempt to interest a group of deaf Digger Indians in Scandinavian folksongs.

"What are those?" inquires Breeze, pointing to a couple of ruined arches just beyond the Colosseum.

"You should care!" I growls. "They got better ones in Joe Doak's hen-house back in Sedalia, Missouri."

"I was just thinking," says Emerson, "that there would be two more broken arches in Rome this evening if you keep trotting me around these secondhand brickyards."

"Want to go out the Appian Way?" I asks, feeling the need of a ride to cool off.

"How," comes back Breeze, "do the Appians go? On foot?"

"Hotel!" I yelps to the taxi-driver. Once there, I rustles up to the concierge.

"How much," I demands, "do guides in Rome get— Never mind telling me. They're grossly underpaid."

I SEES nothing of Emerson the next day till late in the evening, when he dashes into the room all aglow.

"You didn't show me nothing in Rome," says he. "Now, where I was tonight—"

"Where were you?"

"I don't know what they call it," returns Breeze, "but it just made you feel historic to be there. It's a big circular place with crumbling walls near the Forum, and—"

"You big simp," I cuts in. "That's the Colosseum. You were there yesterday afternoon!"

"That so?" mutters Emerson. "It looked altogether different."

"Yeh," says I. "It always does when you're with a gal and there's a moon on the set. How long," I asks, "is this Dupont drag staying in Rome?"

"I don't know," replies Breeze. "She's waiting for some relatives who are coming on from Florence. Why?"

"Nothing," I shrugs, "but don't let the hank of hair make you forget what you're here for."

"Don't worry," says Emerson. "There's nothing I can do until Pommefrite shows, is

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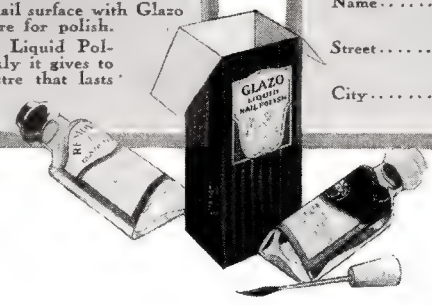

there? I've left a note for him asking for an appointment as soon as he gets here."

"Did you say in it what you wanted to see him about?" I asks.

"Only," answers Breeze, "that it was on a matter of grave international importance."

"Hm," I grunts. "He'll probably think you want to sell him the secret plans for the new Staten Island ferryboat."

FOUR days later, when Emerson and I are about to dress for dinner, the phone rings. I answers.

"Celeste?" inquires Breeze eagerly.

"Monsieur Marcel Alceste Pommefrite," I returns, hanging up. "He arrived this afternoon while you were fussing with your frill. He'll see you in his rooms in half an hour."

"Great!" shouts Emerson. "Now watch me do my stuff! Before this night's over, Toasted Nifties will indeed be the Cereal Supreme."

"Now do this thing right," I advises. "Put on your dinner jacket and—"

"What!" yelps Breeze. "Call on the trade in a fish and soup?"

"Listen, boy!" says I sharply. "You're not starting out to peddle a peck of nails to a two-by-four hardware dealer in Hackensack. If you're going to crash a French merchant with a business proposition, especially when he's on his vacation, you've got to look important. I know these frogs better than you do. Let me set the stage."

"Shoot," invites Emerson.

"We'll both put on dinner jackets," says I. "I'll go along as your secretary and tote your samples. You're too big an ace in America for petty details. Besides, you need me for the palaver, don't you?"

Breeze does as I directs, and at seven bells we starts for Pommefrite's apartments, me trotting along with a snappy suitcase full of assorted packages of Toasted Nifties, God's gift to the alimentary canal or the Erie canal or something.

Pommefrite, a roly-poly with a head like a skating rink, greets us with politeness and curiosity. Without waiting for either of 'em to wear off, I plunges into the sales-talk that me and Emerson had doped up.

"Mr. Emerson, here," says I, "represents what is undoubtedly the—"

There's a rustle of portières, a gasp from Breeze, and I looks around to see Mademoiselle Dupont entering from a connecting room!

"Ah," says she, "you know *mon oncle.*"

I takes a quick flash at Emerson. He's petrified green. And well he might be, seeing that he's stood pat with the gal on the millionaire gag. Here he now is peddling breakfast-food to the chick's uncle.

Breeze may be dead between the ears, but not me. I've been in too many tight places in my life to let this situation throw me for a loss. I acts fast.

"Mr. Emerson," says I, turning to Pommefrite and speaking in English so Breeze'll get hep to the shift I'm pulling, "admires your niece very much, and I think the feeling is mutual. As the young man's cousin and head of the family, I ask your permission for him to pay his addresses to her."

"Eh?" exclaims the food-magnate.

First making sure that Emerson's caught the drift of things, I repeats the lines in French.

"Mr. Emerson," I goes on, "is an individual of vast wealth and is connected with the proudest houses in America. Of his war record you undoubtedly know."

"Speak English," cuts in Pommefrite. "I understand her."

"Perhaps," I continues, "you have also heard of his confidential relations with the President of the United States. It is probably no secret—"

Just then I happens to look down, and my eyes fall on the bag at my feet. That certainly's got to be explained. Lads don't go courting with sample-cases. I regret to say that my control at this point is not so good.

"I have here," I announces, "some trifling gifts which I hope Miss Dupont will accept as homage from the house of Emerson to her charm and beauty."

I lifts up the bag as if to place it on a table, when the damn' thing opens, scattering packages of Nifties all over the floor. From a couple of cartons that break, a stream of Cereal Supreme flows onto the carpet.

Taking advantage of the new interest thus created, I make a quick back-up and beat it out of the door, leaving Emerson to take care of the situation from that point on.

IT'S nearly midnight when Breeze returns to our room.

"Where have you been?" I asks, sleepily.

"Dining with my fiancée and her uncle," he returns cheerfully.

"The hell!" I exclaims. "What happened after—"

"I told 'em the truth," says Emerson, "and it went big. Old Pommefrite just couldn't get over my cleverness in making that sudden shift from a sales-talk to a proposal."

"Your cleverness, eh?" I grunts. "So you get the gal?"

"Yep," grins Breeze, "and also a nice fat job. I'm to represent Pommefrite Products in America."

"And the Toasted Nifties?" I asks. "What of the Cereal Supreme that was to become the breakfast-food of the world?"

"The world?" repeats Emerson dreamily. "Who's in it but me and Celeste?"

THIS IS THE DAY OF THE DUMB

(Continued from page 71)

has abolished the premium on versatility and leveled the distinctions between the industrious and the lazy.

On the mantel over my fireplace stands another heirloom, an ancient candle-snuffer. For light, my great-grandmother not only used candles; she had to make them, of wax, of tallow. Rich folk in seaport towns burned whale-oil in greasy, smoky lamps. Kerosene was displacing whale-oil in my boyhood, but I can remember old ladies in Portland, widows of seafaring men, who still burned whale-oil. Woman's job, to clean and fill the lamps and keep the wicks trimmed. Now she presses a button, and light comes—whence, she neither knows nor cares.

The day of the dumb!

More far-reaching in its social effects than the electric light was Edison's other invention, waxed paper. It is the foundation of the delicatessen business, waxed paper and the tin can. Don't sneer at the housewife who buys her bread instead of making it at home. Thank the machine which has made better bread than our grandmothers ever could make, available to everybody. Huge sums have been spent, all the resources of science and invention marshaled, to improve the quality, preserve the flavor of foods in tins, in waxed paper, in glass, until the only kitchen equipment the housekeeper of today needs is a corkscrew and a can-opener!

My great-grandmother Parker preserved fresh vegetables for winter by packing them in salt, as she packed down the pork and beef. For "shortening" she had to try out the lard from the newly killed hogs; for sweetening, to rely upon the maple sugar from the trees in near-by woods. Preserves, jams and jellies were out of the question—vitamins and calories unheard of. Sun-dried apples and berries were the nearest approach to canned fruits. One of the family legends of my boyhood was the tale of Great-uncle Ezra's first visit to the city, where, at my grandfather's table, he carefully picked the raisins from his rice pudding and laid them beside his plate. When questioned, he explained that he thought they were some sort of bugs which had fallen into the pudding!

THE woman of today, no matter how dumb, serves better food, cleaner, better cooked, more wholesome, than our grandparents ever ate, without needing to know more than the bare rudiments of cooking. Press the button, lift the telephone receiver; the boy from the grocery does the rest. Ice-cream from the corner drug-store for dessert. Great-grandmother never heard of it. It was my same Great-uncle Ezra who, encountering ice-cream on his first and last visit to the city, remarked: "Seems to me this puddin' is a leetle mite tetched with frost!"

Ice; if anyone wanted to have it in the summer, he built an ice-house, harvested the ice from the nearest open water in winter and stored it in sawdust or straw. Cream; the woman's job was to milk the cows, set the milk in pans to rise, skim the cream, churn it into butter. Now she gets ice by pressing the button; the domestic ice-making refrigerator does the rest. Cream and butter—the whole machinery of supply is geared to bring them, fresh and sweet, for the pressing of a button.

You don't have to be dumb to live by pressing the button, but no matter how dumb you are, you live better and easier than people ever lived before. Cleaner and more wholesomely, too. Great-grandmother grew her own broom-corn, made her own brooms. Now you press a button, and the vacuum cleaner makes your house cleaner than palaces were a century ago. There never was a time when as many as ten families out of every hundred had servants; probably not one in twenty had the means to employ domestic help, in Great-grandmother's time. Today the farmer's wife, the artisan's household, command more energy, higher intelligence, than were at the disposal of royalty when George the Fourth was king.

Soap-boiling was woman's work: leaching the lye from the hardwood ashes, saving the soap-fats from the household refuse—making crude potash soap which took off the skin with the dirt. Scientists and inventors have spent years of highly paid research to bring pure, delicate soaps within reach of every woman, for the pressing of a button. Great-grandmother did her own washing, of course; her great-great-granddaughter does not need to know any of the mysteries of laundering, need not lift her finger to have cleaner linens and lingerie, beyond telephoning to the laundryman. Or if she chooses for economic or other reasons to do her own washing, the machine cuts a day's work to an hour; and the electric ironer irons the clothes—just press the button.

A few months ago a young man sold, for a million dollars, an invention which switches off the current when the iron gets too hot, switches it on again as the implement cools. A million dollars is a lot of money, even in 1928. Those who paid that for this invention must expect to distribute many millions of electric flatirons and other heating appliances. The machinery of selling—advertising and distribution—is the biggest of all the machines which go to make this the day of ready, invisible service.

When my Great-grandmother Parker desired something which could not be produced on the place, there was no button to press, no telephone whereby to call up the store, no store just around the corner, no mail-order catalogue from which to order it

—no mail, for that matter, except spasmodically. A twelve-mile trail through the woods led from my great-grandfather's clearing to the gristmill and settlement on the river. One of the tales which fascinated my infancy was that of Great-grandfather Parker's trip to the mill, with his saddle-bags filled with corn for the miller to grind into meal while he waited. He was detained until dark. The household, anxiously awaiting his return, heard the wolf-pack howling in the forest. Seven of his stalwart sons seized their flintlock rifles and hurried to meet their father. As they neared the edge of the woods, the wolf-sounds grew clearer and closer. Then the spent horse plunged out into the clearing, stumbled and fell dead. Four of them fought off the wolves while the other three helped their father to skin the dead horse where it lay; the precious horsehide would make shoes for the whole family.

Men took their lives in their hands to travel a dozen miles, in those days when life was such a complicated affair. The other day my wife and daughter decided to run down to Florida. They put some luggage in the back of the car and started off, two women alone, in such safety as guarded royalty did not enjoy in 1828. Twelve hundred miles in four days over paved, patrolled highways. The hundred-pound girl at the wheel has driven thirty thousand miles or more, but I am not sure that she knows what is under the hood to make the car go, except the place where the filling-station man puts the oil in. She doesn't need to know more than how to change a tire in an emergency, and to say "Fill her up" at the roadside gas-pump.

WHICH is the simple life? The life in which one needed to know how to do everything, or that in which one needs to know little? Women used to need to know not only how to spin and weave, but how to grow or gather the dyestuffs—madder and pokeberries, walnut and butternut hulls, anything which would give the homespun fabrics color. They had to ret and heckle the flax, card the wool; their descendants of today don't even know what those words mean unless they have the cross-word puzzle habit! They made their own clothes, toilsomely, by hand, designed for serviceability and long wear rather than attractiveness. A few—a very few—owned a single silk dress; still fewer could hire a seamstress to make it. As for silk stockings—well, they just weren't. They knit them of wool. Because historical romances and costume plays represent our ancestors in gorgeous garb, we are prone to run away with the idea that everybody lived that way. Almost nobody lived as well in 1828 as almost everybody lives today; never did any but the trifling percentage of the very rich—three or four out of a hundred would be a high estimate—have even the ordinary comforts of life until the machine came along and brought comfort, relief from grinding toil, and now luxury, within everybody's reach.

The stenographer in silk stockings and patent-leather pumps, gay little gown and pert little hat, jeweled and bespangled, lip-sticked and rouged, doesn't realize that she is celebrating the liberation of womankind from the necessity of knowing how to do all of the thousands of things which women had to know, a hundred years ago, if they wanted just to keep on living—of doing with her own hands what the machine does for her today, for the pressing of a button. If she had to make what she wears, cook what she eats, clean her own house, wash her own clothes, go back of those things to the milking and spinning and gardening and soap-making of her great-great-grandmother—well, she would have to be a bit of a genius to hold her job at the same time!

She doesn't know how to live, barehanded; she doesn't have to know. All she needs to know, to enjoy such comforts and luxuries

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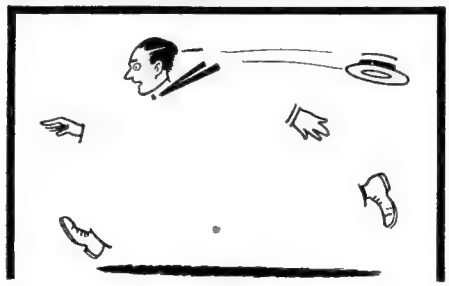

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as her grandmother never dreamed of having, and such leisure as her mother never had, is how to make fishhooks and angleworms with a pencil in a notebook, and to hit the right keys on her typewriter.

The machine has set woman free. It has simplified man's life too, but that is vastly less revolutionary in its consequences. Man has never let himself get tied to drudgery as women were tied. By one subterfuge or another man has always managed to achieve and hold a degree of liberty. Man's freedom, conferred by the machine, is merely an enlargement of liberties which he has always enjoyed more or less. But the liberation of woman is new; and like every new phenomenon, it shocks the conservatives of the earth.

That is what makes so many foggy-minded near-thinkers raise their voices in protest against the new social order—the mere fact that it is new. The simple-minded, confused by novelty, always fear it. But science has started something which is not going to stop.

There is no room for doubt that the process of simplifying the life of the individual will continue, perhaps in directions as yet undreamed-of except by poets and visionaries. We are realizing today the age-old dream of liberation from the bondage of time and space. Today we fly; we see through mountains; we send our voices around the world; tomorrow we may project our physical selves through space as we now project our words. Today the fabric of our clothing comes from the chemist's laboratory; tomorrow we may draw our sustenance from the same source.

The simple life? Yes, for the individual, no, for the social order.

Will not the machine, then, destroy the individual? No, not so long as the American tradition holds, the tradition which puts the individual above the state. Where the state controls the machine, yes; where the individual controls the machine, there is no such social danger. The process of liberation from the curse of Adam and Eve will go on to lengths as yet undreamed-of. And women will continue to be the principal beneficiaries of the research of the scientist, the ingenuity of the inventor.

Still a subject for only semi-serious speculation, George Bernard Shaw in "Back to Methuselah" hints at the day when science shall enable the human race to reproduce itself outside of the maternal body, as the fowls do; and J. B. S. Haldane, the great biologist of Cambridge University, in his thought-stirring little book, "Daedalus," goes so far as to forecast the achievement of that startling phenomenon in the near future!

When and if science shall have performed that final service for woman, then let man look to his masculine prestige! What woman may do when released from that last responsibility may well give the philosophers pause. Meantime she is already experimenting greatly in liberty, trying out the wings of her new freedom in a manner which alarms nobody but the natural-born alarmists. She knows less about the machinery of living than her great-grandmother did; but I strongly suspect that she knows a great deal more about life.

CAPTAIN MUSKER'S VACATION

(Continued from page 79)

growing up. As he put down the stiff military hair-brushes and started for the elevator, Captain Musker, alert, vigorous and predatory, with sport ahead, side-stepped the sudden realization of this. His children were growing up. He was enough of a conventional Englishman to feel the solemnity of the thought.

REACHING C deck, the Captain astonished the elevator boy by telling him to stop. He got out and began to walk along the starboard alleyway, which contained the even numbers, until he reached Seventy-two. There was no one about. All the passengers were down in the saloon on E deck. He knocked at the door.

For a moment even Captain Musker's acute hearing could detect no movement within. He heard the steady murmur of the turbines, the local hum of the electric fans, the slam of a far-off door in the second-class aft. And then the handle of Seventy-two began to turn slowly. The door opened an inch, and a plucked eyebrow, a brown eye and blonde hair cut square across a very white forehead became visible. Captain Musker permitted his severe features to relax slightly.

"Are you ready for dinner, Mrs. Harringay?" he asked.

The small blonde head was seen to shake slightly and the eye became lively.

"Shall I wait?" he asked.

"I—I sha'n't be a minute. You—you can come in," she said, opening the door. Captain Musker shook his head.

Mrs. Harringay no doubt considered herself dressed for dinner. Such a phrase is purely comparative. Captain Musker thought he had seen all there was to be seen in the way of dinner gowns. Mrs. Harringay showed him his mistake. She also showed him her knees, most of her back, and her arms, neck and bosom. She was one of those very slender girls who are by no means thin. She had smooth polished contours which reminded one neither of a woman nor of a girl, but of some ageless and not entirely respectable immortal. Her moss-green dress set off her blonde head and soft brown eyes. On her head she wore a broad green fillet, which gave her, in some subtle way, the appearance of a beautiful creature prepared for sacrifice. There was a string of fat gold beads accentuating the whiteness of her throat, and on one ankle she had a platinum chain with a jade ball. She stood there smiling with her small lips painted so heavily they looked black in the electric light, and Captain Musker, broad and imposing in his stiff shirt-front and gold-laced sleeves, stood shaking his head.

"No, I never go into cabins," he told her easily, smiling at the instinctive pout of her lips. Mrs. Harringay, he discovered, pouted whenever she failed to get what she wanted. "I'll wait for you at the elevator."

"I—I'll be right along," she said, opening her eyes round and full suddenly and then returning them to their ordinary range.

She did not keep him waiting. He suspected she had been ready some time before he knocked. As they went down in the elevator, he remembered her age on the passenger-list was twenty-seven. She looked, now, seventeen. When he began to draw her into conversation he wondered whether she was more than seven.

What some of the older and staider passengers thought of that apparition will never be clearly established. Many of them imagined that the Captain had his wife with him, and Mrs. Harringay's appearance gave them a sudden shock. The two business men who had been invited to join the Captain became self-conscious. Captain Musker made the introductions after Mr. Wigmore had presented them to him. But it happened that they were already halfway through their dinner, and soon Captain Musker had Mrs. Harringay to himself.

He discovered that her slight stutter and her habit of opening her eyes very wide for a moment, were parts of a complicated technique. She had the air of being very embarrassed and abstracted and yet at the same time working unceasingly to impose

her femininity upon him. It was like watching ivy beginning to cling, he thought, amazed. She didn't know she was doing it, and yet she revealed an instinctive intelligence, just as the ivy seems to know what walls are suitable for clinging. He found tiny tendrils of appeal in voice and gesture reaching out to get a hold upon himself.

"This your first trip over?" he asked, handing her the olives.

"Yes, and I need a friend to advise me so much. I've never been on a boat before."

Captain Musker winced at hearing the *Sonambula* called a boat, but he didn't hold that against Mrs. Harringay.

"What do you want a friend for?" he asked. "I should have thought you'd have no difficulty about that, Mrs. Harringay."

"I don't know what you mean," she said. He found out before dinner was over that the phrase was part of her technique. It was accompanied by a glance that was incredibly daring and provocative. "I don't suppose I'm the first American girl to visit Paris."

"No," he agreed. "Are you making a long stay?"

She looked round at the row of waiters standing rigidly by the buffet.

"I'm supposed to meet my husband there," she whispered. "He's on the French boat that sailed last week."

"Then it's the usual thing, Mrs. Harringay?"

"I can't explain here," she said with a look that made him imagine her going down for the third time. "Can't I see you some place on the boat?"

"I dare say it can be managed, Mrs. Haringay, if you particularly wish it."

"I tell you what I wish. I wish you wouldn't 'Mrs. Harringay' me. My name's Doris. Don't you like it?"

"Wouldn't you object?" he inquired. "From a stranger?"

"I think you're perfectly wonderful," she breathed, reaching for an olive. He noticed how slimly small and soft her hands were. Like a tendril as it closed on the green fruit. Small sharp white teeth did their work. She was very attractive in a swooning sensuous way. Slender, soft white hands. He remembered a musical comedy song of long ago. *"Two little soft white hands."* It struck him Doris Harringay's hands might be very strong too, if they had hold of a man's heart, or throat, or pocketbook.

IT was a novel experience for him. He was having his own methods turned against himself. Mrs. Harringay's speed made him seem very much like a glacier—as cold and as slow. She allowed her hand to touch his and gave it a sudden warm pressure.

"Be careful," he warned. "These people will misunderstand. You mustn't do that."

She gazed at him with wide, stricken eyes.

"I thought you wanted me to," she said in an almost voiceless tone, and he felt himself assailed by an unusual helplessness. He had wanted her to, for an insane moment. It did not improve his temper to discover that she knew it. He made a joke of it.

"You must be a mind-reader," he said.

Her eyes opened wide for a moment.

"Do you believe in it? It's fate, I guess," she said. He thought of her phrase, "I don't know what you mean," and nearly repeated it. He was thinking of the phrase people were constantly using nowadays—sex appeal. He'd never seen anything like this. She was nothing else, apparently.

"Tell me," he said, and even to that brief command she seemed to sway towards him like an odalisque.

"Isn't there some place on the boat?" she asked, looking around. "I couldn't here."

"We'll go up on deck if you've finished," he answered.

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For years, a group of islands in mid-Pacific had waged war on each other. Armed bands roamed everywhere, bent on destruction. Affairs were in this condition when Kamehameha, one of the Island chieftains, set out at the head of a large force, determined to stamp out tribal warfare and bring peace to his suffering people.

Like all great leaders, Kamehameha had vision. He realized that there could never be peace while divided rule existed, and he was destined to bring about the first union of what are now known as the Hawaiian Islands, under a central government.

After months of severe fighting, during which he gained several noteworthy victories, the Chieftain arrived on the Island of Oahu to begin a vigorous offensive against his strongest remaining antagonist, Kalanikupule, King of Maui and Oahu.

Taking advantage of a heavy mist which came up unexpectedly from the sea, he surprised Kalanikupule's army at the head of the Nuuanu Valley. The withering fire of the invaders forced Kalanikupule and his troops back, fighting desperately. Hundreds of his men were killed in the pass, and the remainder were pushed on, up the steep slope toward the Pali, the high cliff which forms the east slope of the valley. Inch by inch, the retreating men were driven toward the Pali, where a narrow shelf of rock gives way abruptly to a perpendicular drop of over a thousand feet. One instant they were fighting with solid rock beneath their feet; with the next backward step, through the treacherous, enveloping mist, they were plunging into the abyss, down—down—to a fearful death on the rocks below.

A bronze tablet at the summit of the Pali, four miles from Honolulu, commemorates this battle and also marks one of the most interesting places on the Islands. Today, the visitor can reach the Pali easily by the beautiful Nuuanu Highway, and a winding motor road leads down on the other side, through a fertile valley of rare beauty. It is seldom that mists, such as aided in the destruction of Kalanikupule's forces, are found here, for as a rule the winds form a hurricane here between the mountain peaks, blowing continuously and with such violence that one cannot lean over the edge of the abyss without danger of falling. In one direction, there is a wide vista of peaceful green countryside; in the other, the blue sea flings its endless succession of snowy breakers against the curving beach.

"Beauty, old yet ever new," has a special meaning for the traveler who has discovered for himself the glories of nature and art in many lands. Travel is everyone's road to keener appreciation, broader understanding, and new joy in living.

The elevator took them to the bridge deck, where the lifeboats showed ghostly white in the windy darkness.

IT was a new and incomprehensible world up there for Mrs. Harringay, full of strange noises: the hum of the funnel guys in the wind, the roar of the squadrons of ventilating fans in their open-throated cowls, the crackling hiss and spat of the wireless and the deep resonant vibrations of the turbines. She gave a faint shriek and clung to him as they stepped out upon the deck.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he said. His arm went around her instinctively.

"Oh, I'm scared!" she said, clinging close to him. Her face was lifted in supplication. "I'll fall off, I'll fall off." She melted into his arms.

"Better come inside, then," he said presently. They went into his suite and he put her into a big armchair while he opened his cigar-box.

When he turned, she was taking a thin enamel case from her bag and selecting a black cigarette with a silver-tip. She smiled.

"I'm not supposed to smoke, but I just know I can trust you," she said, leaning forward for the match. "It soothes my nerves. I've got very jumpy nerves. Are those your lady-friends over there?"

Captain Musker dropped the match in an ash-tray and looked around at the pictures he had set up on his desk. He nodded.

"You like the good-lookers, I notice."

"You must have learned a lot about that mind-reading," he remarked.

"Now you're going subtle on me," she complained. "You mustn't laugh at poor little me. If you knew the comfort it gives a girl! And you can't deny it to me! All this,"—she waved her cigarette,—"and you, was foretold to me."

"No!" he said.

"Yes. The professional lady consulted the stars." She made a gesture to show Captain Musker the position of the stars in the universe. "I was to make a journey to a foreign land, and a tall man, an officer, would come into my life."

"Tell me," he said, his hand on the electric bell-push. "Would you like a liqueur?"

"I'm not supposed to drink," she said.

"You can trust me again," he suggested. They looked at each other for a moment, lost in a no-man's land of obscure desires. When the waiter came he said:

"Benedictine or chartreuse?"

"Oh, if they have it, I'll take some of that white funny-smelling stuff. You know what I mean. With a name like a perfume."

"You mean Kümmel?" he said. She nodded in complete satisfaction, and blew a perfect smoke-ring, strongly impregnated with chypre.

After all, reflected Captain Musker, what did it matter to her? What signified any compunctions he might have with regard to her future? She hadn't any herself.

"Go on," he said as she put the glass of Kümmel down half empty. She licked her red lips.

"I guess I seem awful dumb to you," she said, staring at the photographs on the desk. "I'll explain if you want."

He nodded.

"You'll think I'm crazy, I guess," she said. "I've had a terrible time since I was married and I couldn't go on with it any more. It was a mistake. But it's no use going over that again."

"What was the trouble?" he asked. He was a husband himself and he had found that a wife, in discussing her husband's faults, gave herself the benefit of the doubt.

"It was mental anguish," she said. "He's in business and travels all over. Used to leave me for weeks. And then come home unexpectedly, to see what I was doing."

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Captain Musker thought Mr. Harringay must be a very unintelligent person if he had any doubt what Mrs. Harringay was doing. He laughed.

"I don't know what you mean," she said, looking at her slender crossed legs. "He was always making fun of my beliefs."

Captain Musker waited to hear about this. He was fascinated by Doris Harringay. Women like her rarely got as far as the New York piers. They did their stuff at the county seat, and then went by train to Canada or Cuba, for some reason.

"He'd take my books and pitch them into the garbage can," she said.

"What sort of books? Daring books?"

"Oh, no! Books on the future. Astrology, like I was telling you." She looked sideways into the darkened room again. "Even if he didn't believe in it, he needn't have got rough." She turned to the Captain. "He hit me, once," she whispered. "Haven't you ever studied astrology?"

Captain Musker, over the edge of his glass, which contained ginger ale and not, as Mrs. Harringay imagined, whisky, shook his head.

"Is it interesting?"

"Wonderful!" Her face became illumined. Something in the stuff she had read had reached her soul. "It works out—your destiny. I used to take lessons from a professional lady."

"What did she tell you?"

"It was wonderful how it worked out. But you don't believe in it."

"How do you know I don't believe in it?"

"Easy. The way you look!" She smiled. "What did she say?" he asked.

"She said an officer would come into my life. She described some one just like you only you haven't a mustache. Perhaps you've shaved it off."

"That must be it. And she said you'd go on a voyage?"

"Yes—I remember because it was the day I'd been down to get my passport."

Captain Musker was unable to resist the conviction that the professional lady had seen the passport in Mrs. Harringay's bag.

"And so you are going to Paris," he said. She seemed suffused with gratification that she was achieving her ambition. He wondered whether she had to pout very much, as she did when he said she ought to go down and take a walk on the promenade deck before going to her cabin.

"Can't we walk out there?" she asked. "I'm so dumb with strangers."

As they walked to and fro among the cowls in the darkness, he held her arm to steady her. It was warm and seductive under his fingers. As they came into the shelter of the bridge structure she put her arms round his neck closely and with a sort of calculated desperation.

"Be my friend," she said hoarsely. "I'm scared of what's to come. My friends, they've left me cold. Can't you—in Paris? Please!"

MR. VOKES, complacent over the way things were shaping, was nevertheless astonished at the capitulation of Captain Musker to that Mrs. Harringay.

"She's takin' up palmistry, now," that observant gentleman reported. "Up on the promenade deck. Tells their fortunes from their palms. I'll bet a banana to a beetroot there's a few lines on her palm."

"It passes the time," said Wigmore. "Was the Old Man there?"

"He was. Went away, though. But she runs all over the top-deck, chief."

"We'll be in on Thursday," said Wigmore. "These things don't worry the Old Man. He'll be going to see his missus."

"Five children, they tell me," said the second. "It's a crime."

"You've got four, and you're no shrinking

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violet yourself when there's a skirt about," said Mr. Wigmore, much amused.

It was true, as the second steward had said, Mrs. Harringay had aroused interest with her proficiency in telling fortunes from palms. But over Captain Musker's hand she pored with a fascinated delight. He watched her hands, wondering at the smallness of them and the perfection of her tendril-like fingers. She disturbed him. He began to be afraid. He tried to remember the resolutions he had been making when safely out of reach of Dolores Fuenmayor.

"What's that? What does it say?" he asked.

"It says your life will cross that of a very young woman," she told him. She gave a faint pout and laid a finger on her brow.

"That must be you," he said.

"Me? I don't know what you mean. I'm twenty-four. Let me look again."

"As much as that? Nobody will ever believe it," he murmured, thinking of the immutable record of the passenger list. But he did not blame her. He was forty-seven himself and he was already trying to think of his age as forty-or-so. Three years from fifty. . . . . It was as incredible as Mrs. Harringay's twenty-seven. More so!

And it was while she was lying in a deck-chair, with closed eyes, up on the boat-deck near his quarters, that a thought came to the surface of his mind and remained there, ominous and immovable. She looked like a kid, with her eyes closed, a kid of fifteen or so. And the thought was this, that he had need to look out, not for her, but for himself. He was nearing that imaginary yet real line which cuts the lives of men into two parts. He would have to leave Mrs. Harringay when he crossed that line. He would have to leave all those interesting and perilous women he had known. Was that what the lines on his hand meant when she said a very young woman would come into his life? He pulled a wry face. Hell, no! he thought. He wasn't going in for that sort of thing. But he was unable to rid himself of the feeling that he was approaching a crisis in his life, a crisis in which he would have to look after himself.

AS they neared Liverpool she spoke more and more of seeing him in Paris. She had found out that he was going on vacation, that he was married and that his wife did not understand him.

"I'll come to Paris," he said suddenly the last night, in the Irish Sea. He had remained silent up to this moment.

She looked at him and smiled. On her lap lay a "French in Ten Weeks." She opened it and found a phrase.

"Je t'aime," she said stumblingly. "I bet you don't know what that means."

"Now—now," said he, shaking his finger.

He told her that when they docked she wouldn't see him any more. Somebody, he remarked, might come down.

"Your wife?"

"No, she wont come down. She never comes near the docks. Other people, officials, newspaper reporters. I'll see you when you go ashore."

"And you'll come to Paris?" she said.

"I said so," he replied, gazing at her with a sort of unseeing stare. Would he go to Paris? Did he want to see this girl again?

But in the meanwhile what was he going to do? That Dolores Fuenmayor had shaken him. Women were implacable in going after what they wanted. Captain Musker had always been very careful to avoid the character of a Jack-ashore. What he wanted was something a little better than that. And now the something he wanted was changing as he approached the line we all have to pass—the line of the half century. He wanted youth as strongly as ever, but not youth as Mrs. Harringay understood it. What was it, he asked himself

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as he stood by the pilot, and the *Sonambula* moved up the Mersey?

Here were the old landmarks! The fort at New Brighton, the high tower, the pleasant houses of Liscard and of Seacombe. Here his children played on the beach. But they were growing up, of course. He frowned.

The *Sonambula* was to go straight to the landing stage. There was the port captain, the superintendent and various other officials. There was also a girl with them. Captain Musker's eye was caught by that gallant carriage and sturdy youthfulness. She had a red hat, like a gay little oriflamme, showing that already she was in the field. He raised his binoculars. She was speaking to old Kirk, the port engineer. Now she looked up, and waved a slim gloved hand.

Captain Musker had a queer feeling. He put his glasses down and looked at the pilot. Then he busied himself looking over the side. He wondered if anybody had noticed a change in him at that moment. He felt it himself.

When the gangway was drawn up and made fast, the passengers were in the saloon having their passports stamped. Captain Musker was down at the gangway. The little group passed up and on board. He shook hands with his superiors in a hurried perfunctory way. The girl in the red hat was coming.

She came on board and stood there looking at him, gravely smiling, sturdy, well-grown, with a promise of exquisite maternal beauty in the future. The officials went on up to the Captain's quarters.

"Father," said the girl. She turned with a sudden movement to look at Mrs. Harringay, who was coming up to Captain Musker.

"Well, lass," he said. "You've grown." And he kissed her. He turned to Mrs. Harringay.

"This is Janet," he said. "She's coming on vacation with me. My daughter. Janet, would you like to go to Paris?"

"Oh, Father!"

"Mrs. Harringay's going to Paris," he said. Then he turned to Doris Harringay. "You were right after all," he told her.

"I don't know what you mean," she pouted. She was looking at Janet.

"Don't you remember?" said the Captain. "You said my hand showed a young woman would come into my life. I wondered what you meant. Here she is." He put his arm round Janet.

"All well at home, lass?" he said.

TORPEDO

(Continued from page 55)

puts in to smooth it over. Then Mary turned and did some swift talking in Italian to old Tony. Poor guy! He was afraid of her. She was so much smarter than him. I could see he was trying to stall her off. But she stamped her foot and made motions like she was saying she would leave him flat if he didn't own up. Mary had dark cheeks that got red when she talked fast, and her eyes looked like swell agate migs with the sun shining on 'em. They were *some* eyes.

Well, the upshot of it was that Tony cried and wiggled around and called on all the saints, but in the end he told Mary everything. I started out the door, but she got in the way.

"See here, you!" she says, sore as hell. "You tell Joe Sorbano that he's black-handed the last dime off my father. Not another cent will we ever pay. Now get out!"

Angelo was scuffing his nifty patent leathers in the sawdust on the floor. He looked sad.

"I am a bad man," he says, trying to make Mary take it in, "and I am not afraid of girls. At forty steps I can shoot the stone in that ring off your finger."

He pointed at the ring.

Mary give him the merry ha-ha.

"You're not a bad man," she tells him. "You're just a silly little boy who has had his head turned by playing with guns. If you had any sense, you'd wash that perfume off yourself and get some civilized clothes and go to work. Joe Sorbano will land you in jail if you associate with him much longer."

They looked at each other like two school kids.

Mary seemed like she could scratch his eyes out, but I don't think any woman would scratch such darbs of eyes like Angelo had.

Angelo's sort are queer; all he could think of was that she had made fun of his reputation as a killer. Before I could stop him—before I saw his arm move, really—he had flipped out one of his gats.

"See that bug!" he cried. "Behold!"

Darn if he wasn't going to throw down on a bug that was crawling on top of a grapefruit. I collared him and yelled: "Put that gun up, you fool. Want to go to jail?"

I dragged him out the door.

Going back to Joe's, Angelo had tears in his eyes. He kept sniffing his perfume and looking at his clothes. He pulled my arm several times so I could hardly keep the car in the road.

"She said they were not nice," he sort of wails. "What is the matter with them? Tell me."

I was pretty well fed up with Angelo, and I sure told him an earful. "Mary's an American," I says. "She don't fall for that cake-eater stuff. Those clothes are a joke; they might be swell on Ninth Avenue in New York, but they're a dying gasp out here. Get wise to yourself, kid."

He thought that over. Then he says, changing the subject:

"What will Joe do when we tell him Tony will not pay?"

I had been studying about that all along.

"We hadn't better tell Joe," I says. "Let's you and me make up that forty a week. Twenty each wont hurt us none."

Angelo threw out his arm in the way wops do when they want you to think they're Santa Claus.

"I will pay it all," he says, "if you will show me what clothes to wear."

THAT was all right by me. He was getting easy dough guarding Joe against a vendetta that hadn't showed up yet, so I figured forty a week wouldn't hurt him none. I kept my share of the bargain. We went downtown next day, and Angelo bought two nifty college-cut suits and some real leather shoes. I had a time with him about the perfume, though. The poor guy thought he wasn't dressed till he had three or four ounces of the stuff on him.

Joe took a hard look at Angelo in his new rig-out. Joe was smart. His eyes narrowed, kind of, and he purrs: "He is getting American, no?" I sort of passed it off by wise-cracking about Angelo's new hair-cut. "Did Tony pay up?" Joe asked. I said yes. "We will see about the girl, later," says Joe.

Angelo, the darn' fool, took him right up.

"We will leave the girl alone," says he.

Joe jumped to his feet and upset fifty dollars' worth of booze on a tray in the living-room.

"Mary Serafina is mine, see?" he says.

Angelo's hands sort of fluttered to his coat-lapels. I got ready to dive under a table.

"No," said Angelo. "She is not yours, Joe. You leave her alone."

It was up to the Boss, and he showed yellow. He turned around without saying

anything more, and put one of these symphony things on the player. But his hands were shaking, and he had trouble setting the needle.

Joe's torpedo was sure a queer guy. He thought the whole thing was settled, and began to laugh and sing. He thought, too, that just because he had changed his clothes to suit Mary, she'd fall for him hard right off the bat. That evening he took me with him to call on her.

Mary smiled when she saw him.

"A word to the wise is sufficient, I see," she remarks.

I tried to help Angelo along.

"Sure, sure," I says. "Angelo's all straightened out. Smell him. You'll get just a whiff of lily of the valley, but that's on his handkerchief."

Angelo began making calf's-eyes at Mary, but I could see she thought he was just funny. Every oncet in a while Angelo would bust out with, "See that light acrost the street? I can break it with one shot," or, "See that ink-spot on the table cover? Three shots will take it out." Mary would laugh and kid him along, and ask him when he was going to g t a job. She said she could get him a job as a shillaber in a shooting-gallery.

The poor guy thought Mary was strong for him. Going home, he said: "I will carry her off tomorrow night."

"You're crazy," I told him. "Don't try no kidnaping on Mary. She's American. You can't carry her off and marry her."

"She loves me," says Angelo, tossing a kiss out the car window. "She laughs. She smiles. She listens when Angelo talks. She would be happy if Angelo carried her away. She will struggle only a little bit, and then be soft with affection."

"You'd have to quit this racket, kid," I told him cold turkey, "before you'd stand any show with Mary. She wouldn't marry a torpedo on a bet."

Angelo hadn't thought of that before. He ast me what was the matter with his job. "Well," I says, "you'll have to croak some guy sooner or later, and then you'll have to leave town. With all the guys you've croaked, think Mary would have you? In a pig's eye!"

ANGELO took off his hat and pulled at his hair and pounded his temples and began to cry. Darned if he didn't try to tell me he'd never croaked anybody. You know, I kinda half believed him, he said it so serious! I had to tell him I believed him before he would quit pulling at my arm.

"What about all that talk you gave us at Joe's?" I ast him. "You said you'd knocked off thirty."

Angelo dried his eyes and grinned.

"Mr. Rego and Mr. Spicuzza told me to say that," he says. "I was a tester in a pistol-factory when they told me of this fine job. I send Mr. Rego and Mr. Spicuzza half my wages for getting me this job."

I like to bust, laughing. Just a reg'lar double-cross, see?

Well, that was Joe's look-out and none of my business. I told Angelo to keep his mouth shut and forget about Mary Serafina.

He didn't have a chance to make a fool of hisself for two weeks. I and Joe and Angelo took a little trip out of town on important business in Chi and Dee-troit.

I didn't remember until we was on the train coming back that Angelo and me had forgot about Tony Serafina's dues. It clean slipped my mind, and I was intending to fix it up, with one of the collectors who made Garibaldi Square while we were out of town, not to tell Joe old Tony wasn't paying.

Angelo caused me to forget it again. As soon as he hit town, he got himself all dolled up and hired a big new limousine and told me he was going to carry Mary Serafina off and marry her. He ast me would I be his

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best man. I tried to talk him out of it, but was afraid to get very loud, because Joe might catch on and raise hell. Joe had said Mary was his, and when Joe said things like that, he meant 'em, see? When I found I couldn't get no sense into Angelo's head, I went along to try and keep him out of trouble.

Just like I told him, Mary Serafina wouldn't stand for no Sicilian kidnaping stuff. Angelo drove up like a million dollars in the alley alongside Tony's fruit-store, and sent me in to tell Mary he wanted to talk to her. Mary came out with a wet dish-towel in one hand and a big spoon in the other. Angelo give a long spiel in Italian—love talk, see?—and then he grabbed Mary. Damn' fool! Mary wrapped the spoon around his head and whaled him across the face with the dish-towel. She kicked and scratched and fought. She was a wampus cat, what I mean.

Angelo let her go, fin'lly, and she backed off beating her chest with her fists and yelling: "I am an American girl. American! You cannot play that trick on me, Angelo Stalloni."

Poor Angelo. He was a sight. He stood there looking at her with the blood streaming down his face, and all of a sudden Mary stopped yelling.

She ran up to Angelo and dragged his head down real fierce with her fingers clawed in his hair and kissed him. Yeh? Honest! Kissed him. Then she turned and ran into the store fast as she could go.

WELL, there sure was hell to pay when we got to Joe's. Some guy had called him up and told him the whole thing. Somebody else had told him a lot more before that. He was sitting in a chair in the living-room biting at the diamonds on his hands when Angelo and I walked in. He must have kicked a buzzer, because Pete Vincenzo and Albert Vittorio and Alfredo Scalesi, three of the mob's killers, walked in after us.

"Frisk 'em," snapped Joe, real nasty, patting his belly. His eyes were beady and black, and his face was purplish. I never seen him so sore.

Before Angelo and me knew what was happening, the three redhots had guns on us. They took Angelo's two gats and mine.

"So," said Joe, "you would run off with my girl, would you?"

Angelo felt his mouth, like he was still feeling for Mary's kiss. He laughed.

"She is not your girl, Joe," he said. "She is mine."

Joe stood up quivering-like, he was so sore.

"And another thing you did," he said, his voice still quiet, "was to let Tony Serafina defy our society and refuse to pay dues. For that Tony Serafina dies tonight. And you, my torpedo, do the job. We will see after that whether his daughter will be your girl."

"I will not shoot Tony Serafina," said Angelo, turning white.

Joe turned to Vittorio and Scalesi.

"Take him for a ride in the country," he said. "His blood needs cooling. His blood should be very cool by morning."

If somebody had to get killed, I was all for it being Tony Serafina instead of Angelo. So I give Angelo a look out of the corner of my eye and spoke my piece.

"Angelo has got sense, boss. One more guy knocked off don't mean nothing to him. Give him his guns, and I'll see personally that he croaks Tony tonight."

Joe narrowed his eyes at me. "I do not trust either of you," he sneers. "Angelo does not get his guns until the time comes to shoot. They will be handed to him. As for you, I'll take you with me in the second car. One bad move, and you will be given to our friends the Cuckoos."

"O. K., boss," I said. "Angelo aint a fool. He'll do what you say. Wont you, Angelo?"

A ride in the country didn't look good to

Angelo, and he had sense enough to see giving in was his only chancet. He nodded his head and said he would do the job.

We knew Tony always sat in a chair in front of his store summer evenings until about ten-thirty. Joe doped out the lay. Scalesi was to drive one car and me the other. Vittorio and Vincenzo was to ride with Angelo in the first car, and Joe would ride with me. Joe and I was to look on from the corner of Emanuel Street and the Square in a hot six-cylinder, while the others in an old eight was to make Angelo shoot Tony. Vittorio and Vincenzo would walk behind Angelo, holding gats on him, then hand him his pistols and see that he croaked Tony.

The bulls? Hell, we never paid no attention to them! That's one good thing about pulling jobs on Whisper Hill. Wops wont squawk to the police. They know better.

Well, after Joe doped it out, we had an hour or so to wait. The three killers went down to the basement to get liquored up. Joe tried to make them promise to hold down on the booze by saying they'd get an extra hundred apiece if they showed up for work cold sober. He kept me and Angelo in the living-room with him, laying two gats on the top of a record-cabinet next to the player. He sure hated Angelo. He began to play all kinds of love-music. Rubbing it in, see? I felt sorry for Angelo. It's hell to have to croak your girl's old man.

"This is very nice," Joe would say, waving his finger in time with the music. "I shall play it for Mary Serafina the day you are to hang for killing her father, my dear Angelo." Then he would reel off a lot of names of love-songs from op'rys. Angelo never said a word. He just sat there with his face white, and sweat on his forehead, rubbing his hands between his knees. Joe offered us liquor. I took several shots, but Angelo doubled up a fist and knocked the glass from Joe's hand. Joe just laughed in his mean girl-sounding voice.

We got started for Tony's about ten o'clock. Joe made me trail a good ways behind the other car. He was yellow. All he wanted was to stop at the corner just as Angelo shot, and tear away to fix up a good alibi for hisself.

I sure felt sorry for Angelo. If Angelo croaked Mary's old man, it was a dead cert she would find out he did it, and prob'ly would be off him for life. Anyway, from what Joe said, I figured he'd turn Angelo up to the bulls and let him burn in the chair. I made up my mind, driving along with Joe sitting behind me—he had a gun up to my ear—that I'd croak Joe as soon as I got him in the right spot, just for what he was doing to Angelo.

THE lead car swung around the square and came to a stop a ways up the street from the fruit-store. I could see Tony sitting in his chair out in front just as we figured. There were a few of Tony's littler kids running around, but not many people on the street. There wasn't a bull in sight. I crawled toward the corner with the engine throttled way down.

I saw Angelo get out, and Vincenzo and Vittorio get out behind him. They walked toward Tony.

"Now!" said Joe in my ear, excited like.

All of a sudden two red flashes came from Angelo, just like he was exploding like a firecracker. Tony jumped up, but he didn't stagger or fall. I looked at Vittorio and Vincenzo. Angelo had wheeled on them and was working his guns again. *Boom—boom—boom—boom*—no, it wasn't like that; it was like a big dog barking. Vittorio and Vincenzo staggered and started shooting as they went down. Angelo must of finger-rolled his gats behind him as soon as he got them for those first two shots, see? Instead of shooting Tony, he took his one chancet and tried to get the killers back of him. But he didn't lay 'em cold with the first two, and while he was getting into action again, they turned loose at him. The first thing Joe and I knowed, all three was down in the street.

Joe cussed and hit me across the head with his gun.

"Get away from here, fool!" he said.

That swipe brought me to, and I gave my crate the gas. We shot off toward a roadhouse where Joe's mob often hid out after a job. Joe was so sore he lay down on the back seat and kicked and bit at the upholstery. When a Sicilian gets sore, he's *sore,* I'll tell the weeping world.

Scalesi telephoned Joe at midnight. He had made a clean get-away, leaving Angelo and Vincenzo and Vittorio lay in the street. Joe was still so sore he couldn't talk—just swelled up around his soft fat neck like a turkey gobbler. I took his call for him. A bit later another one of the boys telephoned with the score. It was bad news for Joe.

"Angelo got 'em both, boss," I told Joe. "They're at the morgue. Angelo stopped several hisself. They took him to the Sisters Hospital."

"Is he going to die?" Joe asked, biting his diamonds.

"Don't know."

Joe flew at me and kicked my shins and tried to bite me. A couple of Pete Sabroni's boys pulled him off. If he hadn't been heeled, I'd of knocked his block off.

ALL the rest of that night Joe had us telephoning to the hospital from pay boxes to see if Angelo was going to die. The girl there said he was shot in the chest and right leg, but he had a chancet to get well.

Back at the bungalow, next morning, Joe jumped up and down and busted three Caruso records, he was so sore.

The papers all had the usual bunk about a gang war, but they played up this love stuff, see? Mary Serafina had gone to the hospital to see Angelo, and she had give out an interview saying what a nice guy Angelo was, and how they was gonna be married as soon as he got conscious.

That put Joe clear off his nut. It looked like Angelo's game, see? I was tickled pink, but I didn't let on. Joe still had me covered and wouldn't let me out of his sight. When the dicks came to take him to headquarters for the questionin' they always waste time over, Joe had me guarded by two boys from acrost the Mississippi. It was either be nice, kid, or get handed over to the Cuckoos. I didn't want to take any joy-ride with the Cuckoos. Not any.

Joe got back from Headquarters at noon. The dicks didn't hold him the reg'lar twenty hours because they said Angelo had a good case of self-defense, and Joe's alibi worked swell.

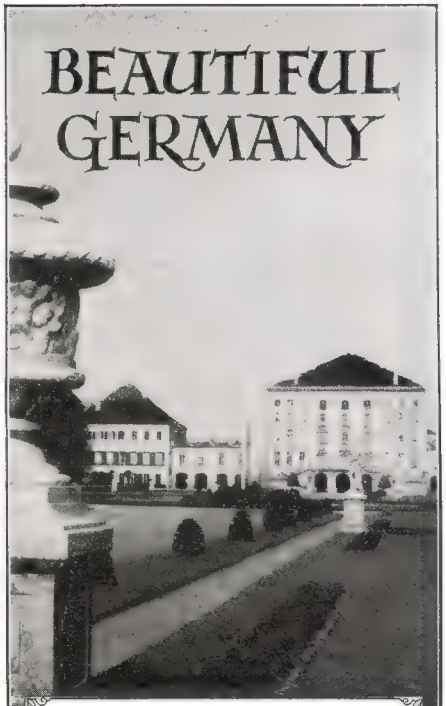
For an hour Joe raved around, kicking his radio set to pieces and smashing his nifties and busting phonograph records, and yelling: "He lives. He lives. *He lives.*" A couple molls came in and tried to quiet him, but it wasn't no use. Joe grabbed up a long knife and slashed at the curtains, pretending it was Angelo's throat. He said he was gonna cut Angelo's head off'n him. Then he got calm all of a sudden and whispered with several of the boys in a corner of the hall. I saw him pass out several grand. They left and came back around four o'clock. Joe went upstairs with a bundle.

About supper time he came down again dressed in a nun's outfit. He had powdered his face and slicked his hair back, and in a bad light he looked womanish.

"My God, boss," I says, "what you gonna do? You hadn't ought to be wearing them clothes. It's a mortal sin." I may be on the racket, but I don't stand for that.

"I am going to the hospital tonight and cut his head off," Joe said.

"Don't be crazy," I says, cold turkey. "That's a sacrilege, that's what it is."



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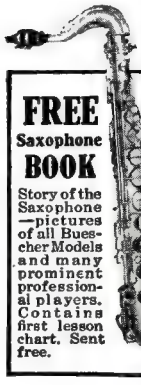

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Joe cussed me out and tried to persuade some of the mob to go with him. But none of them would fool with that stuff.

"Wait till he gets well, boss," Paolo Alvrare advised him, "and we'll knock him off for you."

But Joe wouldn't listen. He said I'd have to go with him, then, to drive the car. I tried to argue. He trotted out several grand and told the mob to take me for a ride. Well, what could I do? A guy has a right to protect his own life, aint he? I told Joe I'd go if he'd leave off the robes and march right in and do the job. But Joe was yellow, see? He wanted to sneak in and not take no chances with a police guard.

So in the end I had to go with Joe, carryin' a basket of fruit and some flowers. When Joe got on his hood and got all bundled and collared up, he passed all right for a woman. The hospital had dim lights, and Joe figured he'd get by all right.

It worked fine until we got in the second floor corridor. Joe talked in a soft voice and said he was a Sister from some place in Illinois who knew Angelo since he was a baby. Nobody ast Joe many questions. Angelo's room, they told us, was on the second floor at the end of a long hall.

I followed Joe. He walked slow because his feet hurt in woman's shoes, and they creaked something fierce. Just as we started down this hall, we saw several nurses up ahead at a little table with a light on it, and lots of medicine bottles. They was talking to two guys who I think was dicks. It didn't look good to me. I saw Joe sort of hesitate. He couldn't make the lay.

Then a girl came toward us. She was dressed like a nurse all in white, but she didn't have no cap on her head. She walked right up to Joe, thinkin' he was a visiting Sister that didn't know the way.

I almost dropped my basket and flowers. It was Lucy Mora, the gal Joe had fooled with that fake marriage. She saw me and recognized me right off, and that tipped her to the idea something was wrong. She looked at Joe real hard.

LISTEN, I don't want to see a gal's face look like that again. Can you imagine how a woman would look if she woke up in the middle of the night and found a snake looking at her? That was the way Lucy looked.

"You!" she sort of gasped, and jumped back.

Joe always was yellow. It must of scared the life out of him. I don't know what he thought, but maybe he figured it was all a frame-up and that Lucy's brother from Chi would come busting along presently and bump him off. Maybe he realized what a terrible thing he was trying to pull. Maybe he got the fear of God in him.

Anyway, he sort of tottered like he was gonna faint.

Lucy got a different look on her face all of a sudden. Lucy's lips drew back from her teeth just like a dog's, and her eyes were little red slits.

"The visitor is sick!" she said out loud.

The nurses up the hall heard her and hurried toward Joe as I steadied him to keep him from falling. I heard some one send Lucy for a glass of water. Before I could think, they were all around us, trying to help Joe. Lucy came back and pushed into the bunch with the glass of water. I don't think Joe saw her bring it.

He was trying to bluff it out. They hadn't discovered he was a man, yet. A nurse shoved the glass against his mouth. He drank the water. It wasn't ten seconds after that when Joe dropped to the floor. In the excitement I saw my chancet. I did a quick fade-away down the corridor.

Poison him? Dope it out for yourself. How did Lucy get poison that sudden? Well, she may have been carryin' some for herself. See?

HOT TODDY

(Continued from page 75)

you expect to live, anyway? Tell me that—if you can!"

"Oh, Scuddy has a nice car. I'll take him to his office in the morning and call for him in the afternoon. And I can have the use of the car all day."

"And I suppose you'll sleep in it at night."

"That's an idea, Mamma—a great idea! You can get these little cots and tent attachments, and there are millions of beautiful places to camp out. And I could get the breakfasts in the mornings out under the live oaks or by the sea somewhere. Of course at night we'd dine at the cafés and dance till we were sleepy, then motor out to some nook. Swell!"

Mrs. Todd had wasted her irony on a generation that finds automobiles as necessary as wings are to a seagull. She returned to plain speech:

"But you can't live like a gipsy."

"Oh, I suppose we'd take an apartment somewhere for cold and rainy nights. But we'd live in the open mostly. Another thing, Mamma: I'd be safe, married. You think I'm pretty bad. You've told me so often enough.

"I'm so restless, I'm going mad with restlessness. I'll do something desprut if I don't watch out. Charley is much better than you imagine. He saved me from something so terrible I don't dare tell you. And I could save him from going wrong if I took him in hand.

"I believe if I settle down with Charley, I'll go straight. So will he. We'll save each other."

"Save each other? You'll wreck each other. I think he has a mighty bad influence on you, and I shouldn't be surprised if you had on him. You go and find somebody that can take care of you and buy you nice clothes and a fine house, and I'll talk to you."

This crass materialism appalled Louise. It was then that she cried:

"But I love Charley, Mamma! Isn't that the all-important thing? I love him!"

It was then that Mrs. Todd, or her mother's ghost, made the sneering mockery of the word:

"Love!"

STUPEFIED, Louise stared at her mother. Was she capable of such a tone concerning a matter so sacred? Mrs. Todd went on crushing love's young dream to flinders:

"I'd be mighty glad to see you married to some solid substantial man who'd sober you up and give you a good social position—a man a good deal older than what you are. But I'd rather die than see you married to that shiftless young fool. You'll starve to death. You'll get shabby. You'll begin to have children, and you wont be able to feed them—or yourselves. You'll begin to quarrel over money.

"Then where will your fine love be? You'll begin to nag him, and he'll begin to hate you. He'll up and leave you with your babies on your hands. Then you'll come back home here and settle down on Papa with your figure gone. And you'll never get anybody else.

"Don't you do it. Don't you let love make a fool of you. You only think you love Charley Scudder because he's the only one you run round with. You give him up and look about a little longer, and some fine rich man will come along and be crazy about you; for you are pretty, even if you haven't any sense."

"But I wouldn't love him, Mamma. You

wouldn't have me marry a man I didn't love, would you? That would be—indecent."

"Not half as indecent as marrying a beggar who can't take care of you. You marry a fine man who can keep you out of poverty, and you'll learn to love him later."

"But you didn't do that. You married Papa when he was poor, and you loved him, didn't you?"

"I suppose I did, and what has it got me? Look at me! Here I am shabby and fat and old before my time, with a pack of discontented children in an old ramshackle house."

"Mamma!" Louise whispered in an awe of horror. "Do you mean you're sorry you married Papa?"

"Of course I'm not sorry I married him. He's one man in a million, and he's worked himself to death. But he's had bad luck, and he's always spent all he could make on you children. If I could see one of you gettin' anywheres, it wouldn't matter about me; but to see you startin' out the same way I did—it just breaks my heart."

She began to cry.

Louise's mother had spoken evil of love, had advised her own daughter to marry for money! Louise was more dreadfully shocked by her mother than her mother had ever been by her. She quieted her mother's sobs by a promise that cost her far less than it would have done an hour ago:

"I give you my word, Mamma, I wont marry Scuddy—or anybody, for years and years."

Mrs. Todd mopped away her tears and ceased to cry. But she was not so happy as she might have been in her triumph. She felt that she had won something questionable and lost something precious beyond price and beyond recovery.

MRS. TODD'S triumph was the least comforting thing imaginable. She felt that she had betrayed many trusts, denied many beautiful truths, and the day was not over before she found herself looking upon the mockery of her own cold wisdom. For Helen came home with a story of her own to tell, a story that should have given her mother the most solid comfort, but actually reduced her to despair.

Helen had distressed her more than any of her other children, because she had distressed her longer. Louise was a trial enough, but at least she lived at home, and her mother had her under a certain surveillance. Helen lived downtown in her own room. Helen was in an office all day, and her mother hardly ever saw her of evenings.

She would never tell where she went or with whom, grew very haughty when quizzed and contented herself if not her mother by referring to every mysterious absence as "an engagement." And now as a climax to all these engagements, she came home this very afternoon of the battle with Louise, to say to her mother the fateful words:

"I'm engaged."

"Engaged!" Mrs. Todd cried. "Oh, my dear little baby!" She had to stand on tiptoe to hug her baby before she uttered the owl-like phrase:

"To who?"

"Who am I engaged to? Oh, a man."

"Don't tell me!"

"Mr. Osgood."

"I don't know any more'n I did."

"He's the vice-president of the Fidelity Filters Company, where I work."

"He's rich, then?"

"Well, sort of. He's got a big income from several sources; he's two or three bank directors; and he's got real estate and securities. He's told me a lot about them."

Mrs. Todd groaned with joy and felt like a spent lifeguard who has brought one drowning child safely to shore. She had always wanted Helen to marry, and had always prayed that the husband she chose might be a man of means. She flung her arms about Helen again and said:

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"When will the marriage be?"

"Ferd wants it to be soon."

"'Ferd?'"

"His first name is Ferdinand."

"Oh. He's in a hurry, eh?"

"Oh, yes."

"He loves you, then?"

"He says so. He seems to."

"Don't you think he does?"

"Oh, yes. Of course I don't know, but he acts as if he loved me to distraction."

"That's grand. That's glorious. Love is the only hope for marriage. Even love isn't a guarantee against divorce, but it's the nearest thing to it."

SHE sat and gloated over Helen, imagining her with a fine house, a limousine, a chauffeur, two maids, a gardener, beautiful clothes, everything. Suddenly with a desire to squeeze all the beauty out of the situation and tease Helen as lovers should be teased, she cooed:

"Is he—is Ferdinand handsome?"

"Well, I'd hardly go as far as that."

"Oh. Is he tall and slim or—"

"More inclined to short and stout."

"Oh. Do you love him terribly?"

"Not at all."

"You don't love the man you're going to marry?"

"No, I can't say as I do."

"Helen! Helen!"

"Oh, I like him, all right. He's a gentleman, and very clean and neat. He's kind and considerate and awf'ly fond of me, but I could hardly say I love him."

"Why not?"

"Who knows why she doesn't love, or does?"

"But my goodness, honey—why do you marry him if you don't love him?"

"Oh, there may be no reasons for loving a man, but there's plenty for marrying one."

"But why did you select him out of all the men in the world?"

"Out of all what men? I don't see any crowd around me. He's the only one that's asked me for years. If I don't take him, I'm as like as not to be an old maid, and go on supporting myself the rest of my life."

"Oh, my poor baby, my poor baby!"

"Ferd will give me a good home, and take away all my worries. He'll take me off the hands of poor Papa and you. He'll take me out of that dreadful office."

"Maybe you'll learn to love him when he's the—the father of your first baby."

"He'll never be that. No babies for me, thank you—not when I see what they turn out to be."

"Oh, Helen, how can you say such things? Think what my children have meant to me."

"That's just what I'm thinking of. You and Papa have slaved and raved and prayed and toiled, and what have you got? A bunch of third-raters always in trouble."

"Third-raters! You're all the dearest things on earth."

"Dear? Maybe. Expensive, you mean. We've kept Papa's nose to the grindstone till it's sharp as a knife. And you must admit, Mamma, that none of the boys is a Napoleon or a Rockefeller, or likely to be president—not even of a bank. And we girls are the darndest pieces of cheese I ever saw. I'm the worst, and Louise is worse yet, and Dodie—gosh, she's hopeless, even for her age."

"I wont let you slander my darlings."

"Oh, I love 'em all. They're as good as the average. But love isn't blind when family is concerned. Don't I know? I've come close enough myself to the most gosh-awful smashes you ever heard of—or never heard of. That's why I'm for playing safe now. Love made a fool of me once, but never again. I've given up all that rot about romance and eternal love, and I'm grabbing onto my Ferdy. He's homely and stodgy, and he bores me to death, but thank heaven, he'll take me out of danger of anything ex-

citing, and I'll never have to worry any more over shoes and meals and carfare or scandal. So congratulate me, Mother, and buy yourself a new dress so that I can trot him round and show him off.

"Louise will say, 'Look, what the cat brought home!' but I'd like to see her do as well."

Mrs. Todd spent a long silence of meditation in a turmoil of disappointments. Then she said:

"Helen, honey, I wish you wouldn't marry that man. I don't like him. Neither do you. It's simply terrible to think of your throwing your life away. I beg you to give him up."

"Aren't those just about the words your father and mother used about Papa? You've always told me they opposed your marrying him. Did you listen to them?"

"No, but that was different. I loved your father."

"Well, that's a mere detail. The fact is that your mother begged you not to marry him."

"But she didn't know him as I did."

"And you don't know Ferdy as I do. He suits me, and I'm the one to decide, and I have decided."

"Well, o' course," sighed Mrs. Todd, "you know best—I s'pose—I hope. It seems funny to think of you marrying a man I never saw."

"Oh, you'll see plenty of him. That's one thing I came home to arrange. When do you want to see him?"

"Any time you say."

"I'm sorry if I've disappointed you."

"Oh, don't mind me. You know best and—anyway, I congratulate you."

She kissed Helen absent-mindedly, and Helen said:

"Well, that's that."

After another dismal pause, Mrs. Todd mumbled:

"And when were you thinking of getting married?"

"Ferdy wants to spring the trap next week."

"Next week? Were you thinking of having a church wedding?"

"Ferdy says the fuss and the feathers is out. He says he'd look like a fool waddling up a church aisle, or standing under a big flower-bell in somebody's back parlor. And I guess he would, at that. Anyways, I'd feel like one. He says we'll stick to the sane and simple—a trip to the license bureau, and then a call on a judge who's a particular friend of his."

"Oh," gulped Mrs. Todd. From the far-off day of her own wedding she had looked forward to the wedding of her daughter, had kept her own white satin wedding gown and the long veil and the pin that fastened it, so that they could go once more to the altar on another bride, with the organ playing, "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden."

NOW the voice was still and Eden was closed; her child was grown; she was five years older than her mother had been when she married. And the child of all that love was going before a judge with a license, and have the judge sentence her to incarceration for a limited period with a business partner!

She stared at Helen and found her a hard-eyed commercial woman making an investment in matrimony and cutting herself off from love, from babies, from tragedies. Mrs. Todd was fat and pudgy, heartbroken and housebroken; but she had known love. She knew it now.

She had adored the scared, gawky Todd boy who had stammered his proposal as if he were addressing a queen. Her parents had hated him, ridiculed him, ordered him to keep away from her; but she had rebelled against them.

She had accepted shabbiness and anxiety as her daily portion. And yet she was still his girl, still the one sweetheart that the weary office-drudge trudged home to.

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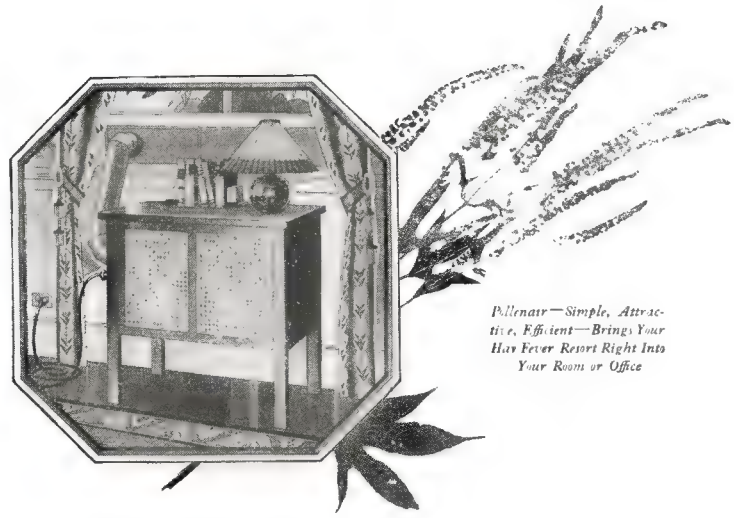

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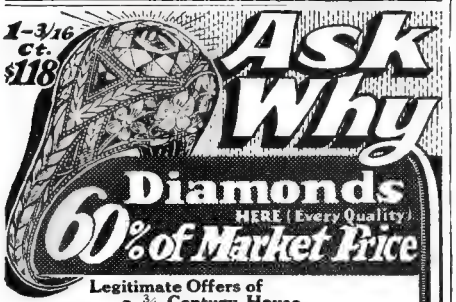

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Her children despised her in their loving way—she could tell that. They looked down on her and felt that she was an old shelf-worn back number; but she had been, and was now, richer than any of them and more secure in life's blessings.

They might never have any blessings. She had already had them all: true love, romance, wedlock, children. Helen was marrying money so as to be safe—safe from everything worth while. Her mother had married love and found safety.

She stared at her imperious, sullen daughter and felt that the girl was a pauper, doomed to go through life with all of its best denied to her or refused by her. Tears drew a sudden curtain over her stare of pity.

HELEN understood vaguely her mother's bitter feelings, and was ashamed of herself, but laid the blame on the world and could say nothing to comfort her mother or herself.

She took herself off, alleging an "engagement" as usual.

Her mother knew at last what Helen meant by an engagement. She was going to her Ferdy, the horrible little fat bag of money who had bought her soul. Mrs. Todd was sure that she had brought a judgment of heaven upon herself for speaking ill of love to Louise.

She had broken Louise's heart, and instilled into it vicious mercenary ideas whose hatefulness was revealed to her in Helen's grim decision.

She felt guilty of poisoning Louise's mind. If only Louise had loved anybody but that footless Charley Scudder! She would try to undo the evil she had wrought. Perhaps she had done Charley an injustice. He must have good qualities that she knew nothing about, or Louise wouldn't love him.

Mrs. Todd had broken Louise's heart for her. Was there any way of mending it? Ought she to beg Louise to forgive her and bring Charley Scudder home with her? Would it be wise? What would be wise? The wisest thing of all would be to stop trying to manage the lives of her children. She didn't know enough. They didn't want her to. They wouldn't let her. They were grown up.

Never had she felt till now the desolation that comes to every mother when her fledglings leave the nest and trust to their own wings. Among the birds the mother seemed to forget her brood once they had left her. She did not even seem to know them when they met.

In the poultry yard, the old hens and their chicks did not even speak as they passed by when they became pullets. That old hen who had made such a fuss over her ducklings when they first went swimming had long since ceased to care for them. They waddled and squawked and went their ways and paid her as little heed as she paid them. They could swim all they wanted to and she gave them never a glance.

But human families were different. The young might leave their mothers and ignore them, but the mothers could never forget them.

The afternoon mail brought a large envelope addressed to Miss Dorothy Todd. Since Dorothy was only fourteen, and the envelope bore the address of the Preëminent Picture Studios, Mrs. Todd felt that it was her duty to inspect the contents.

She broke open the envelope and took from it a photograph of Raoul Garcia. It was one of his most devastating poses and his eyes seemed to fasten on Mrs. Todd with a leechlike power.

She felt as if she were personally accosted and drew herself up in all the armor of respectability. A second glance showed that

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the fiend, or some office-boy for him, had inscribed on the photograph:

To Miss Dorothy Todd
With best wishes of
Sincerely yours,
Raoul Garcia.

Mrs. Todd wavered between a towering rage and a sinking spell, between an impulse to call the police and to burn the photograph.

Her confusion was confounded by noises of conflict in the hall. She ran to the door with the photograph in her hands.

A VIGOROUS battle was going on between her younger and her youngest daughters. Louise held Dorothy by her pipe-stem arms and shook her so violently that Dorothy missed most of her kicks at Louise's shins. Both girls were screaming with rage.

Mrs. Todd thrust herself between them and demanded to know what on earth. Both began to storm at once.

She put her hand over Dodie's mouth and bade Louise explain. Louise broke out in a denunciation that would have done credit to a Puritan minister of Boston, but came strangely from the flapper known to her companions as "Hot Toddy."

"I just came in and went upstairs and found this unspeakable little snooper in my room. She had not only taken my mascara and blackened her eyebrows and her eyelashes and painted black circles under her eyes, but she had put red on her cheeks and rouged her lips—just look at her! Isn't she a scandalous sight! She's positively indecent! And at her age!"

"Well, you do it," Dodie howled, twisting her lips from under her mother's palm, "and if you can, I can. Most of the girls my age paint and use lipstick, and I got as good a right as anybody!"

"Has she, Mamma?" Louise demanded. "Has she a right at her age to go and—just look at her! And that isn't all; I found that she had lighted one of my cigarettes and was puffing away on it! And it didn't make her sick, so she must be used to it! I've noticed that my cigarettes were going awful fast."

"Well, I got as good a right to smoke as you have. Haven't I, Mamma?"

"And that isn't all, Mamma. I hate to tell you, but she was sniffing at a little pocket flask that belongs to one of the boys and I got hold of it by mistake, a long time ago, and I meant to give it back, but—"

"Oh, yes, you did! You did like fun!" Dodie screamed. "It's your own flask, and the boys call you Hot Toddy, and I've smelled your breath lots of times; and if you got a right, I got a right—haven't I, Mamma?"

While Mrs. Todd staggered under the avalanche of revelations, Dorothy continued to roll the rocks down:

"And Clifford drinks like a fish. He's been drunk dozens of times. And some of the times when you've thought he was sick and had fever, it was because he had a hangover. And he fooled you, but he didn't fool me. And you ought to read some of the letters Louise gets, and some of the books she's got hid away. I've read 'em and—"

"Stop! Stop!"

MRS. TODD was utterly woebegone now. The new generation was insane; that was all, insane!

Louise continued:

"And that isn't all, Mamma. I paused in the door and gazed in horror at this little devil, and waited to see what she would do next. And would you believe it, she put the flask to her nasty little painted mouth, and I thought it was time to do something, so I said: 'Well, Miss Todd, what are you doing here?' And she jumped about a mile. Then she said—what do you suppose she said, Mamma?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't want to know!"

"She said: 'None of your damned busi-

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First little lines, then heavier wrinkles, and tired, joyless eyes—you can't keep these out of your face—if you don't protect your health and youthfulness in the wise, modern way.

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ness!' Those were her very words. 'None of—'"

"Please don't repeat it! Please!"

While she faltered, Dodie caught sight of the photograph in her mother's hand. She gaped at it and read the inscription. She shrieked:

"Rowl Garsha! My picture! How did you get hold of it?"

"It came in the mail, and I opened it," Mrs. Todd answered from far away.

"How dare you open my mail!" Dodie yelped. "I could have you put in the penitentiary for that. Aint I any rights at all? Well, I'll show you. I'll run away and die on Rowl's doorstep. You better not drive me too far."

Even Louise was paralyzed by this. Her hands fell limp. She gazed at her mother a wordless question: "What's the use?"

Mrs. Todd was asking heaven and earth the same question. While she waited for an answer, Dodie pressed the photograph to her heart and turning, walked up the stairs to her room.

Louise was for pursuing her and tearing the photograph to pieces, though she had another in her own room. But Mrs. Todd restrained her. . . . . So Dodie was lost, too!

Mrs. Todd's earlier impulse to beg the forgiveness of Louise for speaking ill of love, was lost now in the presence of Dorothy's charges against her. Everyone in the home seemed to be wicked beyond words, and she felt herself unworthy to inflict punishment or give counsel.

The only one with a right to judge was her husband, the innocent, pure-hearted, devoted toiler. She felt that in his meekness and fidelity there was a wall of strength. For the first time she understood how great and mighty a man is when he is just honest, clean of heart and mind, and tireless in industry, always for the sake of others.

"We'll wait till Papa comes home," she murmured to Louise. And they parted.

When Papa came home, he was so tired and had encountered so many troubles at the office and was so discouraged about the financial outlook, that she had not the heart to mention the day's frightful disclosures.

LIFE flowed on as usual.

Unbeknownst to herself, Mrs. Todd was beginning to need a vacation from her ancient burdens. She was detaching herself from her children the while they detached themselves from her. She gave up all thought of giving a party for the children. As for being pals with them, she lacked the strength to try, and was not even interested in so uncongenial a futility. She had even put off seeing Helen's fiancé on a pretext of being ill.

Then Louise burst into the house.

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma, I've seen Ferdy. I met Helen and him on the street, and he invited me to have luncheon with them, and I did."

"What is he like?" Mrs. Todd sighed, ready for anything.

"He's swell. He orders a grand lunch without asking you what you'll have. He just knows."

"Is he very homely?"

"Homely? He's swell! One of those strong financier faces, kind of."

"Short and fat, isn't he?"

"Well, nobody could call him lanky and skinny, but he's a fine solid chunk of meat. He looks like a capitalist."

"Too bad Helen doesn't love him."

"Why, she's crazy about him—so proud of him she's conceited."

"She said she didn't love him."

"Don't let her fool you. Maybe she's fooling herself. Maybe she's just modest. Some women are that way. It's not my style."

"No, I know that. I'm afraid I was pretty mean to you when you told me about your love."

"Oh, don't worry about that—forget it! Mamma, what do you suppose Ferdy says? He's going to take Helen to Europe on the honeymoon, and then come back and settle in New York for the winter. And what do you suppose? He asked me to come on and pay them a visit! He said they'd take me to the opera and all the theaters and the night-clubs and cafés and—oh, Mamma, he said my line would go great in New York, and I'd probably cop off a millionaire or something. Wont it be wonderful! I can hardly wait."

Mrs. Todd could barely whisper the anxious words:

"But what about Charley Scudder?"

"Oh, that old affair, a thing of the past, Mamma. Puppy love. A thing of the past. I'm going to New York and see the world. I'm going to look about a bit before I tie myself down for life to any half-wit from my home town. As the fellow says, I aint seen nothin' yet. I suppose I've ruined poor Scuddy's life, but it wouldn't be fair to him to marry him not loving him. Poor boy!"

At that moment Scuddy was bending over a newcomer from New York, who was telling him how mad she was about California, and he was saying:

"You aint seen nothin' yet. Wont you let me ride you about a bit and show some of the real beauties of the West—to one of the real beauties of the East?"

Louise rattled on about her plans, her dreams. Youth was insatiable of new horizons. It brooded over the least important things, and forgot its direst tragedies in an instant. Who could tell when its passions were poses and when they were sincere? Perhaps it was not sure itself.

Mrs. Todd wondered what, if any, influence she had had upon her children. They were all as different from each other as from her. They had no apparent kinship with her or her husband. Each day took the children farther away from home in soul and body.

That night she was so lonely that she felt a wistful need for holding one of her husband's hands. He was surprised, looked at her foolishly, and paid her the tremendous compliment of putting away his evening paper unread.

They were back at the beginning, the inarticulate period when they had been young lovers and could think of nothing to say but were content to sit in the vague twilight mood and just hold hands.

Mrs. Todd felt that she was finished. She had reached the end of her road, the close of her day's work. A tear formed slowly in one eye and swelled until it blinded her, then rolled across the lashes slowly down her cheek to her lip, where she tasted it.

There was a footstep on the porch, footsteps. She knew the first step and the ring. Gilman had come to call with his wife. She ran to the door.

Now that Gilman was married he was beginning to be hers again, and his wife, sweet as she was, a kind of rival. She did not like Cora so well as she had thought she would. But of course she made her extra welcome always so that Cora would let Gilman come over once in a while.

TONIGHT Gilman was all astir with some great news, and Cora was embarrassed and shy—an odd thing for her.

Gilman was apparently tormented by some message that he could hardly manage to deliver. Cora was making him signals not to speak, but at last he broke out:

"Mamma, what do you suppose?"

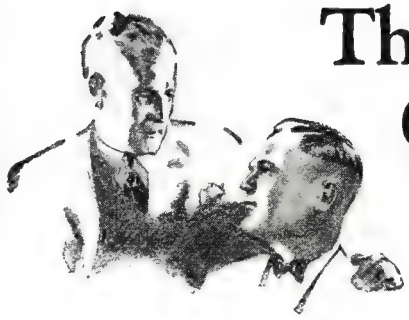
"What, honey?"

"The other evening when I come home I found Cora—"

Cora broke in:

"If you dare! You promised me you wouldn't or I wouldn't have come."

"Aw, shucks! I'm bustin' to tell. They're bound to know sooner or later. Well, anyways, I come home and I found Cora



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And in addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them youthful and sound. This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., is compounded with Forhan's Astringent used by dentists in the treatment of Pyorrhea.

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Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

knittin' on something. She tried to hide it, but I grabbed it and—I took one look and I says, 'What's this? Whose doll you makin' socks for?' And she give me a funny look, and I says, 'My gosh, honey, you don't mean—' "

"You don't mean—" Mrs. Todd gasped. "Well, for he'm's sake, Papa, did you hear that?"

"What?"

"Cora is going to—well, what do you know about that? Papa, you're going to be—a grandpapa! Cora, you little darling!"

She reached out and dragged Cora and her chair close to her and kissed her. And Cora laughed and cried. Papa Todd went to her and kissed her with infinite terror, and Gilman said:

"Say, Pop, I got a little business I'd like to talk over with you. I got a scheme for doublin' my income and I'd like your advice on it."

THEY sauntered over to the sofa and fell into a conversation in which the elder Todd was flattered enormously at being consulted by so brilliant a gentleman as this important son of his.

Mrs. Todd was beginning a lecture on the care and rearing of children that would last another lifetime. She spoke as one having authority and had already forgotten that she had only recently come to the conclusion that she knew nothing about children and was a hopeless failure as a mother.

But then mothers never know. They only grope and resist their children. Grandmothers know, and know that resistance is useless.

While the elder Mrs. Todd was telling the younger Mrs. Todd all about everything and staking out her claim on her grandchildren to be, Louise came downstairs dressed to the nines and said:

"Mamma, do you mind if I take Papa's car out for a little spin? I may run over and see Helen and Ferdy."

"Run along," said Mrs. Todd without looking up. She felt a fleeting kiss on her cheek and kissed the air absent-mindedly while holding Cora fixed with her gleaming eyes. . . . .

After shouting from the top of the stairs and step by step all the way down unheeded, Clifford broke in with the statement that he could not find his party tie. He was going to a party and taking Myra Peaslee and his toilet was important. His collar was still wet where he had scrubbed the back of his neck.

His mother tossed him only a phrase:

"Look for it till you find it, Louise—Dorothy—Clifford!" She usually called each of her children by the names of all of them.

A little later Dorothy sidled up to her mother's shoulder and tried to break in on a sentence that had apparently no end. At last she nudged and whined: "Somebody's gotta help me with my lesson."

"Ask your father. Can't you see I'm busy?"

She was very busy. She was peering through the mists of the future and reaching out with ever lengthening arms, past her own children, who had outgrown her arms, into the dark, into the lives of her children's children, and through them far into posterity.

As a mother she had been unable to understand that the flesh of her flesh could ever be weaned from her heart or could grow alien to her. As a grandmother she would know by instinct that parents can never do much more than get their children born and reared to the understanding of their own minds and muscles, and that thereafter they must be content to let them walk or swim or fly away to their own infinitely various fates.

Rupert Hughes starts next month a stirring, realistic romance of women and the war—the main character is a society girl who enlists for war service, goes to France and gets tremendously into things.

CIGARETTE MONEY

(Continued from page 91)

dollars. He watched the parade with a strange listlessness. He was aware, for the first time, of being infinitely weary. He had no kinship with the growing excitement of the crowd about him. His work was done, and he was tired. No emotion that he could feel could affect what was about to happen out there on the field now. He had made his choice and bet his money. The rest was up to Brown Klooch. He relaxed in his seat, and went drowsy.

The horses went to the post. The race was a sprint down the straightaway. The crowd in the grandstand rose to its feet as the horses reached the barrier and pranced and sidled about, attempting a line-up under the direction of starter and assistant. Bob made to rise and watch when the crowd got up, but sank back in his seat and closed his eyes. He had not known that he was capable of such utter fatigue, but with his future and very life at stake on the coming race, he sat there surrounded by the standing tense thousands, numb, drowsy, eyes closed, feeling nothing but weariness. He did not rise at the hoarse shout heralding the start. All about him men and women were screaming.

"Brown Klooch! . . . . Come on, you Gold Hill! . . . . Brown Klooch! . . . . Come on, you Arafa!"

The volume and intensity of the screeching grew with the seconds, and still Bob sat there inert, head drooping, eyes closed, tired, drowsy, numb. The swelling roar then was made up of two names. Gold Hill and Brown Klooch. . . . . One final climatic mob howl, and then a sudden change to mingled laughter and cursing. The race was over. Bob did not know which horse had won. With difficulty he opened his eyes and plucked the coat-tail of the man standing in front of him.

"What won it?" he asked dully.

"Brown Klooch!" the man said, laughing excitedly. "Make believe I didn't have it, too! Fifty dollars right on her nose! Tell me! That was a race, brother. She won by a head!"

Bob nodded. "Thanks," he said weakly. He sighed, settled back in his seat, closed his eyes again and dozed.

The fifth race was over when he woke with a start. He felt cold. He shivered a little as he rose stiffly to his feet and made his way down to the lawn.

Brown Klooch's trainer greeted him.

"That sets you up, hey, Bob?" he said happily.

Bob nodded, smiling wanly.

"Yes," he said. "I'm fixed now. That's my wash-up around the race track for a long, long time, Dave. I'll be pulling out for the Southwest in a day or two now."

OTHERS gathered about him, regulars, old-timers, jockeys, trainers, owners, bookmakers, wishing him farewell and good luck. Bob invited a number of them to a farewell party that night at the club at which Estelle was acting as hostess, sold his roadster to a trainer, and took the train into town. He dozed all the way in on the train, took a taxi to his hotel, and called Estelle on the phone from his room to tell her the good news. He was relieved to learn that she was not in. He was too tired to enjoy the prospect of a phone conversation and congratulations. He left orders not to be disturbed and a call for seven o'clock. Then he collapsed on the bed fully dressed, and was deeply asleep in less than half a minute.

He woke at his call refreshed and pleasantly a-tingle with a new sense of hope. He felt the past definitely behind him. Ahead a new venture, a new game to beat. He went whistling to the bathroom and prepared to shave, chuckling as he planned the way in which he would inform Estelle that their

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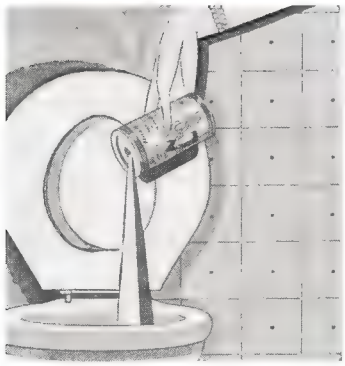

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stake of forty thousand was made and that they could marry at once and start on the combined honeymoon and journey in search of mutual regeneration and reëstablishment.

His final job at the track completed, he found that he had the time and the mood for anticipatory delight of which he had not thought himself capable. His racing life was definitely a record of memory now. A pleasant record, one from which to draw solace and joy in calm hours of leisure. His life ahead was an unread book that promised a comfortable interest. New scenes and habits. Peace, comfort, companionship. Perhaps a lasting, growing love and ultimate health and happiness. He was conscious of a rapidly growing warmth and tenderness of affection for Estelle. A good kid. Witty, warm-hearted, generous, and in spite of her life and all the mistakes she had made in it, still rooted in a wholesome ancestral soil, rich in the fundamental elements of honor and decency. So much of the scared, home-seeking lost child in her behind the thin hard Broadway mask. They'd have great times together—a comfortable little home, books and the leisure to read them, a car, exploring and camping trips, a business of some sort by and by. Ranching perhaps; maybe something in a little desert town. A few friends—

The phone rang. This would be Estelle calling him. His heart did a jig-beat as he crossed the room to answer it. He laughed aloud tenderly at its antics. Something of the silly, love-smitten schoolboy left in him after all.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hess to see you," the operator informed him.

It was a shock to learn that it was not Estelle, a shock that, oddly enough, hurt a little.

"Hess?" he repeated, puzzled. "Hess?"

"They've been waiting nearly an hour," the operator went on. "You left orders not to be disturbed."

"Hess!" he repeated again, wonderingly.

There was something familiar about the name. He tried to place it. Suddenly he knew. His youngest sister, Florence, had married a man by that name. A home town acquaintance chance-met on a train had told him of the wedding. Four or five years before, that had been. Hess. That was the name. Mr. and Mrs. Hess. That must be Florence and her husband. They were calling to see him. The first personal contact with any member of his family for seventeen years!

"Just a minute," said the operator. "Mrs. Hess wants to speak to you. Shall I put her on?"

"Yes," Bob said huskily.

He was absurdly nervous. Felt choked, scared. A woman's voice on the wire.

"Hello! Bob?"

"Oh, hello, Flo," he said dazedly. "That you?"

Seventeen years! He could not have felt more queer if he had suddenly been connected by phone with the speaking spirit of a dead friend.

"We want to see you, Bob," the voice went on.

"Be right down," he said.

A moment of silence. Then: "It's—it's important, Bob. Mayn't we come up?"

"Oh, sure!" he agreed. "Certainly. Come ahead. Eight seventy-six. Come right up!"

Trembling unaccountably, he returned to the bathroom, arranged his collar and tie, slipped into his coat, looked anxiously at his reflection in the mirror. Seventeen years! Flo! A leggy, pig-tailed youngster of eight when he had run away.

A KNOCK. He crossed the room and opened the door. A young matron—chic, trim, lovely. His own coloring. Reddish hair and light blue eyes. Behind her a tall, dark, slender man with a small mustache. She put out her hand. Bob took it. For a long moment they looked at each other.

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Did you know that a fifteen-cent envelope of Diamond Dyes will duplicate any delicate tint that may be the vogue in dainty underwear? Keep your oldest lingerie, stockings too, in the shade of the hour. It's easy if you only use a *true dye*. Don't streak your nice things with synthetic tints.

Dye or tint anything; dresses, or drapes. You can work wonders with a few, inexpensive Diamond Dyes (true dyes). New colors right over the old. Any kind of material.

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Then she was in his arms, kissing him, hugging him, crooning, crying a little.

They were all in the room then. The door was shut. Bob shook hands with the husband. His name was Jim. They were seated. A few minutes of hectic, forced trivialities, and a little period of embarrassing silence. Florence compressed her lips, sat forward in her chair, her hands tightly clasped.

"Bob, we're in trouble," she said abruptly. "Terrible trouble."

THE story, once started, tumbled out of her in an urgent torrent of words. Bob knew the end from the beginning. The husband, Jim, a trusted employee of a firm in Toledo. He handled money. His prospects bright, but his salary, thus far, barely sufficient. An accidental first contact with racing, and an initial lucky wager. A small dip into company funds for a flyer on a long shot. A loss and a further dip for a shot to get even. Another loss, and then the frantic, futile play of a madman striving to manufacture a miracle. The story was as old as racing and business, and never varied save in unimportant details.

Florence had not learned of his predicament until that afternoon. He had made a last stab at a long shot with a five-thousand-dollar bet and lost. Only then had he confessed to her. Confessing, he had told of overhearing gossip on the race train about Bob. Talk that he had cleaned up on the Futurity.

"I didn't know who else to go to, Bob," she said. "No one else would understand. If it were only Jim and me to suffer for what he has done, I wouldn't come to you. It's the children."

Bob looked at Jim Hess appraisingly. A weak, good-looking fool.

"How much?" he asked abruptly.

"It's quite a lot," Hess mumbled.

"That information doesn't help me to balance my books," Bob said shortly. "How much?"

"Thirty-eight thousand."

Flo was talking again. Bob didn't hear what she said. He was thinking, weighing values, chances.

The phone rang.

"Message for you, Mr. Craig."

"Send it up," Bob said mechanically.

He returned to his seat, lit a cigarette, and sat quiet, intent, thoughtful—doping, balancing: Florence and her children—Estelle and himself. He was puzzled and depressed

A knock at the door. A bellboy with the message. It was from Estelle. He opened it and read:

"Dear Bob: I can't do it. I want to, but I can't. I haven't got the nerve left. I might last a few months, but I know I'd quit. Knowing what I'd do, it's better for me to quit before I begin. I'll be gone when you get this. I hooked up with a fellow who is opening a new place in Florida this winter. We're going down to get it ready. You'll be better without me, Bob. You'll win through and meet somebody out there who'll be worthy of you. I'm not. I'm just a yellow quitter, and I can't help it. Good luck and good-by.

"Estelle."

Bob read the message twice, crumpled it, put it in his coat pocket, crossed to his chair and sat down again. Florence was talking, pleading. Her husband sat sullen, silent.

Bob laughed. It was a free, clear laugh with a tender note in it. The expression of perplexity was gone from his face.

"Don't take it so hard, Flo," he said jovially. "You knocked at the right door when you came here. I haven't got the amount in the bank tonight, but I will have in the morning when the checks for my winnings on the Futurity come in. They'll be in the first mail, and I'll deposit them as

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We should take such days seriously. For the things we experience then are usually Nature's danger signals—warnings of intestinal toxicity.

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In combating intestinal toxicity, thousands of people every day are discovering in ENO's Effervescent Saline exactly the assistance they needed. Unlike drastic, bitter cathartics, its gentle, thorough action is never a shock to the system. Instead it is a delightful, easy, refreshing laxative that never gripes nor interferes with your daily routine.

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For a business headache, nothing is better than a glass of ENO. Try it, at the better soda fountains everywhere.

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soon as the bank opens. I'll give you my check for the amount now and date it tomorrow. It'll be good."

He laughed off his sister's gratitude, wrote out the check and gave it to her.

"This is mighty white of you, old man," the husband muttered uneasily.

They were ready to go. Bob's sister asked her husband to wait outside for her. He went out and closed the door. The girl faced her brother.

"Bob, what can I say?"

He shrugged, smiled. "How's Father?"

She made a grimace. "Righteously unhappy as usual," she said. "Bob, this—this doesn't cripple you terribly, does it?"

"Not a bit of it," he assured her. "Cigarette money, Flo. I cleaned up more than half that much on one race today. You know how it is in this game. Easy come, easy go."

"I must tell you what it means to me," she said hurriedly. "Jim's leaving me after a little. He's promised. Later there will be a quiet divorce for desertion. No scandal. The children will have their chance, Bob."

Bob nodded. "I figured that," he said gravely. "They ought to have a break."

She wept and kissed him.

"Oh, Bob!" she exclaimed. "You're so wonderful!"

SHE was gone. Bob bathed and dressed leisurely, whistling the while. Then he went to the night-club where Estelle had worked. Several of the friends he had invited to his farewell party were already there.

The manager came to him.

"Hear about Estelle?" he asked.

Bob nodded. "Had a note from her," he said casually.

"I thought maybe you two would hit it off," the manager admitted.

Bob laughed. "Just buddies," he explained. "Never anything more. I'm putting on a little party here tonight. Pass the word to have us properly looked after, will you?"

When the party was seated and the first round of drinks was served, Bob arose, glass in hand.

"You're here under false pretenses, boys," he said gayly. "I asked you to a farewell party, and it turns out to be an event in celebration of my having changed my mind. Anybody here who thinks I'm going to quit the racing game and go out on the desert to live in a gopher-hole for the sake of seeing a few more suns rise is entitled to an extra drink and another guess. I'm here to stay until I'm not here any more, and while I'm living, I'm going to be alive. Here's to life, boys! Better short and merry than a strung-out and sad. Better a good sprinter than a bum distance horse. I'm going to go while I'm going and quit when I'm gone. Drink to that!"

At four o'clock the next morning Bob walked to his hotel with old Dave Bender, the trainer of Brown Klooch. Dave was gloomy, disappointed.

"You're your own boss, Bob," he said, "but I'm sorry to see you welch on that trip to the desert. It doesn't seem like your form, somehow."

Bob laughed light-heartedly. "Throw out that information I gave the gang at the party, Dave," he said. "That was just applesauce for a bunch of nice-enough fellows who don't know what it's all about. I didn't welch, Dave. I just switched my bet after the bugle blew. I've got the bank-roll riding now on a couple of nice fillies and a colt. Better than letting it go on an old wind-broke plug like me. My sister's kids. There was a little jam. You know how it is. What the hell!"

"Oh," said Dave. He shook Bob's hand hard and hurried away. A mist of tears blurred his eyes as he walked through the empty street and heard his friend whistling a gay tune as he sauntered into his hotel.

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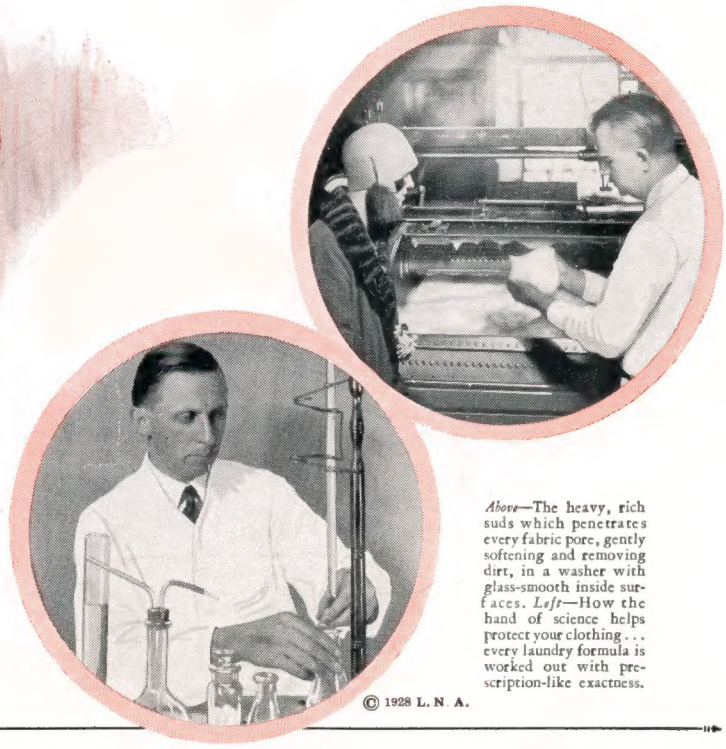

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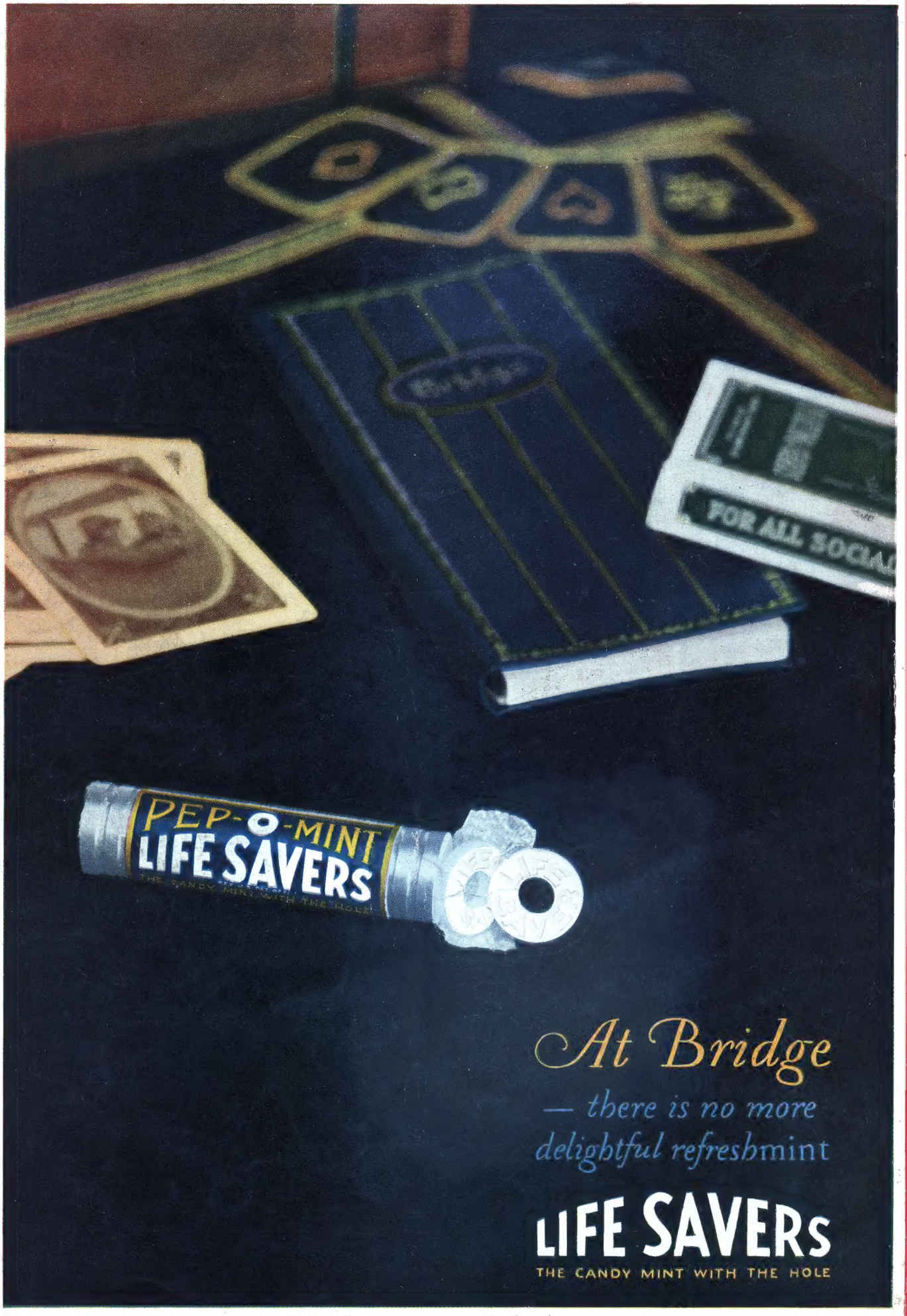

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